

ASSOCIATION Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Thought

VOL. XXXVII, No. 5

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

NOVEMBER, 1904

C u r r e n t ✱ H i s t o r y

A Much Criticized Candidate

Few presidential candidates have received so large a share of general campaign attention as has been centered upon Mr. Roosevelt during the past three months. And this for a very simple reason—simple, that is, once it is clearly set forth. Mr. Roosevelt has been more or less before the public continuously for twenty years—in fact, since 1882, when he entered the New York State Assembly. During all these years—as Assemblyman, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner of New York City, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a soldier, as Governor of New York, as Vice-President and as President—he has been *saying* and *doing* things; and concerning at least most of the more important of these things the average intelligent citizen has been bound to form an opinion. To go no further back than the period covered by his presidency, consider how very much in evidence he has been, how many tremendously important things he has done and said, since he became the nation's chief executive. And in all these policies we see reflected the same clear-cut, masterful, aggressive personality. On the other hand, up to the time of Judge Parker's nomination—or at least until he began to be seriously considered for that honor—he was virtually unknown to the vast majority of his countrymen. Since his nomination he has done two things which have given the public glimpses of his personal character. One was the sending of his famous "gold telegram" to the St. Louis convention, and the other was his request that all disparagement of Mr. Roosevelt's character should be stricken out of the Demo-

cratic campaign text-book. In these acts certain phases of the man's character were revealed. Otherwise our estimate of him must be based upon the subject-matter and the general spirit of his formal campaign utterances, notably, of course, his speech and his letter of acceptance. Rarely, therefore, has there been such a disparity between the amount of information and the definiteness of public impressions concerning two presidential candidates; seldom has so much been known or felt about one, while relatively so little was clearly understood about the other. Each of Mr. Roosevelt's policies has come home to every man's "business and bosom," and the importance of each one has been intensified by the tone of decisive finality in which it is expressed. Is the President's Philippine policy wise, and in agreement with the basic principles of our Government, and does he express it with entire ingenueness? Did he act wisely and with an eye for the greatest good to the greatest number when he took the step which brought about the settlement of the anthracite coal strike? Was his attitude toward Colombia justifiable? Did his pension ruling overstep the powers granted him by the Constitution, and if so was the transgression defensible? Are we ready as a nation to enforce such a foreign policy as is implied by his words: "If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. All we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and be prosperous and orderly. When this is the case they will find only helpfulness from us."

Has he yielded too much to the kind of politics represented by the schools of Quay and Addicks and Platt, or have his dealings with such politicians been in the nature of bargains which he could not avoid making? These are questions which must be answered by yes or no, and considering their vital significance, the *form* in which they are presented and the *temperament* of their propounder, it is not strange that discussion of them, both public and private, should at times arouse considerable asperity. Our readers will find some consideration of characteristic extremes of such asperity in the succeeding paragraph.

Now, although it is absurd—and very much worse than that—to characterize Mr. Roosevelt as “the sweetest gentleman who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat,” the fact remains that he himself is largely responsible for the general form of the attack to which he has been subjected during this campaign. From the very beginning of his public career the form in which he has presented his views on most questions has been calculated not only to challenge general attention to an unusual degree, but to arouse mere pugnacity. All this seemed natural in the “young Mr. Roosevelt” of the New York Legislature, and perhaps even justifiable in Police Commissioner Roosevelt, fighting unscrupulous “grafters” and a generally rotten system. But although they may admit that aggressiveness is a good asset in mere political advertising, the President’s critics do not like that attitude when it is re-enforced by cocksureness; and therefore they attack him vigorously on this ground, and contrast these failings, as they conceive them to be, with the calm, judicial manner of the Democratic candidate. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt’s supporters contend that, far from being failings, these are absolute virtues; it is altogether desirable, they say, not only that a candidate should have definite and positive convictions, but that he should clearly express and resolutely defend them. We don’t want any back-stairs politics or cellar opinions in the White House, they argue. And perhaps, so far as educational values are concerned, they are not altogether wrong. For, at all events, it is doubtful if campaign issues, personal and otherwise, have ever received a much more thorough ventilation than have those of the present contest. And it will be for or against the issues them-

selves, rather than the manner in which they have been presented, that the vote will be cast on the 8th of this month. It may be a mere coincidence that some of the most important of these issues—our present Philippine policy, the Panama affair and the pension ruling, for example—when affirmatively expressed, seem to reflect the peculiar genius of Mr. Roosevelt; but, at any rate, the signs now point toward the probable indorsement of the policies he has so vigorously enunciated.

A Clean, The unassailable private
Campaign— characters of Mr. Roosevelt
Mostly and Judge Parker have kept

purely personal disparagement pretty largely out of the present campaign, and this surely is a cause for general congratulation. It is now known that Judge Parker went so far as to write a letter to Mr. George F. Parker, the chairman of the Democratic Press Committee, requesting that all aspersions on the personal integrity of President Roosevelt should be eliminated from the Democratic text-book, then about to be published. This letter, which was written on August 17, and was not intended for publication, did not get before the public for more than a month; but as an expression from a candidate, during the most important campaign in our politics, it is sufficiently remarkable to merit preservation.

It is highly improbable, of course, that President Roosevelt would sanction any form of direct personal abuse of Judge Parker, and perhaps it would be unreasonable to say that he should have been as careful as Judge Parker was to keep out of the Republican text-book even implied disparagement of his opponent’s good faith. Therefore, it is fairer, under the circumstances, to assume that Mr. Roosevelt may not have seen the text of the Republican document, and that the Republican Press Committee are responsible for its attempts to misrepresent and discredit the obvious good faith of Mr. Parker’s telegram to the St. Louis convention. It would be more difficult to defend the similar distortion of this episode indulged by some of the Republican campaign speakers, notably Senator Foraker, of Ohio, who in a recent speech in Chicago, made a deliberate attempt to show that Judge Parker’s telegram was a “trick to get support” in the East, and that it should be regarded as an index to his insincerity and duplicity.

On the other hand, nothing that we have

seen in the way of campaign utterances surpasses in offensiveness and generally bad taste some of the remarks of Colonel Henry Watterson, the veteran Democratic editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, at the banquet of Democratic editors in New York City. Here are some of the choicest of his expressions:

I would not for my part utter an unkind or discourteous word. I admit that he is as sweet a gentleman as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat—indeed, very much that kind of a gentleman; for, hoisting the black flag over the South, has he not scuttled the ship of civil-service reform and cut the throat of reciprocity? Does not his whole career, illustrated by his writings, his sayings and his doings—his heedless criticisms, his spectacular exploitations, his broken promises—reveal to us a self-willed adventurer upon the high seas of public life, having no rudder or compass except his own ambition, no principle or rule of conduct save that of decking the machine with the flourishes and furbelows of civic righteousness, while violating the spirit and sacrificing the actualities of the civil service by a line of partisan appointments to office never surpassed during the worst times of the spoils system he has so stigmatized and exemplified?

Colonel Watterson's intoxication from "the exuberance of his own verbosity" makes him a trifle incoherent at times, but the import of what he says here is plain enough. Many of the papers which are supporting Judge Parker, and several which have been relentless, not to say harsh, at times, in their attacks upon President Roosevelt's political policies, promptly disclaimed any sympathy with this style of arraignment. The New York Evening Post, for example, said:

On Col. Watterson's effort it is needless to dwell at length. The Kentucky editor is always vivacious, and his utterances may win votes in Kentucky. We are bound to confess, however, that they do not do the work in any of the doubtful States. We have spoken with much plainness, and, we hope, with equal truth about President Roosevelt's shortcomings. We regard his course in Panama and his pension order—to cite but two instances—as wholly indefensible. But garbling Byron, to call the President of the United States as "sweet a gentleman as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat" is to win him sympathy in New York. This wholesale swash-buckling attack may have its place in the universe; but in this community the Wattersonian style, though allowance is always made for its rhetorical exaggerations, accomplishes less than nothing.

And it will be well to repeat in this connection what Bishop Doane, of Albany, said immediately after the assassination of President McKinley: "The habit of rude and reckless criticism of our public men, so common as to be almost universal, sows seeds

which issue in harvests which the sower never meant. The attributing of motives, the attacks upon character, the suggestion of wrong purpose, the reckless and random assaults upon those in authority, are sapping the sense not only of reverence for rulers, but of recognition of the rightfulness and needfulness of rule."

These are instances in which political criticism has, we believe, verged too closely upon personal abuse. And of personal abuse, veiled or open, no truer words have been spoken than are these, which we find in the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

It is not the personality of the candidate, but the policy, the principle of government for which he stands as a candidate, which can be justly, properly criticised. It is both just and desirable that the policies and the acts of either of the candidates shall be praised or condemned according to the differing opinions of the campaign critics. It is both unfair and undesirable that the sincerity and integrity of either shall be denied and his private character defamed.

Opposition to the real or The Mormons in apprehended political influence of the Mormon Utah and Idaho

Church has caused some curious complications in the State politics of Utah and Idaho. The Republican organization of Utah is controlled by Reed Smoot, the question of whose eligibility to his seat in the United States Senate resulted in the sensational hearings in Washington last summer, and is still being contested. It is charged that Senator Smoot chose the Republican candidates, and wrote that party's platform for the present State campaign, and upon that ground the anti-Mormon element is vigorously opposing the Republican ticket. This element has been organized under the name of the "Liberal" party, and according to its organ, the Salt Lake Tribune, is making its fight "not against the Mormon Church or the Mormons, but against the apostles and leaders of the Mormon Church who are attempting to control the political affairs of Utah." Furthermore, the Tribune "wishes it understood that it is still a Republican newspaper, and that it sustains and supports the national ticket of the Republican party, but that it declines to support a State ticket nominated by the Mormon Church of Utah and masquerading under the guise of Republicanism." The Tribune and the Salt Lake Evening Telegram, by the way, are owned by Thomas Kearns,

who was elected to the United States Senate in 1902, but declined to be a candidate for reelection because, according to his own statement, he wanted to give up all his time to opposing the Mormons, and at the same time wished to free himself of the suspicion that he was actuated by political interests. But despite Mr. Kearns' protestations of the loyalty of himself and of the Liberal party to the Republican national ticket, it seems likely that Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy may suffer in the contest. For Senator Smoot has given it to be understood that he has the support of President Roosevelt, and has refused to deny the Democrats' charge that he has a bargain with the President by which the electoral vote of Utah is to be delivered to the Republicans with the understanding that Mr. Roosevelt will prevent Mr. Smoot's expulsion from the Senate. Of course, it is highly improbable that Mr. Roosevelt has had any such understanding, expressed or implied, with Senator Smoot or anybody else; and it will be remembered that the President advised against the election of Mr. Smoot on the ground that it would certainly be the cause of much contention and bitterness. Nevertheless, the attitude of Senator Smoot is being made much of by the Democrats, and the resulting confusion may harm the Republican national ticket.

In Idaho, the situation is still more remarkable, not to say picturesque. Idaho was admitted to the Union with a clause in its constitution which withheld the suffrage from polygamous Mormons, but a few years afterward when both parties needed the Mormon vote this clause was repealed, and since then the politicians of all parties have tried to control it. Senator Dubois has been the most active leader of all anti-Mormon agitation, and when his county, which is strongly Mormon, refused to send him to the recent Democratic State convention he managed to get a seat in that body as a delegate from Custer County, which is anti Mormon. In the convention, Senator Dubois introduced a resolution which read as follows: "We demand the extermination of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation within the borders of Idaho, and the complete separation of church and state in political affairs. We pledge the Democratic party to enact such legislation as will eventually suppress this evil." After a desperate fight, this resolution was adopted

by a very small majority, and made a plank in the platform; but more than half of the nominees thereupon refused to be candidates because of their fear of the Mormon influence at the polls. A new ticket was made up by the State committee, but several influential Democrats have refused to support Senator Dubois' extreme position. The Republicans, on the other hand, ignored the issue by refusing to renominate Governor Morrison, who is strongly anti-Mormon, and by choosing Frank R. Gooding, a wealthy sheep-rancher, who lives in a district which is heavily Mormon, and himself has always been friendly to the Church. Just here another peculiar factor enters into the situation. There is a rapidly intensifying rivalry between the farmers and the sheep-raisers, as the result of the opening to agriculture, through irrigation, of much State land which hitherto has been used for grazing. The so-called "two-mile law," which forbids bringing herds to within less than that distance of any residence, has resulted in numerous suits, and the sheep-raisers, who openly disobey the law, have said from the first that if it is finally declared constitutional, they will have it repealed. Now although most of the Mormons are farmers, and Mr. Gooding is a sheep-raiser, the Mormons will support him at the polls, because of his friendly attitude toward them. For it seems assured that should the Democrats get control of the Legislature, the old test oath, by which Mormons were prevented from voting, will be revived. This seems to be the situation in Idaho, with a Mormon vote of about 25 per cent. to be reckoned with. How it all may work out, it is difficult to say at this time, for in both States the opposing forces doubtless will remain active and determined up to the very day of the election. In the meantime the unprejudiced onlooker may be wondering whether, after all, the protests that the Mormons are too active in politics is wholly a tempest in a teapot; and also whether the sudden slacking off last summer of the inquiry into their political status may now be considered symptomatic of present conditions in Utah and Idaho.

**Great Britain's
Treaty
with Tibet**

Whatever may have been the purpose of the British Tibetan mission, at least one clause in the resulting treaty will be pondered deeply in St. Peters-

burg, and very likely elsewhere, as well. That clause (No. 9) is as follows:

Without the consent of Great Britain no Tibetan territory shall be sold, leased, or mortgaged to any foreign Power whatsoever; no foreign Power whatsoever shall be permitted to concern itself with the administration of the government of Tibet or any other affairs therewith connected; no foreign Power shall be permitted to send either official or non-official persons to Tibet, no matter in what pursuit they may be engaged, to assist in the conduct of Tibetan affairs; no foreign Power shall be permitted to construct roads or railways or erect telegraphs or open mines anywhere in Tibet. In the event of Great Britain's consenting to another Power constructing roads or railways, opening mines, or erecting telegraphs, Great Britain will make a full examination on her own account for carrying out the arrangements proposed. No real property or land containing minerals or precious metals in Tibet shall be mortgaged, exchanged, leased, or sold to any foreign Power.

To all inquirers, apprehensive or curious, Great Britain has declared that this expedition had no political significance whatsoever, that its purpose was purely commercial. But the lay mind will have difficulty in distinguishing the difference between the condition obviously created by the clause quoted and the one which is commonly known as suzerainty. The London Spectator virtually admits as much when it says:

It would be difficult for the most expert diplomatist, even if he possessed the subtlety of Gortchakoff or the haughtiness of Bismarck, to frame a clause of wider import, and we hardly wonder that it has given the Chinese Government something of a shock. That Government gains greatly by the Treaty, which practically restores its suzerainty, suspended for years by the hostility of the Dalai Lama; but it can hardly be expected to be aware that Great Britain wants nothing in Tibet except the exclusion of other European Powers, and has no intention of annexing, administering, or taxing the vast area which is at all events supposed to be controlled from Lhasa. It studies the Treaty, therefore, with a certain suspicion; and so studied it is useless to deny that the clause we have quoted does establish a protectorate which would enable us at almost any moment to exert a controlling influence upon Tibet's foreign policy. That we shall exert that influence only in one very restricted direction may be clear to us—is clear, for we understand our own interests, and do not desire new and heavy responsibilities—but it is natural that outsiders, accustomed to regard our ambition as limitless, should take a different view.

Furthermore as to the indemnity (of £600,000, to be paid in three years) to cover the cost of the expedition, and provided for in the

treaty, the Spectator, with charming candor, remarks:

Until it is paid British troops will continue in occupation of the Chumbi Valley—that is, in practice, the British dominion, within which we can make smooth roads and dismantle fortresses, will stretch from Sikkim to Gyantse, thus making it comparatively easy, should need arise, to threaten Lhasa. As it is improbable that the indemnity will be paid, the Lamas being most unwilling to surrender any portion of the great wealth accumulated in their monasteries, and the Chinese always indisposed to part with cash, this provision permanently strengthens the British grip on Tibet, and *per contra* increases our responsibilities—for we must defend the territory we guard—as does also Clause 9. . . .

It will be remembered that the Dalai Lama took to the woods upon the approach of the British column, and that Colonel Young-husband negotiated the treaty with his "successor" and certain other functionaries, who thereby, theoretically, deposed the Lama, and accepted again the suzerainty of China, which that worthy had virtually shaken off. The Spectator refuses to believe that there is any danger of his making further trouble, despite the fact that he has been the acknowledged head of the Buddhists in Asia, to the number of at least 100,000,000. Altogether, as the Springfield Republican remarks:

The attitude of the Englishmen in this business was well illustrated years ago by that under-official in India who wired one day to the capital of the viceroy: "New God appeared on the frontier. Have ordered out the police." The selection of a new head of the great Buddhist religion by a minor British officer, as part of the day's work, or as a mere incident to Lord Curzon's policy of finding a new market for brick tea and cutting out Russian influence in Tibet, looks small in the news of the day, but it is something after all to stagger the imagination.

The Scotch Free Church Decision

The recent decision of the law members of the British House of Lords, by which the United Free Church of Scotland is deprived of its property, estimated at from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000, all of which is turned over to the so-called "Free Church," and about a thousand clergymen are deprived of their parishes and their homes, creates a condition practically without parallel in church annals. The very interesting history of the case, as summarized by the Springfield Republican, is essentially as follows:

It should be explained that prior to October 31, 1900, there were in Scotland the United Presbyterian Church, which represented various

secessions from the old established Church of Scotland beginning with the rupture of 1732, and the Free Church, which had seceded from the state establishment in 1843. Both these denominations claimed descent from the Church of Scotland, as reformed in 1560 by John Knox. They both originally received the Westminster confession of faith, and they had common principles as to worship and church government. Now these denominations decided to combine. The United Presbyterian body voted for the union unanimously. But when the general assembly of the Free Church met October 30, 1900, a small minority of ministers and elders protested against union, and, after an overwhelming majority had voted in favor of it, the minority of 27 out of about 643, met separately and set up in business as the Assembly of the Free Church, One and Indivisible. This action of so small a minority seemed ridiculous. The churches represented by them were nearly all in the remote Highlands, and were very poor; while the congregations, with three or four exceptions, were Gaelic, with communicants numbering but about 5000, out of a total of 296,000. The minority pressed their claim with a stubbornness and an audacity which amazed all beholders. At first people laughed; and, as the legal case in the lower courts was decided against the minority's contention, the joke doubtless grew better and better. This brings us to the final appeal to the British House of Lords, where it was taken up by the law lords early in July, and considered carefully for three weeks. The judicial reports indicate the grounds upon which the minority based their appeal. They objected to the union of the Free Church with the united Presbyterian Church, because it was inconsistent with the doctrines and the constitution of the Free Church as formed after its secession in 1843 from the established Church of Scotland. In uniting with the other denomination, declared the appellants, the Free Church departed from the principle of a state establishment, and embraced voluntarism and, at the same time, qualified or abolished as its creed, the Westminster confession of 1643. The other side, in defending the church union, maintained that no such principles were fundamental in the constitution of the Free Church as it existed from 1843 to 1900, and that the general assembly of the church, in any event, had full power to effect the union. The argument of the minority on these points appears to have been the stronger, since it was shown that in 1851 the general assembly of the Free Church recognized the theoretical soundness of the duty of the state to maintain a religious establishment, and also the Westminster confession as an essential standard of their belief. On the other hand, it was shown the United Presbyterian Church had not held to the principle of a state establishment. The lord chancellor based his decision that the appellants, or minority, were entitled to hold the property of the Free Church on the ground that the trust deeds control the situation. Nothing, said his lordship, could exempt the majority in a denomination from the rule that money given for one purpose should not be used for another. This judgment has dispossessed of an immense property ninety-nine-hundredths of a great

Scotch Church, whose theological development and union with another body of believers, was unquestionably rational and in line with progress. Its soundness, perhaps, from a strict legal standpoint, may be conceded, yet, if logically applied everywhere to local parishes, or to denominations which hold funds and property bequeathed in past times, when religious beliefs were radically different from what they are today, the confusion caused would be indescribable.

A Boomerang Boycott

It has remained for a group of Chicago employers to go quite as far in indefensible opposition to union labor as ever union labor went in opposing non-union labor. We have heard much about the unfairness and the actual harm worked by insistence upon the "closed-shop" policy, but that, in its practical working out, is exactly the policy which has been adopted by these Chicago employers. The scheme which they have formulated—we do not know in how much detail, nor how largely it has been put into practice—is to furnish "strike breakers" with cards which will—or should—guarantee them preference over union men and all others with employers in the association. This, of course, amounts to a deliberate attempt to boycott unionism. The employers concerned deny that they have such intent, but their denial cannot have much color of good faith in view of the obvious influence and effects of such a plan should it be generally adopted. In other words, these employers are planning a closed-shop régime, intended solely to injure union workmen, quite as definitely as a certain faction of union workmen have sought to have all establishments close their doors against non-union workmen. And it is obvious that the employers are no more defensible in the one case than are the union men in the other. It is amazing that otherwise intelligent and far-sighted men should not see that such a policy would do them much more harm than good in the long run. Excepting, of course, actual violence, wrongly or rightly attributed to striking union workmen, probably nothing has more injured the cause of united labor than the bigoted attitude of some of its leaders on the question of the closed shop. And if public opinion refuses to adopt this dogma that a non-union workman has no right to employment, it will certainly denounce, very

likely with even more positiveness, any attempt to crush union labor simply because it is union labor. If the Chicago men want proof of this, let them note what the outside world thinks of the attempts in Colorado to enforce precisely this policy.

**Slandering
the
Labor Unions** Thirty years ago, there existed in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania a secret, oath-bound organization of ruffians known as the "Mollie Maguires." In 1875, during a miners' strike in that region, this organization was responsible for much arson and other destruction of property, many brutal and cowardly assaults upon mine employees and others, and several cold-blooded murders. By the railroad companies, and by certain indiscriminating citizens, these crimes were laid at the door of the miners' union. It was afterward shown that, although some of the criminals were actually members of the union, the vast majority of the members of that organization knew nothing whatever of the plans of the miscreants, and were as anxious to have them punished as were all other law-abiding citizens. Yet this lie was undoubtedly one of the influences which caused the men to lose their strike, and which led to the disruption of their union. In Colorado, during the past six months, another union (the Western Federation of Miners) has been arraigned in a body as an organized gang of murderers, incendiaries and all-around desperadoes. So deeply has this madness (or malice) taken root, that men have been imprisoned or driven out of the State for no other reason than that they were union men. And now comes the preposterous suggestion that the "unions" were responsible for the attempts seriously to damage the battleship "Connecticut" before and after her launching at the Brooklyn Navy Yard! Nothing but malice or stupidity could assist in the dissemination of such wild notions as are expressed by these sweeping charges against unions. Pure malice, of course, is equal to anything; but otherwise it is sheer idiocy to contend that the members of a labor organization—men who work with their hands for their living, and while they are at work are recognized as industrious and law-abiding citizens—are trans-

formed by a strike into murderers and incendiaries. The New York Sun, whose attitude toward organized labor is none too charitable, handles this ineffably stupid rumor about the "Connecticut" with gratifying directness. The Sun quotes from a letter it had received a few sentences to the effect that the "union" was at the bottom of the plots against the battleship, and that "the union will never let the 'Connecticut' sail from the navy yard," and then goes on to say:

Uncle Sam has a long arm. He will catch the rascal who has been boring holes in the "Connecticut" and putting obstructions in her path. When the scoundrel is caught, it will be found that no union of workmen had anything more to do with the attacks on the "Connecticut" than the House of Bishops did. No organization of American workmen would ever sanction the scuttling of a national ship. If it turns out that a member of some union did make the attempts to disable the "Connecticut," his fellow unionists will be the first to denounce and discipline him. As to the "Connecticut," she will leave the navy yard a splendid warship, and for many years she will bear proudly on the high seas the flag that unionists and non-unionists alike must honor and uphold.

**Good for
Mayor
McClellan!**

Mayor McClellan, of New York, has given the "practical politicians" another severe case of the shivers, and incidentally has risen still higher in the respect of the remainder of the community, by summarily ousting the entire Municipal Civil Service Commission and the Bronx Park Commissioner, upon no other charge than that they have been evading the letter and the spirit of civil service regulations. The charges which were drawn up and presented to the Mayor by the Civil Service Reform Association accused the commissioner of making illegal appointments of laborers and the commission of sanctioning these appointments. The commission was composed of three Democrats and three Republicans. President McCooey, a Democrat, refused to resign under these charges, and was promptly removed. Mayor McClellan at once appointed a new Civil Service Board of three, instead of six, and made Bird S. Coler, formerly comptroller of New York City, its president. The charges of the Civil Service Reform Association named specific instances in which the commission had approved of the appointment of certain

park laborers, and had prevented the appointment of others, in violation of civil service regulations, and obviously for purely political purposes. The accused men were given ample time to reply, and were requested to reply in detail and explicitly to these charges; but in the main they dismissed the cases against themselves by general denials, and sought further to defend themselves by calling attention to similar illegal practices of their predecessors, and also by accusing Mayor McClellan of being actuated by political motives, the point here being that the commission represents the McCarren faction in Kings County. The Mayor's reply to this defense as set up by President McCooey is well worth quoting. It runs in part as follows:

Even when at times I have doubted the advisability of certain acts by the heads of the city departments I have refrained from any interference with the exercise of their discretion and have avoided any criticism of the subject lest I might diminish their sense of personal responsibility and of complete accountability for the administration of their respective departments; but I cannot maintain such an attitude when I believe the law has been purposely evaded. It is not enough to urge that by such evasion of the law the city has sustained no pecuniary loss, or that political opponents were in their time adepts at such violations. Your oath of office, and mine, requires from each of us an effort to administer our respective trusts according to law and in the public interest; and the city expects that that oath shall be kept with an exercise of intelligence and right conscience.

Of course there is no assailing such political doctrine as this, albeit New Yorkers rubbed their eyes when they heard it pronounced and saw it enforced by a Tammany Mayor.

Commander
Peary will Try
Again

Commander Robert E. Peary makes the important announcement that next summer he will lead another expedition in search of the north pole, and that his ship is now building. He has not yet all the funds needed for the thorough equipment of the expedition, but in announcing the enterprise, he remarked that "he did not believe his countrymen would permit the expedition to fail for the lack of additional necessary funds." In the model of his ship, Commander Peary expressed great confidence. Of her and of his plans in general, he said:

She will, I believe, be the ablest ship that ever pointed her nose inside the Arctic or Antarctic circle. She will possess such shape as will enable her to rise to the pressure of the ice floes and escape destruction. She will possess such strength of construction as will permit her to stand this pressure without injury. She will possess such features of bow as will enable her to smash ice in her path, and will contain such engine power as will enable her to force her way through the ice. In maximum dimensions, viz.: length over all, breadth of beam and draught, this ship will be of the size of the British Antarctic ship "Discovery"; in displacement she will be somewhat less; in power she will compare with our largest ocean going tugs. She will have engines capable of developing 1,000 indicated horse-power continuously, and 1,500 horse-power for limited periods. My requirements are a powerful steamer, capable of forcing her way through this comparatively short distance and demanding only a minimum amount of sail power to enable her to creep home in case all her coal is burned—that is what I propose to build. My plan of campaign, in a very few words, is to force this ship to the north shores of Grant Land, taking on board at Whale Sound the pick and flower of the Esquimaux tribe with whom I have worked and lived so long, to go into winter quarters on that shore, and to start with the earliest returning light on the sledge journey across the central polar pack, utilizing these Esquimaux, the people whose heritage is life and work in that very region, entirely for the rank and file of my party. Never before has it been in the power of a white man to command the utmost efforts and fullest resources of this little tribe of people, as I can do; and that fact will be of inestimable advantage to me.

In such sordid and selfish times as these, the significance of an undertaking like this one of Commander Peary's can hardly escape the attention of thoughtful persons. The psychology of the explorer's passion presents some curious phenomena, it is true. That is to say, the explorer is always more or less in danger of degenerating into a mere adventurer, and, perhaps—still worse—into an egotist. On the other hand, the mere adventurer may develop into an explorer; there seems to have been some such transformation as this in the character of Stanley. For Stanley's "African fever" (of which he himself said he had an incurable case) probably was more, in the final analysis, than love of adventure. It is natural enough, perhaps inevitable, that any explorer, arctic or African, should be impelled by some such indefinable fascination for his work as Stanley confessed he felt, and to the extent that he is so influenced, it may be that he is simply an egoist, and falls short of being a scientist. On the other hand, likely enough this frame of mind has its values in that it furnishes the spark and perhaps not a little

of the energy upon which the enterprise must depend. And, furthermore, whatever moral flaws may be disclosed by an exploration of the explorer's attitude toward his calling, sordidness or pure selfishness are not likely to be found as controlling motives. So it is an honorable and useful calling, and whatever may be the outcome of his next adventure into the frozen seas of the north, we are sure that in the lists of its deservedly distinguished members history will place the name of the American, Robert G. Peary.

Under the direction of the
Who are the American Automobile As-
Highways for? sociation, the first road race
 for high-speed motorcars to
 be held in this country took place in Nassau
 County, Long Island, on October 8. The
 race was over a course roughly triangular in
 shape and involving thirty miles of the
 public highways, and the distance covered by
 the racers was two hundred and eighty miles.
 The People's Protective Association of the
 county attempted to prevent the race, but
 the Supreme Court justice who heard the
 case refused to interfere, because the Su-
 pervisors of the county had authorized the
 contest under the following clause of the
 motor-vehicle law:

Speed Tests and Races—Local authorities may, notwithstanding the other provisions of this section, set aside for a given time a specified public highway for speed tests or races, to be conducted under proper restrictions for the safety of the public.

According to the report of the case published in the Sun, counsel for the protesting citizens argued in part as follows:

It is not a matter of public utility, and no public or economic advantage is to be gained by this race. It is purely a matter of sport and personal gratification and a racing competition between those who own or have acquired automobiles. With these speeding machines going around the triangular course, it is unnecessary for me to say—machines going at a speed of fifty miles an hour—that the residents who pay the taxes must keep off the course, which will be impassable for ten hours for any other than autoists. These automobiles are not useful vehicles like trolleys, but are only high-toned pleasure automobiles. These pleasure loving people alone, under the provisions of the rule of the Supervisors, have immunity to use the highways when other people having wares to sell are practically barred from the roads. The Supervisors have given an exclusive privilege to a special class, a privileged class. These pleasure seeking autoists are simply gratifying their aristocratic taste.

In denying the motion to enjoin, Justice

Wilmot M. Smith said that the court had nothing to do with the wisdom of the foregoing law, and had no right to review the discretion of the Supervisors, who, he declared, were liable for their own acts. Any relief, he said, must come from the Legislature. Presumably, there can be no question about the legal soundness of this ruling. The sole purpose of the courts, of course, is to interpret and order the enforcement of laws.

On the other hand, the protest of the petitioners was reasonable and wise, and the points made by their counsel were well taken. What the protesting citizens should do in this case, therefore, is to test, as soon as possible, the constitutionality of the law which makes possible the closing of public highways for such purposes. These are some of the purely legal aspects of the case, of which, likely enough, there will be further and pretty serious discussion in due time. But there are broadly moral and social phases of the matter which also deserve some attention. A certain percentage of the residents in the region affected by this race seemed to sanction the action of the Supervisors on the grounds that the race would draw a great crowd, and that thereby the district would get much valuable "advertising"; and furthermore, that it is desirable—for some not clearly explained reason—to have one's neighborhood thought well of by the wealthy—that is to say, the automobiling—class. It is doubtful whether the element which holds these views represents more than a small minority of the community concerned, and still more doubtful whether the views themselves are tenable. The actual value of such "advertising" must be very slight, and the desirability as neighbors of a class of people who are interested in the racing of automobiles, and who might frequently want the privilege of closing thirty or forty miles of public highways for that purpose, would be even slighter. It would be legitimate enough to set apart, with the consent of the property-holders concerned, certain stretches of roadway where such contests might be held under conditions which would not endanger the public, just as the New York Speedway is devoted expressly to the driving of fast horses. In the meantime, is it too much to ask that the "automobiling class" shall exercise some of the more conventional courtesies in their use of public highways, both urban and rural?

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

**Judge Parker's
Letter of
Acceptance**

Although of course there was much difference of opinion as to the wisdom and tenability of the political doctrines expressed by Judge Parker in his letter of acceptance (made public September 26), much of the comment in the relatively independent press was to the effect that, at least, it was the most definite expression that had come from him, and withal was a fair statement of the issues emphasized by the Democratic party during the present campaign. Says the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.):

The Democratic candidate for President has in his formal letter of acceptance made so clear the political faith of which his party has made him the proponent that neither ignorance nor malice can misunderstand or misinterpret it. While the same judicial, dignified conservatism which has characterized all his recent political pronouncements has its place in this important deliverance, it is commonly more vigorous, forceful and, occasionally, more aggressive than any of his previous public declarations.

And the Boston Herald (Ind.) characterizes the letter as "an able, candid, vigorous, comprehensive, definite consideration of the peremptory issues of the present canvass. It gives assurance that its author has the insight and the capacity of statesmanship." So, too, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (Rep.) says:

The letter is calm and conservative in tone and again illustrates what seems to be his chronic habit of extreme caution, but it is, nevertheless, explicit enough to serve the purpose of joining issues between the two parties. There is no marked personal ability in Judge Parker's letter, and it is somewhat lacking in what politicians would call the ring of "inspiration" to his party. It expresses essentially, however, the principles of extreme Democratic conservatism; it is dignified throughout in its tone, and the Republicans may now expect their opponents to make the best of it during the next six weeks in their appeals to the people.

In further commendation of the letter, the Herald says:

The note of partisan vaunting and of personal vaunting is absent; the note of serious statesmanship, faithful to the constitution and the laws is pervasive. He does well to emphasize the danger to the fundamental democracy of our republican institutions of any manner of concession to

the spirit and practice of imperialism. The people are playing recklessly with their future by sanctioning any, even the most patriotic and beneficent, exercise of arbitrary authority by their President. If such things may be done without stern rebuke and popular repudiation, the people's face is set toward ultimate surrender of their liberty or toward the necessity of revolution to recover the lost right of self-government. Two other issues he treats with superior doctrinal and practical soundness—the oppressive Republican tariff by which Americans are made to pay higher prices for American manufactured products than are charged to foreigners, and the monstrous Republican extravagance in the conduct of the government. The faithlessness of the Senate ring of tariff attorneys to the large wisdom of President McKinley's last speech on this subject has never been more pungently exhibited. All this is of special significance now that President Roosevelt, abandoning all pretence of being a tariff reformer, has committed himself unreservedly to the stand pat policy of tariff imposition and extortion, and to the bad faith of continuing rates that were made extravagant as a basis for reductions of which the people have been cheated. Mr. Roosevelt, speaking of his pension order, challenged the sincerity of the criticism of it by Democrats and asked triumphantly whether, if they obtained power, they would dare to revoke it. Judge Parker accepts the challenge, declaring that, if elected, he will revoke it, believing it to be an assumption of unconstitutional authority. He adds, however, that he will favor the passage of a law pensioning Union veterans, for age. . . . The Herald has never supported the giving of a service pension, nor has any Republican President or Congress done it, except as done last March by an executive order. But we say frankly that a service pension to any amount, when given by law regularly enacted, is far preferable to such a pension given by the executive, without plain warrant of law.

The New York World (Dem.) strongly commends the general spirit of the document, and refers to some of its features as follows:

President Roosevelt insists that the tariff has no connection with trusts. Mr. Parker meets him squarely with the assertion that excessive duties "have been and will continue to be a direct incentive to the formation of huge industrial combinations which, secure from foreign competition, are enabled to stifle domestic competition and practically to monopolize the home market."

As against the trusts the Democratic candidate has three remedies to Mr. Roosevelt's one. He agrees with the President in favoring further legislation if needed, but he believes that oppressive combinations can also be reached through the tariff and through the common law. And in

support of the last proposition, which President Roosevelt has denied on the ground that there is no Federal common law, he cites a judgment of the United States Supreme Court deciding that common law principles can be applied by the Federal courts in cases involving interstate commerce, in the absence of appropriate statutes.

On the other side, the Chicago Evening Post (Ind.) presents these criticisms:

If we are becoming, or have become, imperialistic, it should not seem to be a difficult task for Judge Parker to point it out specifically and to say exactly what course he and a Democratic Congress would follow to check the tendency or to correct the evil, if evil there be. But Judge Parker's letter leaves the issue of imperialism still very much "in the air." As to trust remedies, Judge Parker offers his old panacea of "statute and common law"; which failing, he would favor "such further legislation" "as will best promote and safeguard the interests of all the people." This position will not cause the trusts any great amount of anxiety. Judge Parker declares that on the assumption that pension order No. 78 is revocable at pleasure of the executive he will, if elected, "revoke that order." He accepts this one of the Republican challenges and adds that he will endeavor to have both houses of Congress enact a law that will give an age pension without reference to disability to the surviving veterans of the Civil War. Why this hair-splitting course should be necessary in view of the action of Congress in approving pension order No. 78 we must leave to Judge Parker and the Parker Constitution Club. We are given nothing new on the Philippine question. The policies of both parties remain practically the same. The Republicans would give self-government—and are giving it—as soon as the Filipinos are able to receive it; the Democrats would promise now to do exactly the same thing. Consequently independence for the Filipinos cannot be called an issue.

And the New York Tribune (Rep.) finds fault with the letter in these respects:

Judge Parker's letter of acceptance goes far toward demolishing his reputation as a great jurist capable of sustained logical thought. Judge Parker builds a man of straw out of an assumed "arrogation of unconstitutional powers by the executive branch of the government," and calls that "imperialism." Having assumed without proof that his opponent stands for "individual caprice" as against "the law of the land," he utters some quite unexceptionable platitudes on the subject of law and peace. He talks about "the toleration of tyranny over others" as one of the evils of governing the Philippines permanently, while conceding the necessity of our rule until we can fit them for self-government. Yet Judge Parker knows that our rule there is not "tyranny." He knows that it is beneficent and progressive, and he knows that if he had the power he would continue it as the fitting preparation for the ultimate independence he advocates. On pensions Judge Parker does become specific, and astounding. . . . Thus he promises what is practically a service pension, a thing which has been violently opposed by the leaders and editors

of his own party for years, and, indeed, advocated by few persons outside of radical Grand Army circles. It is not too much to say that this bid for votes is positively indecent.

With similar positiveness the Rochester Post-Express (Rep.) attacks Judge Parker's expressions about the tariff and imperialism, saying:

If protection is robbery then protection should be swept away at once; but afraid of his principles or afraid of the open, honest advocacy of them, Judge Parker wants a reasonable reduction of robbery—no immediate revolution but a little less robbery. But the Republican party stands squarely by the protective principle, there are no twists or turns, no evasions or concealments, and above all, no threats to the business interests of the country. Taking up the question of the Philippines, Judge Parker says he favors an "immediate promise" of independence to the Filipinos "as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it." Judge Parker seems to think that just now we are exercising "tyranny over others." If so, why does he not advocate an immediate abandonment of tyranny? If the issue of imperialism, of which so much has been said in the past, is now narrowed down to this, that the Democrats demand an immediate promise and the Republicans insist that the work of civilization should continue with no promises, there is not enough left of the issue to quarrel over and the Republican policy up to date must be considered as approved.

Again, and on the other side, the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.) says:

Neither Judge Parker's letter nor the principles or policies it upholds will suffer in the estimation of the judicious and patriotic public if compared with those of the letter of the President. He does not, as unscrupulous stand-pat stump speakers and organs have persistently misstated, urge or advocate free trade. "In the words of the platform," he says, "we demand a revision and a gradual reduction of the tariff by the friends of the masses, and for the common weal, and not by the friends of its abuses, its extortions and discriminations." That is a sane, safe, patriotic position, and no friend of the masses, of the common weal, could have firmer, more defensible ground to stand upon respecting the tariff. Tariff reform, the usurpation of legislative authority by the Executive and government extravagance are in themselves, apart from all other things, issues upon which the Democratic party might well and wisely challenge their Republican opponents. These are issues great enough to command the most serious, patriotic thought of the country, and there should be among intelligent, patriotic men but one opinion, that which this letter of acceptance enunciates. No clearer knowledge of patriotic duty can be had by any voter than by comparing the letters of the respective presidential candidates. They are the guideposts pointing the way each party will go if successful at the polls. Forming our deliberate judgment upon these letters, we believe that Judge Parker's guidepost points the safer, saner way to good government.

Estimates of Senator Hoar By common consent, it was a highly useful and honorable public career that ended with the death (on September 30) of Senator George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts. In fact, virtually the only note of criticism to be found in the very general comment upon, and estimates of his political and personal character is that which expresses doubt as to the tenability of his iron-clad partizanship, and the logic of his frequent and sometimes violent differing from the standards of the party which, nevertheless, he never failed to support with his actual vote. As to the moral significance of his public life, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (Rep.) says:

With some of the narrowness of New England thought in its exaggerated conceptions of New England virtue, he was often, before old age began to come upon him, a stern and bitter partisan, but throughout his long career as a Representative and a Senator, which for the most part was in full view of the nation, he represented the purest spirit of ambition to be useful, in the public service, to the welfare of his country.

There were no jobs or suspicions of jobs or any form of sordidness in the public conduct of Senator Hoar. In the upper chamber of Congress he conspicuously illustrated in his person, in his speeches and in his acts the high standard of ability and character originally set up in that body. Long ago he impressed men of all parties as a type of the public servant who pre-eminently values his honor and whom venality in no form can touch.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.) notes that "Senator Hoar's best speeches, unlike the speeches of Clay and others of great name, were admirable in cold print as in the stir and emotion of a living Senate." Continuing, the Ledger says:

As a public servant Senator Hoar was an honor to America. His life was open and good. His real public career began thirty-seven years ago with his election to the House of Representatives. At that time he was one of the leading and rising lawyers of the State, and had a private fortune of \$100,000; last year, after a lifetime during which he gave his best energies to the public in House and Senate, he mortgaged his little possessions to pay for his modest Washington home.

He had been growing in intellectual strength, in public usefulness, in the splendor of his powers all these years, marked by the most arduous and assiduous labors for his country, and he had been growing poorer. It is not to be imagined that Senator Hoar, especially when party questions came before him, always acted wisely or well. It may be doubted if in the past century there ever was in this country a man of equal intellectual and moral excellencies who was so

blinded by party spirit. Readers of his recent "Autobiography of Seventy Years" may see with what childlike ingenuousness he confessed his belief that not much good could, by any possibility, come from the Democratic party. The open-minded reader of that queer book may well be amused, and perhaps exasperated, by the pertinacity with which he held to this simple faith, and will wonder that a scholar, a thinker, sound constitutional lawyer and statesman should declare in his studied speeches and in his deliberate autobiography that "the acquisition of a dependency to be held in subjection" meant the overthrow of constitutional government, and yet should vote for some of the most important measures which led to this policy.

The New York Journal of Commerce thinks that Senator Hoar "had the limitations which have been more or less characteristic of New England statesmen from the time of the elder Adams," and continues in part as follows:

Whether it be a defect of imagination, or the overmastering influence of the New England conscience when brought to bear on great strokes of national policy which transcend its formulas, every phase of the territorial expansion of this republic has been opposed, with more or less energy and bitterness, by the foremost men of Massachusetts. The senior Senator of the old Bay State could see nothing but high-handed usurpation in the dealings of our Government with the Philippine problem. . . . That much of this contention was purely academic does not alter the fact that of all the men who ranged themselves against the Philippine policy of this and the preceding Administration, Senator Hoar exercised by far the greatest influence on the judgment of his fellow citizens, and that in this as in other phases of his public career, the high-mindedness and purity of his motives were as conspicuous as the felicity and vigor of the language in which his convictions were clothed.

The New York Tribune (Rep.) believes that "few men in the public life of our day have reflected so conspicuously as he did the ideals and traditions of an earlier and a more inspiring political era," and continues with this further criticism and appreciation:

His attitude on the question of Chinese exclusion, or of Philippine independence, or even on some of the questions involved in Reconstruction legislation is hardly likely to pass muster at the bar of criticism as unimpeachable political wisdom. We cannot but think the Senator's confidence a little overbuoyant. Yet it would be idle to deny that to the discussion and settlement of most problems of legislation and policy he brought a keen and usually correct judgment, a vast fund of experience and information and an intense and vital moral earnestness. As a statesman the Massachusetts Senator had a conscience, and used it, and his habit of appealing to scruple and to reason made him a helpful and valued force in public life.

And the New York Sun (Rep.) has these things to say about the Senator's usefulness and integrity:

Mr. Hoar had been in public life for thirty-five years; and every year his fitness for it and his usefulness in it increased. His somewhat acute partisanship had been mellowed. In him the best traditions of the Senate were continued and embodied, and he was the last of its members to preserve the flavor of the old-fashioned scholarship. He virtually gave up the law for politics and remained a poor man to the end of his days. Himself Concord-born, he had that native tang, something of that "provincial" character, that individuality which grows rarer as the cities crowd the country out.

From a careful review, in the New York Evening Post, of the Senator's career and character, we make the following excerpts:

When the United States Senate comes to pay its customary tribute to the departed senior Senator from Massachusetts, it can unanimously praise one who for twenty years defended it against the charge of decadence and growing disrepute. All his real good will not, we fear, be spoken of in the chamber which he has quitted. Before entering it from the House of Representatives, he had been faithful in exposing the corruption of the Grant régime. His great speeches on the Philippine and the Panama iniquities will remain his noblest monument. He worked hard but fruitlessly to eliminate the word "cede" from the Paris Treaty with Spain; he inserted in the Military Appropriation bill a statesmanlike provision directed against the exploitation of the Philippines. His judgment of our treatment of Colombia will be that of posterity; and no one more truly and fervently brought our Imperialism to book with the Declaration and the Constitution. Yet he denounced President Cleveland for his reversal of the collusive revolution in Hawaii, designed to precipitate annexation. Toward Cleveland, in fact, he was never either fair or generous or anything but partisan. His Senatorial career was indeed marred by a frequent confusion of thought and inconsistency of action truly remarkable in a man of such natural gifts and training as Mr. Hoar. His economic deliverances were nothing less than naïf. Senator Hoar's complacency and optimism were inexhaustible. He was blind to the corruption of the party, being able to divorce, in his conception, the rank and file of the voters from the machine whose encroachments have perverted the Constitutional scheme of election to both houses of Congress. In the Republican rank and file he saw the hope of the country, and to that end he was a Republican first, last and all the time. Mr. Hoar, it must be said in his honor, did not live or die a boss; but he came to represent a boss-ridden Commonwealth and associated amicably with the bosses of the Senate. Yet in learning, in loyalty to the great American tradition, in passion for human liberty, he towered over all his fellow-Senators, and left a name which will long be spoken with affection and reverence.

The New York State Tickets

New York's electoral vote has always been the cause of much political covetousness, and perhaps never more so than this year. For this reason the results of the Republican and Democratic State conventions were awaited very eagerly, and were widely commented upon. The Republican convention, which was thoroughly under the control of Governor Odell, after a remarkable session nominated Frank Wayland Higgins, and the Democrats, after equally prolonged, though less open difference of opinion, settled upon Justice D. Cady Herrick of the State Supreme Court. The New York Sun, which is reluctantly supporting Mr. Roosevelt, promptly threw the Republican State candidate overboard, saying:

Mr. Frank Wayland Higgins has neither the character nor the ability to qualify him for the governorship of the State of New York. If we were living in the millennium, Mr. Higgins might do for Governor, if everybody else was busy. But this is not the millennium, and perhaps Mr. Higgins will serve as well as anyone as a figure-head to point the way to overwhelming and deserved disaster.

The Tribune and the other Republican papers in New York City, and throughout the State generally, with a few exceptions, support Mr. Higgins, although here and there regrets are expressed, even by partisan organs, that he bears the "Odell tag." The feeling of the independent press of the country at large is frequently that of the Springfield Republican, which says in part:

The nomination of Mr. Higgins for governor is entirely respectable in itself, apparently, although it is now impossible to say that it will strengthen the Republican position or help Mr. Roosevelt in carrying the State. Mr. Woodruff's disappointed ambition has caused an ugly feeling in Republican circles in Kings county against Odell, while Mr. Platt and his remaining followers have not been reluctant to use Woodruff in venting their animosity toward the man who had the strength and the audacity to throw Platt into the place which his growing senility had earned for him. It is not too much to say that, although Mr. Woodruff avoided an actual test of strength in a ballot by withdrawing his name at the last moment, the ticket nominated was jammed through by the new boss. It follows that the ticket will be fated to carry whatever weight Odell's name and career may bring to it. He has lately shown a strong disposition to be a mere party boss and nothing more. In that role he possesses no attractions whatever, for he lacks Platt's smoothness and silken cunning, and his rougher nature does not possess that personal magnetism which virility sometimes exercises upon one's fellow men. There is now sure to be

waged against the Odell ticket a bitter Republican warfare.

The Democrats' nomination of Judge Herrick was the signal for even more comment. Much regret was expressed that the factional friction in the convention had made impossible the nomination of District-Attorney Jerome, or Edward M. Shepard or Comptroller Grout of New York City. The chief objection to Judge Herrick was that since he has been on the bench he has taken an active part in the machine politics of Albany County. For this reason the New York Evening Post (Ind.) refused to support him, and the Sun, after declaring that "the public interest will be best subserved by voting for Roosevelt and Fairbanks in the Republican column and D. Cady Herrick and Francis Burton Harrison in the Democratic column," says of Judge Herrick that "many historians would think of him first in his relation to the caucus." The Tribune says that "however unfit he (Judge Herrick) may be for the office of governor, one of the good results of his nomination will be the removal from the bench of a man whose indecent political activities there have been a reproach to our courts and have tended to bring the administration of justice into contempt." And the Times (Dem.) says that "if any voter believes that it is his chief duty to administer a rebuke to a judge who has dabbled in politics, then by all means he ought to vote against Judge Herrick."

From outside of New York come such comments as these, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch (Ind.):

It is possible that this selection is the best that could be expected from the New York Democracy, but it falls far short of putting an anti-machine candidate in the field. It may be confidently concluded that a candidate on whom the Hill and Murphy wings can unanimously agree would not, if elected, be famous in attacking machine corruption. Judge Herrick is respectable, in that he is not noted for connection with any rank jobs, but he is equally destitute of prominence for fighting such jobs. He is ranked as an anti-Hill man, but his opposition to Hill has chiefly consisted in the contests for control of the Democratic organization in Albany, which Herrick led without dispute until Hill tried to oust him.

And the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (Rep.) says:

It is not, however, a nomination of the sort which will appeal especially to the fifty thousand or more of the independent and oscillating vote which regularly exists in New York and which turns this way or that way in Presidential and Gubernatorial campaigns, and the tone of the

Democratic or Parker press in New York City this morning, while favorable to the support of Herrick, is qualified in its commendation. Nevertheless his nomination is pretty sure to command the whole working strength of the Democratic party in the Empire State and if it is not the strongest that could have been made in the interest of Parker, it is not unlikely to result in a campaign which may make New York debatable up to election day.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.) remarks that "the Democratic ticket in New York, national and State, will be headed by representatives of high tribunals of law and justice and will thus emphasize the Democratic position of strict recognition of the supremacy of the fundamental law and proper regard for statute laws based upon it." Continuing, the Plain Dealer says:

The action of Gov. Odell's convention gave the New York Democracy a great opportunity. They have not thrown it away in their own convention, but whether they have taken full advantage of it can be judged better when yesterday's ticket has been carefully studied by the large number of independents and dissatisfied Republicans who turned away from Gov. Odell's work with disgust and looked with doubting hopes toward the Democratic convention for a ticket they could vote in preference. That it is better than they feared it might be is evident. That it is stronger than Odell's ticket is also unquestionable. The unanimous and enthusiastic action of the convention in nominating the candidate for governor gives assurance of united support in the election. The important question is whether Herrick can also secure the support of the independents and dissatisfied Republicans. On that question largely turns the position of New York in the final presidential count.

Because of Judge Herrick's political activity since he has been on the bench, the Springfield Republican says "it seems well-nigh hopeless to attempt to draw independent voters to his support," and continues:

The notion that the way to overthrow a governor-chairman is to nominate as the candidate of the opposition a boss-judge seems grotesque. Yet that is exactly what has been done. Nor can we entirely ignore the curious contradiction of ideals involved in this nomination. Judge Parker's conception of the judicial proprieties was so finely drawn that he could not permit himself, while still on the bench, to outline to the public his views on the broad political issues of the hour. The New York Democracy rapturously approved Judge Parker's idea of the relation between politics and the bench. But now it takes up another judge, and that judge is a man who for fifteen years has ably presided in court by day and ably rigged democratic caucuses by night. It matters little that Mr. Herrick often fought on the decenter side—that is, for Cleveland as against Hill or Tammany. He certainly fought fire with fire, and was as much a practical politician as the rest of them. What matters especially is that in a state where the judiciary is

elected by the people the persistence of a judge of high station in active party politics is demoralizing, and that is all that need to be said in condemning the practice. There is another aspect of the nomination that is much more favorable. Judge Herrick is nobody's "man." No one more obnoxious to Mr. Hill could have been selected, for Mr. Herrick as a political manager has at times thwarted Mr. Hill's dearest hopes. Nor could Judge Herrick be controlled by a Murphy or a McCarren. As governor he would surely be his own master. It is a pity that he is so vulnerable in the respect to which attention has been drawn.

The Rights of War Corre- spondents

That the repeated and emphatic protests of the war correspondents who have been detained by Japanese military officials miles from the scenes of any of the hostilities has at last been taken seriously at Tokio is obvious enough from some of the recent utterances in semiofficial Japanese papers. Such papers hope "that no errors in the Japanese manner of handling the difficult problem of war correspondence will suffice to alienate Anglo-Saxon sympathy" and that the correspondents "will preserve the tone of impartiality which has hitherto distinguished their writings, and not allow personal disappointment to warp their personal judgment." These remarkable expressions received considerable discussion, particularly in the American and in the English press. The Philadelphia Public Ledger has this to say of the general policy involved:

The inherent right of any government engaged in war to say who shall or who shall not accompany its armies or to exclude all non-combatants from the field of operations, need not be disputed. The question, in the present age, is rather one of expediency. It is doubtful whether any censorship can be made so rigid as entirely to defeat the determined energy of European and American correspondents, who will continue, in spite of military force, to get at the facts and to give them publicity. It was evidently the recognition of this inevitable effect that inspired the apologetic dispatches from Tokio. They conveyed a covert intimation that, because the correspondents had not been well treated, they might give a coloring to their dispatches unfavorable to the Japanese. This, of course, is an unjustifiable assumption, but at least it indicates a degree of sensitiveness to foreign opinion that has been lacking at Tokio hitherto. The men who are regularly engaged as war correspondents at the present day are usually men whose only object is to tell the truth and who will not betray confidence. Nations that have had much experience in war have learned to trust them and have suffered no harm in consequence. The Japanese are young at the business and have had to shake off some Oriental ideas as they go along.

The Minneapolis Evening Tribune, on the other hand, has little sympathy with the correspondents. It remarks that the Japanese Government "has been willing to take infinite trouble and spend money it could ill spare to cart these human impedimenta along with its armies; but it has not been willing to permit a repetition of the chartered impudence of Santiago." Continuing, the Tribune says:

The special grievance of Mr. Davis and the rest is that they were kept eight miles away from the Liao Yang fighting, and only promised, on making a protest, that they should be permitted within four miles of the next battle. Japan is giving the whole world a lesson in dealing with newspaper correspondents as well as in other details of the art of war. These non-combatants are always in the way, and the fresh Americans are an intolerable nuisance. Governments dependent upon popular favor tolerate them because they fear the press, though Kitchener managed to keep them in check in Egypt and South Africa. They can be endured in a little comic opera war like ours with Spain, though even then it was necessary to kick some yellow impertinents out of Cuba. But Japan is fighting grimly for her life, and cares more to protect her strategy from the enemy than to placate a morbid or imaginary public opinion on the other side of the world.

Speaking of the Japanese newspapers' "hope" that the correspondents "will preserve the tone of impartiality," and so on, the London Spectator says:

It is well, no doubt, that everybody should receive proper consideration, but we fail to see what constitutes the special claim of the war correspondent. He is with the Japanese army for his own purposes. Neither he nor the journal which employs him has had in view the interest of the Japanese Government or the Japanese nation. We can only hope that the Japanese military authorities will not relax their regulations in a single particular which they think important. The obligations of military secrecy are superior to all considerations touching the supply of news for foreign consumption. No doubt a brilliant account of a Japanese victory will excite a great deal of interest and sympathy in this country. But this kind of emotion will not have the slightest influence on the course of events, whereas the accidental communication of Japanese purposes to the Russians may make the difference between victory and defeat in a particular engagement, and incidentally, perhaps, affect the result of the war. There is no need, we are sure, to tell all this to the Japanese authorities. They are not in the least likely to show any consideration for war correspondents except where it can be shown safely. We are only anxious that correspondents should not take up a position to which they have no right, or argue with the Censor as though he were standing between them and a duty which cannot be neglected without grave injury to the interests of his own country. Nothing that they can say or leave

unsaid can affect those interests in any appreciable degree, and the self-importance of a war correspondent here and there—for we are quite sure that the majority of them take a perfectly rational view of their place in the universe—may be chastened without any fear of consequent disaster to Japanese arms or Japanese diplomacy.

The Results in Vermont and Maine.

"As goes Vermont, so goes the Union," is an old political saying, referring to the significance of the gubernatorial campaign in the Green Mountain State in presidential years. And those who believe in this political symptom base their belief on political statistics, such as the following, showing the vote in Vermont in presidential years since 1876:

	Republican.	Democrat.	Republican Plurality.
1876	44,723	21,042	23,681
1880	47,848	21,245	26,603
1884	42,522	19,820	22,702
1888	48,522	19,527	28,995
1892	42,663	19,216	19,702
1896	53,246	14,855	38,391
1900	48,441	17,129	31,312

That is, whenever the Republican plurality has been less than 25,000—as in 1876, 1884 and 1892—the Democrats have been victorious in the national election. Furthermore, it is to be noted that this Republican falling off was the largest in 1892, the year of the Democratic landslide, and smallest in 1876, when the election of Mr. Hayes was contested.

This year the Republican plurality in Vermont was about 32,000, a decided falling off from the remarkable figures of 1896, and a small increase over the result in 1900, but withal significant and greeted with much enthusiasm by the Republicans and the Republican press. And independent papers admit that, in the light of the past, the result is fairly an index to what may be expected to happen throughout the country on the 8th of this month. The Boston Transcript, for example, says:

Vermont electing her congressmen in September, it is not uncommon for her to put out her political energy in that month. This is what has given her election the prominence it has in the calculations of politicians of both parties. The Republican reserve vote comes out if it is called for then. A peremptory challenge such as was addressed to it this year is sufficient to bring it to the polls. It may not come out to rallies, but it is sure to come out to vote. This year the farmers had a class interest in the success of the Republican ticket, for it was headed by a gentleman long identified with the agricultural inter-

ests of the State, Hon. Charles J. Bell, of Walden, prominent among the grangers. The Democrats also had as candidate for governor a gentleman of high character, considerable experience in public affairs, and of sufficient local popularity to receive a complimentary majority in his own town. That the Republicans throughout the country should be greatly gratified by the result in Vermont is perfectly natural and perfectly legitimate. True, it is a rock-ribbed Republican State. No politician worthy of attention expects the State to change its political allegiance, but had its vote demonstrated a marked decline in Republican strength the fact would have had a certain significance and possibly some bearing on the campaign elsewhere.

On the other hand, the Springfield Republican (Ind.), calls attention to these features of the Vermont campaign:

Vermont is not only rock-ribbed in her Republicanism, but the conditions were especially favorable in this State contest to Republican success. The candidacy of Charles J. Bell, a farmer and close to the plain folks, was an incentive to voting. It is a matter of fact, easily to be discerned by one who goes about the State, that the average freeman to the manor born has grown tired of seeing the governorship made the prey of rich men, belonging in or out of the State, who prize it chiefly as a personal distinction. That Vermont, with her population essentially rural, is a fair test of political conditions to-day over the country in the aggregate, as city and country are mingled in the doubtful States, the Democrats will not admit in the light of Tuesday's figures. But that they would have put stress on this contention had the Republican plurality in Vermont fallen below 25,000 is much to be doubted. At the same time Tuesday's State election will have little practical direct effect upon the presidential campaign. Vermont votes for President with the rest of the States of the Union next November. It being evident that the Republican column in a supremely Republican State is unshaken by any "swing" the other way, both sides will accept the fact and direct their efforts toward the main issue, the control of those States whose action will settle the presidential question on the direct issue.

That the result in Maine may not be quite as satisfactory to the Republicans is suggested by the following remarks of the Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.):

The claimed "Republican plurality of 30,000" shrank in the official figures to 27,130. It was shown a few days ago that the claimed 30,000 was a material shrinkage from the Republican plurality in September, 1900. The Legislature is still "overwhelmingly Republican," but the majority on joint vote has fallen from 137 to 121, the smallest it has been for very many years. In the election of 1900 the Democrats elected one senator and nineteen members of the house; this year they have elected four senators and twenty-six representatives. It is true that Presidents are not elected according to the total popular vote cast, but applying the Maine percentages to the votes of the individual States, there would be more than enough electoral votes transferred from

the Republican to the Democratic column to insure the election of Parker and Davis. It is not claimed there will be any such change as the Maine figures can be made to show. All that is here set forth is that the total vote in Maine was unusually large, and that the Democratic gains were much larger than the Republican, a fact probably surprising to both parties.

And the Republican, after reviewing the statistics, says:

All in all, therefore, there is an unlooked-for degree of Democratic advance in this first experience of returning concord and an old-time pulling together in the Pine Tree State. If the same proportionate Democratic gain should be made in Indiana in the presidential election as has appeared in Maine, it would give the Western State to Judge Parker. This is the point of view that the outside Democrats will take of the result in Maine, while the Republicans, who prepared the way through Chairman Simpson of their State committee by declaring that a plurality of from 12,000 to 18,000 "would be satisfactory to the Republicans of Maine," will profess joy unalloyed in the 10,000 votes above the plurality officially forecast. As a practical matter, the result of Maine's State election will have little serious effect upon the national contest, except to show the Democrats that it pays to do some aggressive fighting. There is plenty of need for this teaching, as everybody can see.

Mars vs. Cupid

The newspapers seemed glad enough to pause in their discussion of campaign issues, imaginary and other wise, long enough to consider Major-General Corbin's recommendation to the War Department that young officers shall not be permitted to marry until they are financially able to undertake that relationship. "The pay of a subaltern officer," says General Corbin, "is barely enough for his proper support and the expenses of his equipment and uniform. If to this is to be added the inevitable expenses attached to a family, it is not only probable, but almost certain, that when an officer strikes his balance at the end of the year he will be behind if he has no income but his pay." Although some of the comment upon this recommendation is manifestly in a facetious vein, not a few of the editorial writers took it quite seriously. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says:

Whether right or wrong, General Corbin imagines a vain thing. The system which he recommends is in vogue in many European armies, yet experience has not shown it to be productive of greater military efficiency, still less of a higher morality, than that prevailing here. Moreover, these warnings of Mr. Root and General Corbin must have chiefly academic interest so long as it remains the policy of the Government to make such ample and even liberal provision

for married officers at all military posts; a policy which is practically encouragement and invitation to early marriage. General Corbin's point that the army is "overmarried" may be well taken, but will hardly be sustained by public opinion. He has given fair warning of a very obvious danger to young men, whether soldiers or civilians, but in proposing a remedial measure is none too happy.

The *Springfield Republican* remarks that General Corbin's proposition may be left for President Roosevelt to deal with, and for these reasons:

It may be said with some confidence that a President so hostile to "race suicide" as Mr. Roosevelt could not easily persuade himself that army officers should not marry as young as other men. The direct effect of General Corbin's policy would be to diminish the birth-rate in military circles, and how could the President ever stand for a catastrophe like that? For an outsider to venture into this abstruse question may be an impertinence, yet one cannot help saying that, before placing restrictions upon marriage, the War Department would do well to make it less costly for poor lieutenants to maintain their uniforms. Reduce the uniforms before attacking the officer's matrimonial rights.

And the *Baltimore Sun*, after making the same point about the difference between the President's "race suicide" theories and those of General Corbin, goes on in part as follows:

General Corbin wishes to restrict severely the freedom of army officers. No officer, he declares, must be permitted to marry until he has secured the Secretary of War's permission, and the Secretary of War must not give his permission until he is satisfied that the would-be husband has income sufficient to support himself and a family to boot. Besides all this, the army officer must not be allowed to marry if he is in debt. This is a hard saying, in view of the fact that in civil life the average man would rarely marry if, in addition to getting the girl's consent, he had to woo a public official also and convince both that he was solvent and had surplus revenue. Only a small proportion of suitors in civil life could meet General Corbin's requirement that marriage shall not take place until the prospective income of the happy pair is pronounced by cold-blooded third parties to be entirely adequate. But the Anglo-Saxon does not marry in cold blood, and the restrictions proposed by Mr. Roosevelt's subordinate appear not only to promise a reduction of the marriage rate, but to threaten the liberty of the free American citizen in an important matter. Cupid laughs at prudence, and it is Cupid that dictates happy marriages. The younger officers of the army of the United States may therefore well resent the proposed interference with their liberty to marry as foolishly and happily as their fathers did before them.

The *Atlanta Journal* remarks the recent solemn warning against flirting delivered by the War Department to young officers, and proceeds to the discussion of the Corbin recommendation as follows:

First the officers were told that they must not flirt, unless they intended to marry. Now they are told that they must not marry without a permit from the Secretary. The department has overshot its mark, in our humble opinion. It's all right to cut a man off from flirtation if you allow him to marry, or all right to cut him off from matrimony if you allow him to flirt. But human nature won't stand for both. You can dodge some of the Cupids all the time, and you can dodge all of the Cupids some of the time, but you cannot side-step all the Cupids all the time. Sons of battle, particularly, cannot. The struggle to keep Mars away from Venus is useless. If love is in the habit of chortling at the work of the locksmith, how much less worthy of respect will he hold the endeavor of the department chief.

And the Chicago Evening Post handles the question in this way:

The married man ordinarily is the steady man. Why shouldn't a second lieutenant get married? His pay is \$1,400 a year. After he has been out of the academy a year he gets 10 per cent. additional. Medical attendance for himself and wife, and children if he has any, costs him not a cent. He gets house rent free. He can buy food at cost price at the commissary. All this puts him on a pecuniary par with the civilian whose salary is \$2,000 a year. Most of our fathers and grandfathers married our mothers and grandmothers on half this amount. If there had been a civilian Corbin with power in those days the vote would not be large at the coming election.

The Baltimore Herald takes this facetious view of the matter:

The trouble seems to be that some officers do not pay their debts; but it is one of the inalienable rights of an American to get into debt, of which most civilians avail themselves. Why should the poor military man be restricted to cash transactions? The least a country can do for its underpaid soldiers is to give them this common privilege of "hanging it up." There is one point of view from which General Corbin's recommendation is subversive of the spirit of courage which is highly prized in every other army. What greater exhibition of bravery can there be than is shown in the attempt to support a family on the salary that our minor military officers receive? Anyone can marry when he can afford to sport an automobile, but to tie up on a mere pittance is to show the stuff you are made of. And after a career of contracting debts which can never be liquidated, what a fine incentive to rush recklessly into battle, holding life cheap, courting death "even at the cannon's mouth," is the knowledge that a hundred tradesmen armed with bills of large caliber are at your heels!

Secretary Taft's Eulogy of the President

The fine "character" given President Roosevelt by Secretary Taft in his speech at Montpelier aroused even more comment than did his treatment of the Philippine question. The New York Evening Post (Ind.) summarizes the "catalogue of virtues" which Mr. Taft ascribes to the

President, and comments upon them as follows:

The President lacks pride of opinion, is amenable to reason, anxious to reach just conclusions, quick of apprehension, changes his opinions readily if the facts demand, believes in doing things, loves physical exercise, considers that brain and muscle were given for use, is an American, a patriot, loves his wife and children, sympathizes with labor and capital alike, hates shams, is anxious to avoid war. These traits, which most of us will be as ready as Secretary Taft to impute to Theodore Roosevelt, bring before the mind's eye an attractive personality, but do they make us exclaim, "Here is a man eminently fitted to be President of eighty million people"? Such qualities as President Roosevelt possesses are not rare. Hundreds of thousands of men in the United States are modest, just, intelligent, energetic, lovers of their country, their wives and children, opposed to fraud, and anxious to live at peace with all men. But many of these have what President Roosevelt has not—namely, that noble old Roman virtue, *gravitas*. Honesty, intelligence, energy, willingness to discard untenable views, are not enough. All these are admirable in a President, if along with them we find wisdom, breadth of vision, depth of insight, and that nameless something that enables a man to keep all his faculties in thorough control. It was these qualities that made Washington and Lincoln leaders of men.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch (Dem.) asks if Secretary Taft's description is not "a poor picture of a leader," and goes on:

Such a man may be controlled and kept from doing mischief if wise counselors be always at hand. But his counselors may not always be wise, and, if wise, they may not always be on the spot at the right time, and there is no knowing what reckless act such a man in high authority may commit on an impulse, when there is none to restrain him. It is this trait in Mr. Roosevelt's character, so faithfully portrayed by his apologist, that makes the conservative people of the United States afraid of him.

As to changing his opinions, the Indianapolis Sentinel (Dem.) says:

Once there were two things on which he was strenuously vociferous. These were tariff reform and civil service reform. As to the former, he is at the very head of the "standpatters," and that means that he believes in the continuance of the most infamous tariff measure ever passed in this country. As to civil service reform, one of the first things he did after he succeeded Mr. McKinley was to appoint Spoilsman Clarkson, a carpet-bagger from Iowa, to the most responsible Federal position in New York. Not only in that, but in other things has he shown that he looks upon the old civil service reform notions as the ebullitions of a distorted fancy.

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt is willing to change his opinions, but he seems to have been moved by selfish political considerations. Mr. Taft's defense is an admission of the charge that the President is mercurial in temperament and unstable in his purposes. No one can tell what he will do or when he will do it or how.

Books on Vital Issues

The Problem of the Children

IT is seldom that a radical departure from conventional methods is able to defend itself with such an unqualified record of success as appears in the report of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Col. For the past four years, under the personal direction of Judge Ben. B. Lindsey, the City of Denver has been trying the experiment of constructive discipline, in place of the method of arrest, trial, incarceration and resultant destruction of character which has too long been the *bête noir* of "Boyville."

If personal contact with "the learned judge" is as fascinating as the rather informal story he tells in this report, one might almost fear that the average boy would look for trouble, for the sake of being rewarded by a personal interview. But, despite the inspiring and elevating influences of the Court, the records show that its virtue is not its own undoing, for juvenile delinquency is steadily decreasing, and 95 per cent. of the boys appearing in court are never held for a second offense. The spirit of Judge Lindsey and his method appear from a bit of philosophy with which he opens his unique report:

"I do not believe in the doctrine of fear. It may win in cases, but it is not right in principle. It is a short cut, but a dangerous path. Its winnings are not the permanent or lasting ones. The consequence of wrongdoing is and should be pointed out, but too often the boy gets it into his head that it is only to escape the consequences that he should do right. In any event, if we must have a "bogie man" to frighten and to scare, as we (wrongfully) have hobgoblins for children, demons, and fierce avenging gods for the savage and the heathen, it had better be the consequence of wrong that comes to men in the jail and the penitentiary, rather than the Juvenile Court, or even the Industrial School. We want no boy in the Juvenile Court to be afraid of the Court. They are all my friends, even to the last, when they take their own warrants and go away alone to the Industrial School, without the guard of any officer, giving up their haunts and the freedom of a city so dear to

the heart of such a boy. Not one has ever failed us."

Judge Lindsey modestly declaims the credit which everyone knows belongs to him, and points out that the only substantial changes in the Juvenile Court Law of Colorado are "the substitution of the Detention School for the jail, and the law holding parents and all other citizens to a rigid legal liability for any faults of children to which they may contribute." The adoption of this principle of parental responsibility and its practical application are of such commanding importance as would be difficult to overestimate; while the substitution of the Detention School for the county jail is the substitution of light for darkness.

The vital significance of this enterprise can only be estimated when it is remembered that in Denver, which is not an exceptional city, one out of every five boys between the ages of ten and sixteen had formerly a taste of jail life. The public too seldom remembers, when thinking of our various penal institutions, that over one-half of all the convicts to-day are under twenty-four years of age, while the boys committed three, four, or ten times for crimes or misdemeanors are legion. It is not claimed that the Juvenile Court is always successful in correcting delinquency, but a record of 95 per cent. will be a revelation to those who have scoffed at sympathetic and considerate action as correctives. The law under which the Juvenile Court of Colorado operates provides that children may have an attorney and be tried by jury, yet, in practice, these defenses are never applied—"the Court is their defender and protector, as well as corrector."

The indictment of the street and messenger service, as a prolific source of destructive habits in juvenile character, is clear cut, and the announcement of the Court to powerful telegraph and messenger companies that they would be held responsible for the acts of boys corrupted in their service has been a preventive measure of sweeping efficiency. The Juvenile Court not only disposes of all cases dealing with dependent and delinquent children, but also tries all cases of "parents,

citizens, and others who contribute to the delinquency of children." Judge Lindsey believes the establishment of a juvenile court would be a step backward, unless the court is also given general and unlimited criminal and chancery court jurisdiction, in order that it may handle all cases in which the interests of a child are involved.

The probation system—one of the keys to the success of the Juvenile Court idea—was at first designed to meet the needs of the larger cities, where the problem of children greatly differs from that in smaller communities; but with the conviction that if the probation system is good in the large cities it might wisely be extended to all communities, it has become part of the State's system of dealing with juvenile offenders. The reports place beyond a doubt the wisdom of such a course. The rational validity of the principle involved in the probation system is well expressed in the argument, "That the State is simply devising a method of dealing with its wards, not as criminals, but as misguided and misdirected; as those who might be criminals some day, but in childhood not yet responsible; still in the formative period, and as needing the care, help and assistance of the State, rather than its punishment." The State, in other words, deals with the morals of the child, on much "the same basis that it would deal with the financial welfare of a minor, who is not considered sufficiently responsible to handle his dollars or dispose of his property until he arrives at the age of twenty-one years. Surely, if the State can distinguish between individuals under twenty-one, in dealing with their property and money, regarding them as entitled to a different protection and a different application of rules and laws than adults, there is more reason why a different course should be pursued by the State when it comes to the question of the moral welfare of its children. The value of the future citizen to the State depends a great deal more upon how well and how carefully his morals are guarded, than how wisely his money is spent."

Against criticism often made by advocates of the traditional method of punishment, that this plan of dealing with the boys is "a cinch for the boys," this report shows that it is not at all a question of leniency, but a question of efficiency. The object is not to see how easy it can be made for the juvenile offender, but rather to see how all

the good can be brought out and all the evil suppressed in his character; and when we read that under the working of this Court, boys who are judged to be in need of the Detention School go unaccompanied by any civil officer and deliver themselves up to the authorities, and that no boy has yet failed to report when so ordered—we can readily see how the very courage required of a boy in thus facing his punishment tends to bring out his best quality, and to start him on the road to correction, instead of arousing all the hatred and rebellion of his nature, as when he is dragged to a depraving reformatory by a burly, and sometimes brutal, "cop."

Judge Lindsey classifies the boys brought to the Juvenile Court as (1) mischievous boys (such as those who wire up signal boxes at the terminals of trolley lines "just to hear the motorman cuss"); (2) boys too weak to resist temptation; (3) victims of incompetent parents; (4) victims of environment; (5) boy bums and runaways; and prescribes in a thoroughly systematic manner adapted to the specific malady. He says: "We try to study that boy as a skilled physician would study his patient. The child is sick—not physically, but morally. Normally he is good. We have before us not a bad child, not a criminal. We have before us an individual in the chrysalis, being formed. We want to assist in the formation. There is really nothing yet to reform. It may be that the formation has been going wrong for years. It may have begun with lax discipline, weakness and leniency on the one hand, or brutality on the other, in the home." The case is carefully studied, and parents, teachers, or any others who can aid in its proper treatment, are consulted. The consultation is regarded as far more important than a consultation of physicians, for a "morally sick child is of infinitely more importance, demands infinitely more attention, care, solicitude, patience, kindness and firmness than a physically sick child. Of course, both demand attention and care, but the trouble is in the past, physical ailments have received all the skill, and moral ailments have not only been neglected but brutally treated. It would be much worse to take a wayward child to some of the jails in which I have seen them steeped in corruption, as the first step to correct their faults, than to take your sick child to the city garbage dump and leave it abandoned, alone and unattended."

The report system, by which the Court keeps in direct contact with the boy and with public-school teachers or employer, is, it is claimed, the key to the success of the system; but a sympathetic reader of the history of this movement cannot fail to discern that the successful record is but a chapter in the life of the inspired minister to childhood—Ben. B. Lindsey. Equal success might not attend the adoption of this rational program everywhere; we can, however, affirm that a policy which brings out the higher qualities of character, quickens love instead of hate, relies on the efficacy of light, rather than the shield of darkness, is a safe venture for any country. It would be a denial of faith in man to insist that such a solution of the problem as the State of Colorado is working out must everywhere wait for the leadership of a man exactly like Judge Lindsey. Few teachers will ever equal Pestalozzi or Horace Mann; but the principles on which they built are infinitely more effectual than unscientific methods, even in the hands of average people.

It is true that cities like Denver and commonwealths like Colorado have much to learn in the problem of juvenile delinquency as that problem appears in some of our Eastern cities; but it is also true that the work of the Juvenile Court has already passed the experimental stage, and older communities, with their record of crowded jails and houses of correction, and their smirching of young

life in the slime of a criminal environment—all the way from the police court to the penitentiary—have much more to learn from this fascinating Western judge and his co-workers, who have dared to practically regard a "bad boy" as a bundle of pent-up possibilities, to be wrought into comeliness, rather than a lump of depravity to be crushed into shapelessness.

The newly organized National Child Labor Committee finds in Judge Lindsey an active promoter. He believes it is possible to shape the policy of the Western States as they swing into line in the introduction of the factory system, so that they shall be protected by adequate legislation from the bitter experiences of some of the older States, which have been led, unconsciously, into the sacrifice of childhood through ignorance and greed.

Judge Lindsey does not claim perfection for the plan on which he is working; he merely claims that they are striving upward in the cause of the children. "It is a just cause. In the end we shall find what is best, and then will come the final victory—the supreme victory—that is always for God, our country, our brothers and humanity. . . . And the best service that can be rendered to mankind is in the adolescent period of golden influences, the period of childhood, when character is plastic and can be molded for good or evil as clay in the potter's hands." *Owen R. Lovejoy.*

What Russia Had Done in Manchuria*

IN this volume, Mr. Weale presents an unusually readable and informing account of what Russia has been doing in Manchuria during the past two and a half centuries. For it is accurate to date the beginning of this influence of the Muscovite upon the Manchu from about the middle of the seventeenth century, when, as our author shows, bands of exploring Cossacks began to appear along the Amur, the northern boundary of Manchuria.

To the operations of these bands of Cossacks—apparently quite as likely to be mere marauders as explorers—and to a rapid sketch of the conquest of the Chinese by the Manchus, and then the absorption of the Manchus by the Chinese, Mr. Weale devotes the first sixty-odd pages of his

book, under the caption "Prologue to the Crisis"—the "crisis," of course, which brought on the present war between Russia and Japan. All this makes good and valuable reading; it is well done as history, and even better as narrative.

In the remaining four hundred and sixty-odd pages (of large, clear type) Mr. Weale describes what he saw and found out during a journey which took him to most of the important cities of Manchuria, and through much of the country which has since seen some of the most remarkable battles in all history. It was during September and October of 1903 that he made this journey, and therefore his facts and impressions represent conditions as he found them on the very eve of the war. Mr. Weale is an Englishman, and it is natural—perhaps even defensible—to suspect of an English-

*MANCHU AND MUSCOVITE. By B. L. Putnam Weale, Macmillan & Co., Ltd., New York. \$3 net.

man none too much charity toward Russia and things Russian. Very likely this suspicion will recur more than once to his more disinterested readers; but even such will be apt to admit that, at any rate, he has sharp eyes and keen wits, and that much that he has set down is dispassionate and within political truth.

"Dalny the Doomed," for example, is the title of a chapter which speaks well for the general intelligence of our author's observation. "Briefly put," he says, "Dalny is a failure. Eighteen millions of roubles have been pitched into the bay in Utopian dreams or squandered on buildings officially built (save the mark!) that are already crumbling in the super-dry air. . . . So everything in the town is dead or dying except for the Russian Government, its soldiers and coolies. Three years' unaudited accounts, it is whispered, are frightening the officials with dread fears now that their protector is gone. . . . Dalny is doomed, for the town is a failure, and Viceroy Alexeieff has stamped that failure further by declaring that Port Arthur shall alone be heard of in the Kuantung territory in five years' time. Who knows if Port Arthur will be heard of then?" And in the next chapter ("Port Arthur") he says: "It would take away many tens of millions of roubles to make it [Dalny] a strong place, and although, contrary to popular opinion, it would be possible to do so, there is no doubt in my mind that Dalny would be left to its own fate by the Russians, were it attacked in earnest." And this is precisely what has happened.

The author's impressions of Port Arthur will also have especial interest just now. He remarks that the "massive structures rising above the ground level," and which constitute part of the original fortification of this stronghold, are now considered out of date, "but still it was possible to realize how impregnable Port Arthur is, even from the land side. Everywhere signs are seen which indicate the presence of land batteries, and sometime one was able to enfilade optically a vast trench. . . . Common report has it that the Japanese Headquarters Staff has long made up its mind that only an immense sacrifice of life could crown a land attack with success, and that such an attack would entail a loss of from twenty to thirty thousand men. It is likewise said that the Russians expect

and desire such an attack, and that a gap has been purposely left through which the assault would have to be made. . . .

Once troops, flushed with victory, have poured through this gap, after the sham retreat has been made, they would be caught as in a vise by the enemy, and relentlessly hammered to pieces." And again: "Right in front of the Viceroy's windows are the famous narrows of Port Arthur harbor, so shallow and so hemmed in by the neighboring hills that a single battleship sunk with care would block the entrance for an indefinite period. . . . Below in the old town, sheltered as best they can, are the vast warehouses of the commissariat, thrown open so that every eye may see the countless sacks of flour and grain, and all ready to provide the ten million meals that must be in store should Port Arthur be besieged and cut off. . . . Such is Port Arthur of to-day, with the eventful 8th of October, 1903, drawing near—very near. It is alive, armed to the teeth, provisioned for three years, defiant, sanguine. Port Arthur is symbolical of the Russian Bear, with paw raised ready to strike or be struck. The Bear has climbed down from the ice and snow of the bitter north and will not move."

But in the chapter "Sunday in Port Arthur" there is this significant, if, perhaps, somewhat severe summary: "Everything is on a false basis, on a false scale. There is reckless squandering of money by Government and people, barbaric profusion and ostentation side by side with almost primitive squalor." And this general note appears again and again in the succeeding pages. Speaking of business transactions, our author declares: "It is sufficient to say that it has become an understood thing in Manchuria that number one of the department with which you are dealing gets seven and a half per cent. of the gross contract price; that number two has his two and a half per cent., and that numbers three, four, five and six, down to the very palest and poorest young man in the shabby uniform on four or five pounds a month, split another five per cent." And so on. It is a picture of a concatenation of "grafters" beside which our American organizations appear feeble and amateurish.

Of the famous—or better, perhaps, *notorious*—Russo-Chinese Bank, Mr. Weale has equally severe things to say. It is divided, he says, "into two great departments—the

financial and the political—and the first somewhat coarsely masks the second, which is the reason of being, the leading motive of the whole ingenious creation." It is this bank "which, more than anything else, is responsible for China's troubles during the past eight years. . . . Brutally put, the Russo-Chinese Bank is merely the weapon forged by Uktomsky to assimilate China, which, by elevating Russia to the proud position of the arbiter of Eastern and Central Asia, is to reduce automatically all the other powers, but more especially England and Japan, to positions of secondary importance. In Manchuria it would seem at first sight that a portion of Uktomsky's idea in creating the bank had been realized—that Manchuria is lost to the world and gained for Russia. But probing beneath the surface shows at once that empire builders should employ capable architects to see that foundations are not sunk in sand, and that although what has been created by the bank—the Chinese Eastern Railway, with its hundred solid stations, impregnable Port Arthur, bustling Harbin—is very striking to the eye, there is something unnatural in the whole thing, some curious setting aside of inexorable laws which must lead to trouble and an eventual toppling over."

There is a very graphic picture of Harbin, in its military, industrial and social aspects. "Harbin is in the very center of Manchuria, and, being the key of many hundred versts of railway, . . . it, even more than Port Arthur, is a place which will be reached for at all costs by the enemy. Its downfall would be the Sedan of Russian Far Eastern dreams, and even the Russian officer allows that the open plains which surround it can never be adequately fortified." And again, speaking of a night with the Russians at their places of amusement in Harbin, Mr. Weale says: "For my part, I understand

the meaning of all this so-called gaiety. The Russian house in Manchuria is even less of a home for anyone than it is in Russia itself. The Russian builds himself a house in his Far East, but does not occupy it properly. He camps in it with some rattle-trap bedding, heats up his stoves, and when he is not sleeping takes care to remain outside. Can you wonder that he comforts himself with wine, one-day wives and song? Can you wonder that things are so bad? He must learn a great deal before he can be taken seriously as a permanency beyond his natural boundaries. He must be taught in the schoolroom of bitter experience. Looking at these things, I cannot believe in Russia's permanence in Manchuria." Furthermore (in a succeeding chapter): "The absence of all sound business methods among Russian firms must sooner or later have one result—that of finding themselves cut off from all money-making by being underbid or undersold by Chinese traders, who are fully alive to the vast possibilities of Manchuria. Already hard-headed Shantung merchants are pushing away the smaller Russian fry. . . . The Chinese counter-invasion in peaceful commerce will gradually oust every Russian from Manchuria who is not a mere pensioner of his Government, of that I am convinced; and instead of its being one triumphant march applauded by all, the Muscovite will have reason to shortly curse Far Eastern expansion in the bitterest terms."

Thus, very inadequately, may be presented some of the more important impressions recorded by Mr. Weale in the first half of his book. The detail of his observations, much of it highly entertaining reading, we cannot reproduce in this necessarily brief review. Nor can we do more than to assure the reader that the book maintains its interest and its values to the end.

George Gladden.

The Society of To-morrow

IN these days of vacillation in political and economic views, when the "deadly parallel" columns are the bane of prominence, it is worth one's while to read this latest utterance of M. de Molinari.* One

*THE SOCIETY OF TO-MORROW. *A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organization.* By G. D. Molinari. Translated by P. H. Lee Warner. Compiled by Edward Atkinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York. \$1.50.

may not agree with every principle, but must at least admire the ardor and constancy with which the author has maintained his principles since the epoch of the Revolution of 1848. Frédéric Passy says of this book that it is in sort a summing up of the author's long studies of the past, his clear-sighted observations upon the present and his shrewd predictions for the future.

The object of the book is to set forth that the great need of society is to be free from the form of competition which we call War, and which the author considers "destructive competition," but, this being done, there is no need of an "all-embracing organization of industry and commerce." He contends that in these fields free and full competition should rule and that this *régime* of the fair field and no favor can exist after war is eliminated. His views will be read with greater interest at this time, when the visit of the delegates of the Interparliamentary Union is so fresh in our minds. President Roosevelt's acceptance of their request that he call a second Peace Congress makes it incumbent upon American citizens to study all proposed solutions of the problem of war.

The author's conclusions upon its resultant evils can scarcely be gainsaid. War is the premium paid for insuring security, but when we learn that "two-thirds of the European budgets consist of charges for war and debts," and that "the total expenditure, direct and indirect, absorbs half the wealth produced by the working classes," a demand should arise for a cheaper form of security. Nowhere will it be possible to find a more scathing denunciation of the militarist and governing classes.

It is unusual to find an orthodox economist suggesting a crisis that savors of the catastrophic, but M. de Molinari plainly states, after a careful survey of the subject of taxation, that "a continuance of the state of war means that a moment will come when the governing class will itself be stricken at the very sources of its means of subsistence." He goes on to show that the modern government must satisfy a vastly greater number of hungry suitors, and so places must be made. "Whatever the intentions of a government, its tenure of office is so uncertain that party interest must be its first care." This can be done only at the expense of the rest of the nation.

The author's remedy is the substitution of a "collective guarantee" of external security for the present system, by which each state is its own guarantor. Thus a permanent state of peace among all civilized nations may be assured. The result of this will be best stated in the author's own words: "The advent of a state of peace will synchronize with the disappearance of internal troubles, caused by differences of race, custom and

language. Constituted voluntarily, and according to natural affinities, composed of sympathetic or homogeneous units under a system adapted to all idiosyncrasies, nations will acquire the highest moral and material development of which they are capable. While the unity of states is maintained by force alone, sectional favoritism breeds divisions and hatreds. They will disappear when a community of interest and action, founded on a common choice of, and common love for, a fatherland freely chosen, is established as the sole and sufficient basis of nationality."

The need of a "collective guarantee" for nations is evident. But it might occur to one familiar with present industrial methods to wonder if a "collective guarantee" to the individual in industrial affairs might not also be helpful. The sovereignty of the individual may be the goal, but it is still an open question whether he could not better approach it by the same method proposed for national security. It is the author's contention that because the smallest modern war affects neutral interests, neutral powers have a right to intervene and compel the reference of disputes to a less violent arbitration.

The statement as to when war will cease is most suggestive. "The fact that war has become useless is not, however, sufficient to secure its cessation. It is useless because it ceases to minister to the general and permanent benefit of the species, but it will not cease until it also becomes unprofitable—that to go to war is synonymous with embracing a loss." Why is it not a reasonable hope that all forms of warfare between men may pass away for the same reason? In fact, wherever the voluntary "co-operative conception of life" has had an opportunity it has conduced to the moral and material welfare of society. Is it any more Utopian to suppose that industrial co-operation may be voluntarily constituted by society than that what the author calls a "state of peace" may be voluntarily constituted?

The tables in the Appendix, showing the cost of war, are extremely valuable. If anyone doubts the wisdom of the struggle to eliminate war the careful computation that shows that war and warfare cost our own country, from 1898 to 1903, inclusive, nine hundred million dollars should be enough to work a conversion.

Evelyn C. Lovejoy.

Cartoons upon Current Events



GOLF IN MANCHURIA—NEARING THE LAST HOLE

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



UNCLE SAM: "SORRY BOYS, BUT THE CHINA-MAN ISN'T ON MY BEAT"

—Westerman in Ohio State Journal



RUSSIA: "WONDER IF THE LITTLE DEVIL HAS AN AIRSHIP UP HIS SLEEVE?"

—W. L. Evans in Cleveland Leader



"OH, I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER!"

—Warren in the Boston Herald



UNCLE SAM: "WHY DON'T THOSE FELLOWS
WAKE UP AND GIVE US SOME CAMPAIGN MUSIC?"

—Ch. Nelan in New York Globe



THE HERO: "TAKE THAT, AND THAT, VILLAIN!"

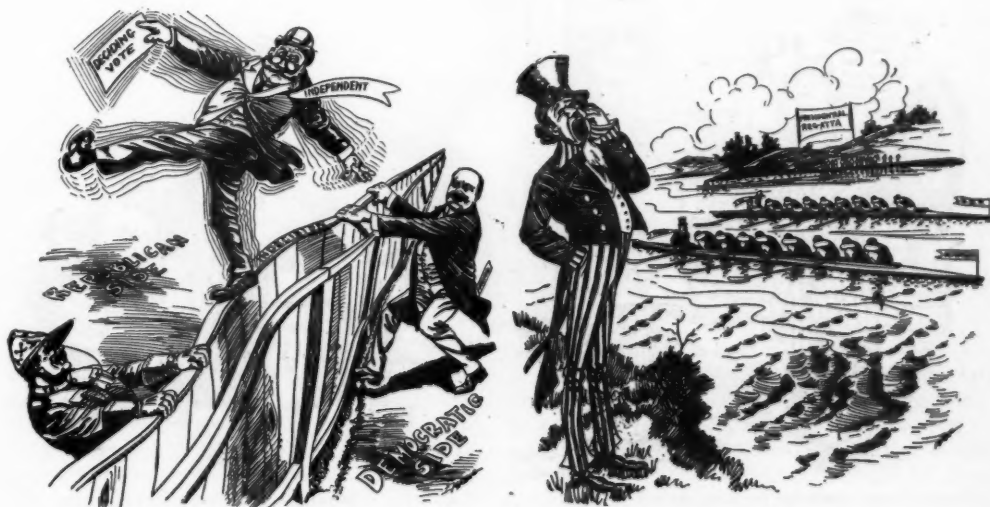
VILLAIN (ASIDE): "OH, THEODORE, STOP IT, YOU'RE TICKLING ME SO!"

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



"WHAT IS ONE MAN'S MEAT MAY BE ANOTHER MAN'S POISON"

—Barclay in the Baltimore News



TRYING TO CHOOSE ON WHICH SIDE HE WILL FALL
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle

A DRIFTING MATCH
—Maybell in Brooklyn Daily Eagle



NOT WANTED

GEN. CORBIN WOULD HAVE THE MARRIAGE OF THE ARMY OFFICERS DEPEND UPON THE CONSENT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT. NEWS ITEM

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer



"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN"
JUDGE PARKER FAMILIARIZES HIMSELF WITH A FEW OF HIS FIFTEEN NEW CAMPAIGN SUITS OF CLOTHES

—The Minneapolis Journal



'NOTHER ONE FOR YE!

—Brinckerhoff in Toledo Blade

People in the Foreground

**Mrs. Violet
Jacob**

In our department The Library Table this month is reviewed a new story, "The Interloper," by Mrs. Violet Jacob, an Englishwoman whose name is not altogether unfamiliar to American readers, although to many, perhaps, "The Interloper" will serve as an introduction.

Her first novel, "The Sheep-Stealers,"

which is the picturesque background of an absorbing and dramatic tale. The English critics agree that Mrs. Jacob's place in literature is secure.

**Author of
"Old Gorgon
Graham"**

George Horace Lorimer is an author who in the last two or three years has risen to high rank among successful young men in this country. He



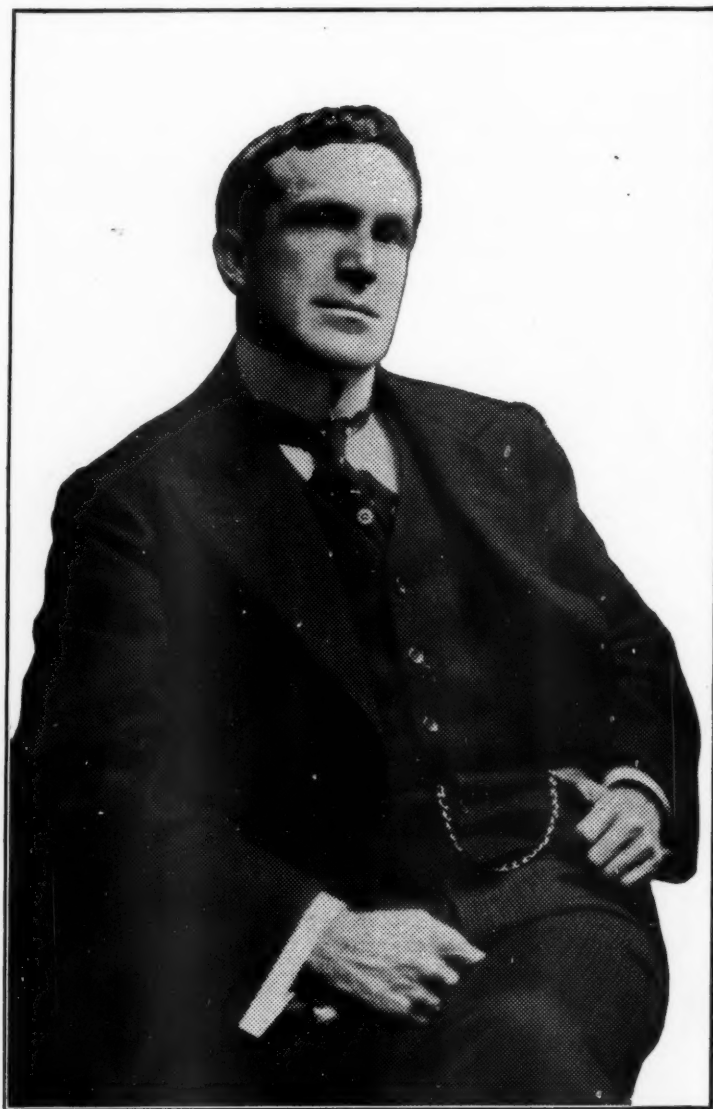
MRS. VIOLET JACOB

made a deep impression, and its promise is fulfilled in "The Interloper." Mrs. Jacob is the wife of Major Arthur Jacob, who had a distinguished military career in India, and who now has an important post in India. She has rare distinction of style, and her whole work has literary quality of a high order. The scenes of "The Interloper" are laid in a quaint Scotch coast village,

is the editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, and the author of "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" and "Old Gorgon Graham," the latter book being one of the successful books of the season. It is addressed to the son actually engaged in business, and has an even wider appeal than the first, which has reached a total sale of about 300,000 copies. There

is here also, a good deal about the young man's domestic problems, and consequently it appeals alike to men and to women. Mr. Lorimer's writings are essentially American,

successful book, the book trade is very apt to assume that the second will not be so good. For this reason, his publishers tell us, the first orders for Mr. Lorimer's "Old



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

characteristic both in their humor and their philosophy. "Old Gorgon Graham" is published simultaneously in nine different countries and in four different languages.

When an author publishes a first suc-

Gorgon Graham—More Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," amounted to only about 40,000, where they should have amounted to 100,000.

Fortunately, the trade and the pub-

lic are beginning to realize that the second book is better than the first, that it touches very closely and more vitally one of the most interesting of all subjects to Americans—the essence of business. There have never been any epigrams more effective than Mr. Lorimer's. To the quaint humor

Miss Edith
Rickert

Miss Edith Rickert, author of "The Reaper," was born at Canal Dover, Ohio, in 1871, of Dutch and German-American ancestry. She received the degree of A.B. with "honors" at Vassar College in 1891, and Ph.D. "magna cum



MISS EDITH RICKERT

and common sense of Benjamin Franklin Mr. Lorimer's aphorisms form a worthy successor.

Heads of firms and companies are beginning to inquire about quantities for distribution among their clerks, railroads are asking permission to copy certain paragraphs to put in posters about the office and in many ways already the book is showing that it is going to have a wide influence.

laude" at the University of Chicago in 1899, being the first woman to receive that qualification for work done in English literature and philology. Her thesis was a study with text and notes of the Middle English romance "Emaré." She was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in 1899. Aside from contributions to "The Vassar Miscellany," her first published story, "Among the Iron Workers," appeared in "Kate Field's Washington," 1890, in a competition open to

undergraduates of any college, and in addition to the usual payment received the prize offered for the best story. While she was at Vassar, her essay on "Shakespeare's Delineations of the Celtic Character," in a competition open to members of the Senior Class, was awarded the first prize.

She taught three years in the Lyons Township High School, Ill., and two years in the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, at the same time studying at the University of Chicago. She studied and traveled abroad in Germany, France and England, 1896-97, sending special correspondence to a Chicago paper. While in England she wrote several short stories which appeared in various magazines. From 1897 to 1900 she was an instructor of English at Vassar while completing the work for her degree. Since 1900 she has lived abroad, chiefly in England, with intervals of travel in Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Scotland and the Shetland Islands, where the scene of "The Reaper" is laid.

She has twice visited these islands, living, as far as possible, the life of the people. The material for her story was gathered from the men at the harvesting, the sheep-washing and the fishing, and from the women as she sat with them carding, spinning and knitting. She learned to know their ways of speech and of thought, and she has tried always to be true to the spirit of their life as she lived it with them.

"The Reaper" opens a new field to the novel reader. Its scene is laid in the Shetland Islands, and all its action is imbued with the austere glamour of the northern seas. The story is of that kind of heroism that results in happiness. It is powerfully told, and will recall "The Manxman" and "The Deemster." Like those earlier books of Hall Caine, it shows a mastery of the Gaelic and Norse temperaments and a singular power of presenting the simple, primitive impulses of men.

The renunciation of his ambition by the hero is the central motive of the story, but it is quite impossible in a few words to do justice to the power with which the author develops her plot. The community is one of fishermen and farmers. The life is hard, and its struggle brings out the racial characteristics of Norseman, Celt and Scot: devotion, shrewdness and hardiness. The little Shetland island with its sheep pastures and its fishing fleet, isolated

by the danger and mystery of the sea, is as real in these pages as are the people. Emotion, tears, laughter, admiration and unflagging interest hold the heart and mind through every page. It is truly a remarkable performance, this of an American woman writing of so remote a corner in Scotland.

Sir Gilbert
Parker

If the success of a book is half won by the choice of a happy title then Mr. Parker's recently published

novel, reviewed on another page of this number, is sure of its laurels. "A Ladder of Swords" is indeed a title to conjure with, and tickles the reader's fancy even when, after reading the story, he gropes for its significance as applied to the tale. It is a quotation, however, from the charming heroine's letter in the first chapter of the book, and so much may be forgiven her



SIR GILBERT PARKER

romantic phrase even if it lacks clear connection with her stormy career.

Whatever may be the general opinion as to the merit of Mr. Parker's latest book and its value as compared with his previous work, to the reader who is now but just making acquaintance with him the facts of his life and his portrait, presented herewith, may not come amiss.

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose new novel, "A Ladder of Swords," is just published by Harper & Brothers, is the author of thirteen other books of fiction, of which

"The Right of Way" achieved the greatest success. Among his other novels and stories perhaps the best known are "When a volume of poems entitled "A Lover's Diary," several plays and a book of travels known as "Round the Compass in Aus-



GEORGE ARLISS

Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Battle of the Strong." Besides fiction, he has written tralia." Sir Gilbert was born in Canada on November 23, 1862. His father was Captain Parker, and Sir Gilbert himself is

Honorable Colonel of the First Kent Volunteer Artillery. He was educated in Toronto, at Trinity College, and at twenty-four became associate editor of the Sydney Morning Herald, at Sydney, Australia. After extensive travel, he settled in England, where he has passed many years, entering Parliament as member for Gravesend. He lives in London in the season, and is a member of the Carlton and Garrick clubs. He was created a knight by King Edward in 1902. Like so many other distinguished Englishmen, Sir Gilbert married a young American woman, Miss Vantyne, of New York.

"I believe," says Mr. George
Mr. George Arliss, "that it is the part
Arliss that makes the actor."

Mr. Arliss has at most appeared in a half dozen productions since he has been in America. In not one of these has he been "featured" as the "star." Yet in almost every one he has made a profound and deep impression. It would seem that even in his own case his words are a contradiction. Good though the parts were, it was his art that made of them convincing stage portraits and vitalized them with the touch of truth. Take, for example, his impersonation of the Marquis of Steyne in Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Becky Sharp." Other actors of reputation have played this rôle, but Mr. Arliss has made it his own for all time. "It is the part that makes the actor" in the first instance, perhaps, but afterward it is the actor that makes the part—*live*.

Mr. Arliss is, like so many of the people now prominent upon our stage, an Englishman. It was but a few years ago that he came over here with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Almost at once he won recognition. As Zakkuri in Mr. Belasco's production of

"The Darling of the Gods," he showed what a consummate artist he was. The impression he made then he has intensified by his recent portrayal of the Marquis of Steyne. Truth is the key-note to Mr. Arliss's work. He has the rare gift of sinking his own personality into that of the character he is portraying. The result is that he is true in every detail, and he convinces.

Something of a sidelight upon Mr. Arliss as man and actor may be gleaned from his remarks about the American stage: "Speaking generally there seems to be every reason to believe that the best plays and the best actors should eventually rise from America; first because you are not hemmed in by centuries of conventionality, and beyond that because a striking characteristic of the nation is its eagerness to welcome something better, and its quick response to the note of Truth. That is why I entertain such great hope for the future of the drama in this country. Although the element of truth in the drama will always make itself felt in any part of the world where stage plays are presented, still an audience seldom discriminates between the false and true. It is this faculty of discrimination that I attribute to the American audience; I believe they possess it in a far higher degree than the English."

It is this "faculty of discrimination," too, in the work of Mr. Arliss that really lifts it. A dramatist himself, he knows the stage from two sides. Keenly alive to the broader influences of his profession, he refuses to narrow his talent to a degree where he shall become identified with one type of part. A man of keen intelligence, an actor of natural gifts to which years of training have taught values, Mr. Arliss is representative of the best which our stage holds.



Newspaper Verse

Selections Grave and Gay

Ambition. Washington Star

Some luxuries this life affords
Which few can understand;
His gold one person fiercely hoards,
Another seeks command.
But he who most, since earth began,
Has been beneath the sway
Of one idea, is the man
Who wants to have his say.

He gives small thought to raiment fine,
Nor asks where he shall sleep,
For Providence, he doth opine,
A special watch should keep
O'er him. He hurries forth to speak,
Or writes both night and day,
No other pleasur  does he seek—
He wants to have his say.

Perchance the hearth is dark and chill,
Perchance his coat is thin;
Perchance the larder fares but ill,
And coal forsakes the bin—
He still will scorn the marts where gain
Directs the toiler's way.
He smiles at hunger and at pain,
For he has had his say.

And if mankind should hear his word,
With feeling so intense
That earth to tumult would be stirred,
And deeds of violence,
He'll sit upon some burnt-out pyre,
And sigh, without dismay—
"It isn't quite what I desire,
But I have had my say!"

The Latest War Reports. Wallace Irwin . Com. Adv.

[Iron-clad syllables are engaged, resulting in
terrible loss of breath.]

BERLIN—

'Tis rumored that Count Muscovich
Will go to Pumpernikelich
To talk with Gen. Rubbernecksi,
Who will proceed to Tchrantkotechski.

PORT SAID—

The Russian armored syllable boat,
The Blazeawayandbattlekin
(The longest naval name afloat)
Is soon hostilities to begin.
The jaw-destroyer, Kekkoitcha,
Is sailing for Manchuria.

TOKIO—

This afternoon Count Oklahoma,
While taking notes from Fujiyama,
Saw something through the water slip
That seemed a Russian battleship.
He's trying to report the same,
But no one can pronounce the name.

PORT ARTHUR—

Admiral Bangoff's battleshipski,
The splendid Alexanderipski,
This morning met an accident
That much expensive damage meant.
Her first three syllables exploded—
Bang didn't know the name was loaded.

VLADIVOSTOCK—

A Russian proper name, they say,
Broke from the arsenal to-day,
And now is bounding through the snows,
Adding syllables as it goes.
If not soon checked it will define
The whole Korean boundary line,
Till of explosive vowels is made
An unassailable barricade.

Home-sick.

Night at the station. From the clicking keys,
The dull, drear prairie wind that sweeps the
pane,
He shuts his eyes, to hear the home-yard bees,
And twittering of sparrows in the rain.
Cora A. Matson in the "New Lippincott."

The Bored Verse-Writers S. W. Gillidan Baltimore American

I dreamed I stood within a queer old place
Whose looks bespoke a quaint, old-fashioned
grace.
I saw the things the fellows write about—
The old rainwater barrel 'neath the spout;
The patch-work quilt; the good, old-fashioned
bread;
The brass-bowed glasses worn on grandpa's head;
I saw Jim Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine"
'Way out "to Old Aunt Mary's," where the wine
Of youth he claimed to sip; I saw the pies
That rhymesters claim bring tear drops to their
eyes.
The orchard; mother's garden; heard the hymns
Writ of in lines as sweet as Hoosier Jim's
Though another did it; saw the attic dark
Where poets say their child-selves used to lark.

I saw "the little old town" that has brought
Such gobs of stuff to weary men who sought
To fill their columns with effective stuff,
And who succeeded fairly well enough.
Not one new thing in all that land was seen;
The trees grew thick; the meadows all were green,
The birds sang and the sunshine was of gold,
Yet everything one heard or saw was old.
And strung along the borders of a stream
I saw the saddest vision of my dream:
A dozen poets (Waterhouse was there)
Sat looking bored and filled with latent swear.
Their wish "could I go back" had been fulfilled,
And each confessed he'd rather have been killed.

A Ladder of Swords

AMONG the younger writers of fiction there are few from whom a new book is more eagerly awaited than from the author of "The Right of Way." The promise of his previous work, culminating in that virile and picturesque story of Canadian life, led his public to look forward to its successor with the most pleasurable anticipations. At last their anticipations have been realized and "A Ladder of Swords"* is on all our library tables. Pleasurable, indeed, are the reader's emotions, but not perhaps quite in the way that was expected. For while this "tale of Love, Laughter, and Tears," in its vivid pictures of court life in the days of Elizabeth and of the events in the fortunes of the young lovers, pleases, as ever pleases, a romance of high emprise and historic atmosphere, the reader instinctively feels the lack of that quality which gives a work distinction and convinces him that the author has mounted a step higher in successful achievement. The trouble seems to be that Elizabeth has exerted over the author much the same subtle but domineering influence that she brought to bear upon the courtiers of her day. As in life she exacted absolute devotion from the ranks of her admirers, so she has imposed upon the author a mental attitude which places her ever in the center of the group of actors in the full glare of the stage lights. This blemish might be anticipated perhaps in any story ennobled, one might say, by royalty. In the case of

so commanding a personality as Elizabeth it is inevitable, and from the moment she appears on the scene the interest in Angèle and Michel, the rightful lovers of the tale, is transferred to Elizabeth and Leicester. Even in the ending of the story, where the two young Huguenot lovers are finally united after being thrice proved and tried, it is with the figure of the Queen dominant and granting favors with royal freedom. The reader's enjoyment of the book, therefore—for the picture of Elizabeth certainly is delectable—comes from an unexpected quarter. Whatever disappointment we may feel in the discovery that the author has not taken in this book a step forward is in a measure atoned for by the story itself, even with its lovers out of focus and with Elizabeth and Leicester as the angel and the villain of the scene.

The most successful passages in the book are the chapters describing the scenes between Elizabeth and the various characters, particularly the heroine, Angèle, the beautiful young Huguenot maiden who, separated from her lover by religious persecution, remains faithful under the severest temptations, thereby earning the esteem and friendship of the Queen. In the pages which follow one of these chapters is reprinted and gives a fair idea of the quality of Mr. Parker's story. In justice to him it should be stated that slight editorial condensation was necessary to bring the chapter into the prescribed space. *Samuel A. Chapin.*

A Chapter from "A Ladder of Swords"†

I WOULD know your story. How came you and yours to this pass? Where were you born? Of what degree are you? And this Michel de la Forêt, when came he to your feet—or you to his arms? I would know all. Begin where life began; end where you sit here at the feet of Elizabeth. This other cushion to your knees. There—now speak. We are alone."

Elizabeth pushed a velvet cushion towards

*A LADDER OF SWORDS. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. \$1.50. Copyright, 1904, by Gilbert Parker.

†Copyright, 1904, by Gilbert Parker.

Angèle, where she half-knelt, half-sat on the rush-strewn floor of the great chamber. The warm light of the afternoon sun glowed through the thick-tinted glass high up, and in the gleam the heavy tapestries sent by an archduke, once suitor for her hand, emerged with dramatic distinctness, and peopled the room with silent watchers of the great Queen and the nobly born but poor and fugitive Huguenot. A splendid piece of sculpture—Eleanor, wife of Edward—given Elizabeth by another royal suitor, who had sought to be her consort through many years, caught the warm bath of gold and

crimson from the clerestory and seemed alive and breathing. Against the pedestal the Queen had placed her visitor, the red cushions making vivid contrast to her white gown and black hair. In the half-kneeling, half-sitting posture, with her hands clasped before her, so to steady herself to composure, Angèle looked a suppliant—and a saint.

The black velvet ribbon slashing her sleeves, the slight, cloudlike gathering of lace at the back of her head, gave a distinguished softness to her appearance.

She was in curious contrast to the Queen, who sat upon heaped-up cushions, her rich buff-and-black gown a blaze of jewels, her yellow hair, now streaked with gray, roped with pearls, her hands heavy with rings, her face past its youth, past its hopefulness, however noble and impressive, past its vivid beauty. Her eyes wore ever a determined look, were persistent and vigilant, with a lurking trouble, yet flooded, too, by a quiet melancholy, like a low, insistent note that floats through an opera of passion, romance, and tragedy; like a tone of pathos giving deep character to some splendid pageant, which praises while it commemorates, proclaiming conquest while the grass has not yet grown on quiet houses of the children of the sword who no more wield the sword. Evasive, cautious, secretive, creator of her own policy, she had sacrificed her womanhood to the power she held and the State she served. Vain, passionate, and faithful, her heart all England and Elizabeth, the hunger for glimpses of what she had never known, and was never to know, thrust itself into her famished life; and she was wont to indulge, as now, in fancies and follow some emotional whim with a determination very like to eccentricity.

That, at this time, when great national events were forward, when conspiracies abounded, when Parliament was grimly gathering strength to compel her to marry; and her council were as sternly pursuing their policy for the destruction of Leicester; while that very day had come news of a rising in the north and of fresh Popish plots hatched in France—that in such case, this day she should set aside all business, refuse ambassadors and envoys admission, and occupy herself with two Huguenot refugees seemed incredible to the younger courtiers. To such as Cecil, however, there was clear understanding. He knew that when she

seemed most inert, most impassive to turbulent occurrences, most careless of consequences, she was but waiting till, in her own mind, her plans were grown; so that she should see her end clearly ere she spoke or moved. Now, as the great minister showed himself at the door of the chamber and saw Elizabeth seated with Angèle, he drew back instinctively, expectant of the upraised hand which told him he must wait. And, in truth, he was nothing loath to do so, for his news he cared little to deliver, important though it was that she should have it promptly and act upon it soon. He turned away with a feeling of relief, however, for this gossip with the Huguenot maid would no doubt interest her, give new direction to her warm sympathies, which, if roused in one thing, were ever more easily roused in others. He knew that a crisis was nearing in the royal relations with Leicester. In a life of devotion to her service he had seen her before in this strange mood, and he could feel that she was ready for an outburst. As he thought of De la Forêt and the favor with which she looked at him, he smiled grimly, for, if it meant aught, it meant that it would drive Leicester to some act which would hasten his own doom; though, indeed, it might also make another path more difficult for himself, for the Parliament, for the people.

Little as Elizabeth could endure tales of love and news of marriage; little as she believed in any vows, save those made to herself; little as she was inclined to adjust the rough courses of true love, she was the surgeon to this particular business, and she had the surgeon's love of laying bare even to her own cynicism the hurt of the poor patient under her knife. Indeed, so had Angèle impressed her that for once she thought she might hear the truth.

"Speak now, mistress fugitive, and I will listen," she added, as Cecil withdrew; and she made a motion to musicians in a distant gallery.

Angèle's heart fluttered to her mouth, but the soft, simple, music helped her, and she began with eyes bent upon the ground, her linked fingers clasping and unclasping slowly.

"I was born at Rouen, your high Majesty," she said. "My mother was a cousin of the Prince of Passy, the great Protestant—"

"Of Passy—ah!" said Elizabeth, amazed. "Then you are Protestants indeed; and your face is no invention, but cometh honestly.

No, no, 'tis no accident—God rest his soul, great Passy!"

"She died—my mother—when I was a little child. I can but just remember her—so brightly quiet, so quick, so beautiful. In Rouen life had little motion; but now and then came stir and turmoil, for war sent its message into the old streets, and our captains

hand, as near as is your high Majesty. She spoke to me—my mother's father was in her train; as yet we had not become Huguenots, nor did we know her Majesty as now the world knows. Then came the King and Queen, and that was the beginning."

She paused, and looked shyly at Elizabeth, as though she found it hard to tell her story.



"SHE WAS IN CURIOUS CONTRAST TO THE QUEEN"

and our peasants poured forth to fight for the King. Once came the King and Queen—Francis and Mary—"

Elizabeth drew herself upright with an exclamation.

"Ah, you have seen her—Mary of Scots," she said, sharply. "You have seen her?"

"As near as I might touch her with my

"And the beginning, it was—?" said Elizabeth, impatient and intent.

"We went to court. The Queen called my mother into her train. But it was in no wise for our good. At court my mother pined away—and so she died in durance."

"Wherefore in durance?"

"To what she saw she would not shut her

eyes; to what she heard she would not close her soul; what was required of her she would not do."

"She would not obey the Queen?"

"She would not obey those whom the Queen favored. Then the tyranny that broke her heart—"

The Queen interrupted her.

"In very truth, but 'tis not in France alone that Queen's favorites grasp the sceptre and speak the word. Hath a queen a thousand eyes—can she know truth where most dissemble?"

"There was a man—he could not know there was one true woman there, who for her daughter's sake, for her desired advancement, and because she was cousin of Passy, who urged it, lived that starved life; this man, this prince, drew round her feet snares, set pitfalls for her while my father was sent upon a mission. Steadfast she kept her soul unspotted; but it wore away her life. The Queen would not permit return to Rouen—who can tell what tale was told her by one whom she foiled? And so she stayed. In this slow, savage persecution, when she was like a bird that, thinking it is free, flieth against the window-pane and falleth back beaten, so did she stay, and none could save her. To cry out, to throw herself upon the spears, would have been ruin of herself, her husband, and her child; and for these she lived."

Elizabeth's eyes had kindled. Perhaps never in her life had the life at court been so exposed to her. The simple words, meant but to convey the story, and with no thought behind, had thrown a light on her own court, on her own position. Adept in weaving a sinuous course in her policy, in making mazes for others to tread, the mazes which they in turn prepared had never before been traced beneath her eyes to the same vivid and ultimate effect.

"Help me, ye saints, but things are not at such a pass in this place!" she said, abruptly, but with weariness in her voice. "Yet sometimes I know not. The court is a city by itself, walled and moated, and hath a life all its own. *'If there be found ten honest men within the city, yet will I save it,'* saith the Lord. By my father's head, I would not risk a finger on the hazard if this city, this court of Elizabeth, were set 'twixt the fire from heaven and eternal peace. In truth, child, I would lay me down and die in black disgust were it not that one might come

hereafter would make a very Sodom or Gomorrah of this land; and out yonder—out in all my counties, where the truth of England is among my poor burgesses, who die for the great causes which my nobles profess but risk not their lives—out yonder all that they have won, and for which I have striven, would be lost. . . . Speak on. I have not heard so plain a tongue and so little guile these twenty years."

Angèle continued, more courage in her voice: "In the midst of it all came the wave of the new faith upon my mother. And before ill could fall upon her from her foes, she died and was at rest. Then we returned to Rouen, my father and I, and there we lived in peril, but in great happiness of soul, until the day of massacre. That night in Paris we were given greatly of the mercy of God."

"You were there—you were in the massacre at Paris?"

"In the house of the Duke of Lançon, with whom was resting, after a hazardous enterprise, Michel de la Forêt."

"And here beginneth the second lesson," said the Queen, with a smile on her lips; but there was a look of scrutiny in her eyes and something like irony in her tone. "And I will swear by all the stars of heaven that this Michel saved ye both. Is it not so?"

"It is even so. By his skill and bravery we found our way to safety, and in a hiding-place near to our loved Rouen watched him return from the gates of death."

"He was wounded, then?"

"Seven times wounded, and with as little blood left in him as would fill a cup. But it was summer, and we were in the hills, and they brought us, our friends of Rouen, all that we had need of; and so God was with us."

"But did he save thy life, except by skill, by indirect and fortunate wisdom? Was there deadly danger upon thee? Did he beat down the sword of death?"

"He saved my life thrice directly. The wounds he carried were got by interposing his own sword 'twixt death and me."

"And that hath need of recompense?"

"My life was little worth the wounds he suffered; but I waited not until he saved it to owe it unto him. All that it is was his before he drew his sword."

"And 'tis this ye would call love betwixt ye—sweet givings and takings of looks, and soft sayings, and unchangeable and devouring faith. Is't this—and is this all?"

The girl had spoken out of an innocent heart, but the challenge in the Queen's voice worked upon her, and, though she shrank a little, the fullness of her soul welled up and strengthened her. She spoke again, and now in her need and in her will to save the man she loved, by making this majesty of England his protector, her words had eloquence.

"It is not all, noble Queen. Love is more than that. It is the waking in the poorest minds, in the most barren souls, of something greater than themselves—as a chemist should find a substance that would give all other things by touching of them a new and higher value; as light and sun draw from the earth the tendrils of the seed that else had lain unproducing. 'Tis not alone soft words and touch of hand or lip. This caring wholly for one outside one's self kills that self which else would make the world blind and deaf and dumb. None hath loved greatly but hath helped to love in others. Ah, most sweet Majesty, for great souls like thine, souls born great, this medicine is not needful, for already hath the love of a nation inspired and enlarged it; but for souls like mine, and of so many, none better and none worse than me, to love one other soul deeply and abidingly lifts us higher than ourselves. Your Majesty hath been loved by a whole people, by princes and great men in a different sort—is it not the world's talk that none that ever reigned hath drawn such slavery of princes, and of great nobles who have courted death for hopeless love of one beyond their star? And is it not written in the world's book also that the Queen of England hath loved no man, but hath poured out her heart to a people; and hath served great causes in all the earth because of that love which hath still enlarged her soul, dowered at birth beyond reckoning." Tears filled her eyes. "Ah, your supreme Majesty, to you whose heart is universal, the love of one poor mortal seemeth a small thing, but to those of little consequence it is the cable by which they unsteadily hold over the chasm 'twixt life and immortality. To thee, oh greatest monarch of the world, it is a staff on which thou needest not lean, which thou hast never grasped; to me it is my all; without it I fail and fall and die."

She had spoken as she felt, yet, because she was a woman and guessed the mind of another woman, she had touched Elizabeth where her armor was weakest. She had

suggested that the Queen had been the object of adoration, but had never given her heart to any man; that hers was the virgin heart and life; and that she had never stooped to conquer. Without realizing it, and only dimly moving with that end in view, she had whetted Elizabeth's vanity. She had, indeed, soothed a pride wounded of late beyond endurance, suspecting, as she did, that Leicester had played his long part for his own sordid purposes, that his devotion was more alloy than precious metal. No note of praise could be pitched too high for Elizabeth, and if only policy did not intervene, if but no political advantage was lost by saving De la Forêt, that safety seemed now secure.

"You tell a tale and adorn it with good grace," she said, and held out her hand. Angèle kissed it. "And you have said to Elizabeth what none else dared to say since I was Queen here. He who hath never seen the lightning hath no dread of it. I had not thought there was in this world so much artlessness, with all the power of perfect art. But we live to be wiser. Thou shalt continue in thy tale. Thou hast seen Mary, once Queen of France, now Queen of Scots—answer me fairly, without if, or though, or any sort of doubt, the questions I shall put. Which of us twain, this ruin-starred Queen or I, is of higher stature?"

"She hath advantage in little of your Majesty," bravely answered Angèle.

"Then," answered Elizabeth, sourly, "she is too high, for I, myself, am neither too high nor too low. . . . And of complexion, which is the fairer?"

"Her complexion is the fairer, but your Majesty's countenance hath truer beauty and sweeter majesty."

Elizabeth frowned slightly, then said:

"What exercises did she take when you were at the court?"

"Sometimes she hunted, your Majesty, and sometimes she played upon the virginals."

"Did she play to effect?"

"Reasonably, your noble Majesty."

"You shall hear me play, and then speak truth upon us, for I have known none with so true a tongue since my father died."

Thereon she called to a lady who waited near in a little room to bring an instrument; but at that moment Cecil appeared again at the door, and, his face seeming to show anxiety, Elizabeth, with a sign, beckoned him to enter.

The Woman's Book Club

A Book on Moral Education

THE mistake is often made of thrusting upon the youth the wisdom of age with a frantic impatience which urges acceptance; but the youth does not accept. It is not that he will not, but he cannot. He must learn life's lessons for himself. However, just as he is strong, just as he has insight and power and self-control, the child will be wiser than those who have gone before, and will succeed where they in some measure failed. With a clear insight and right understanding of the aim of education, the willing child and the open-minded teacher may work together toward the accomplishment of a true and well-rounded life, developing a character which is fine and strong in all its parts. If they see that life is opportunity, if they recognize the great principles which govern it, there is no reason why these may not be used with joy and satisfaction; but teacher and parent must never forget that the child is to work out his own destiny."

This paragraph strikes the key-note of Dr. Hubbell's valuable book,* "Up Through Childhood" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), valuable in spite of a diffuse style and many lapses into triteness. The psychology of the volume and its suggestions are both practical and sound, and its tone is healthily optimistic, in spite of the author's declaration: "Whoever has watched closely the results of the ordinary education due to home, school, church, society and government, cannot doubt that the product is too small to justify the effort put forth. With all our machinery and all our effort, we generally fail to develop a sufficient amount of the man. Our work lacks in quantity as well as in quality." As Sunday-school teacher, Sunday-school superintendent and school officer in every grade from common school to the vice-presidency of a college, Dr. Hubbell brings long and varied experience to the discussion of the moral education of the child, and every mother who reads his book will thank him heartily for having written it.

*UP THROUGH CHILDHOOD. By George Allen Hubbell, Ph.D., Vice-President of Berea College, Kentucky. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

The aim in character-building, he asserts, should be sevenfold: Love, honesty, insight, open-mindedness, courage, perseverance, knowledge; and the religious element must be fundamental. "He who would be a guide of children, working out in them the finest and best character that their endowment will permit, may as well hope for a good harvest with only half a sowing, as to expect a good, strong character with the moral nature of the child untaught and his higher nature unquickened. The religious element is one of the unconquerable forces of individual character. If you would lead a child to the highest, equip him with all aims and aspirations which have their basis in the divine, and you will make him invincible."

Having said this, however, the author does not hesitate to criticize the ordinary methods of presenting religion to a child, and here his grasp of practical psychology comes in. "The whole nature of the child cries out for action. What do we offer? Missionary meetings, prayer meetings, Bible verses—things good in themselves, but with words altogether out of proportion to deeds. We must meet this need for action in the Sunday-school, or lose the boys; the most of us prefer to lose the boys."

"There is a wide difference between a child's religion and a man's religion; and if we are to believe that God has made the world right, it is probable that a child in his religion comes as near pleasing the Father as a man in his religion. A child necessarily does everything with a certain lack of finish. His religion is a part of his life. It is absolutely wrong to hold children to the same standards as adults. They should, for persons of their age, reach just as high standards as adults; but the same standards should not be set. The child is full of spirit, energy, enterprise and life. If we can get good deeds, noble impulses and generous action from the child, we are going far toward the attainment of the ideal religion for him. The greatest calamity that can befall a natural, healthy, growing child, is to have his religious life forced, to insist upon picking open the delicate buds of character before

they are sufficiently mature. The child is not in the introspective age."

That the Sunday-school should occupy a wider field, be of far greater importance in the community than at present, and use every available agency for social as well as personal good, are Dr. Hubbell's conclusions; and many of his suggestions are extremely helpful and hopeful. Yet he recognizes that until conditions change, the Sunday-school of to-day is far behind the day-school in its methods, and usually less respected by children in consequence. A part of the book is given up to "The Teacher," and the proper equipment of those who teach in Sunday-school is urged. "The teacher must understand something of the principles of education, of the great laws which govern minds in general, and the interests which rule in the mind of each child in particular." On this last point, a first-rate bit of advice is offered: "Children's books, when true to nature, are superb interpreters of the child mind. A large part of 'Dream Life' brings the reader in touch with the very thoughts, plans and impulses of the boy's nature. So with parts of 'Arthur Bonnicastle,' and some of the chapters in Howell's 'A Boy's Town.' Not a few of the best novels have an abundance of material which is the very choicest psychology. Then there are the many stories which children like. A good course of reading in the 'Youth's Companion' or any other high-class paper for the young will go far to give the teacher the point of view which is so necessary in dealing with the young."

It will be remembered by those who have read the autobiography of Herbert Spencer that this somewhat cold-blooded philosopher was very fond of children and a great favorite with them. He explained their liking for him by the fact that he respected their individuality, and let them alone a good deal at first, winning their affection and confidence by careful approaches. This same method is insisted upon by Dr. Hubbell. The child is to be studied and respected. He is to be reached from his own standpoint. "In not a few cases, the boy, coming in and out day after day, is practically a stranger

to the father or mother, or both, particularly after the age of twelve. Now there is no greater work than to train a generation so wisely that the world may be carried forward in its life. The boys must make the advancement; they are the born leaders, they make or adjust the economic conditions. Help them to a higher life and you move the world a little toward righteousness. To help them, you must know and love them. To know them, you must meet them on their own plane; they would go to yours, but cannot."

"The boy has certain governing principles for his moral life; he may not be able to state them, but he generally stands pretty true to what he believes. Somewhat unlike the adult, the boy is likely to keep very close relation between his conduct and his actual belief. It is no unusual thing for a child to answer questions and carry on a conversation in a fashion to please his elders, but when you get to the real child, you will find that his belief and his practice are in rather close accord."

The five periods of a child's age, the rules of memory, the five types of will-power, the kinds and values of motives, the laws of habit, are all presented and discussed at length. There is something good on every page of the two hundred and odd, as: "Every one has his field of strength—a side on which he surpasses his normal self." "No thought is complete till it has been expressed in action." "Where anything is growing, formation is a thousand times more valuable than reformation." "If some pious heart tremulously inquires of a given plan, 'Is there enough of Christ in it?' my straightforward rejoinder shall be 'Is there enough boy in it?'" "Nearly all intelligent people read too much. It is easier to read than to think." "The fundamental consideration in choice of motives is to appeal to the child by the highest possible motive that will act in his nature." There is much repetition; but that, too, has its psychological value in impressing the author's points on the reader. Certainly no parent or teacher will find the book dull, or fail to learn something from its pages.

Priscilla Leonard.

The Woman with the Fan

IN Robin Pierce's living-room on a black ebony pedestal stood an extremely beautiful marble statuette of a nude girl holding a fan. Under this was written

"Une Danseuse de Tunisie."

Sir Donald Ulford stood before it for two or three minutes in silence.

"I see indeed you do care for beauty," he

said at length. "But—forgive me—that fan makes that statuette wicked."

"Yes, but a thousand times more charming. Rupert Carey said just the same thing when he saw it. I wonder—I wonder what Lady Holme would say."

Long afterward Lady Holme was in that room of Robin Pierce's. Walking before the *Danseuse de Tunisie*, she stopped.

"How strange that fan is," she said.

"Do you like it?"

"The fan?"

"The whole thing."

"It's lovely, but I fancy it would have been lovelier without the fan."

"Why?"

She considered, holding her head slightly on one side, and half closing her eyes.

"The woman's of eternity, but the fan's of a day," she said presently. "It belittles her, I think. It makes her *chic* when she might have been——" she stopped.

"Throw away your fan!" he said in a low eager voice.

"I?"

"Yes. Be the woman, the eternal woman. You've never been her yet, but you could be."

These fragments from Robert Hichen's book, "The Woman with the Fan,"* suggest the general question which the tale brings up for discussion, namely, the relative power to attract and hold men of mere physical beauty in a woman, as opposed to the subtler charms emanating from a deeper source, which is the visible body of spiritual beauty—of personality. The direct question of the story is whether Lady Viola Holme's charm was that of mere physical perfection, which made her the envy of all other society women in London, or that of a rarer personality, a finer self than even she knew herself to possess. Those who heard her sing felt a thrill which the sight of her fair face never gave them. "She had a peculiar power of awakening in others that which she usually seemed not to possess herself—imagination, passion, not only physical, but ethereal, and of the mind; a tenderness for old sorrows, desire for distant, fleeting, misty glories, not surely of this earth. She was a brilliant suggestionist, but not in conversation. Her

face and her voice when she sang were luring to the lovers of beauty. She often expressed for them the under-thoughts and underfeelings of secretly romantic, secretly wistful men and women, and drew them to her as if by a spell. But her talk and manner in conversation were so unlike her singing, so little accorded with the look in her eyes while she sang, that she was a perpetual puzzle to such elderly men as Sir Donald Ulford, to such young men as Robin Pierce, and even to some women.

"Was it the *milieu* in which she lived—the influence of a vulgar and greedy age—which prevented her from showing her true self except in her art? Or was she that stupefying enigma sometimes met with—an unintelligent genius?"

"There were some who wondered."

Lord Donald Ulford was among them. Carey—brilliant, skeptical, indolent, young Carey—did not question. He loved her. His passion had been known to half London, and in its intensity had brought about a complete rupture of relations between him and the Holmes—for Carey lacked balance and control. He resembled a machine without a brake.

Robin Pierce did not wonder. He had proposed to Lady Viola before she married Lord Holme, and his passionate belief was that he loved the hidden, spiritual woman. He even longed, sometimes, to have her lose her beauty that he might prove his love for the soul, rather than for the fair face and form.

As for Lady Holme, "she happened to be protected doubly against the dangers—or joys by the way—to which so many of her companions fell cheerful and even chattering victims. She had a husband who, though extremely stupid, was extremely masterful, and for the time, at any rate, she sincerely loved him. She was a faithful wife, and had no desire to be anything else, though she liked to be, and usually was, in the fashion.

"Suddenly, life presented to Lady Holme its seamy side; fate attacking her in her woman's vanity, her egoism, even in her love. The vision startled, the blow stung. With the advent into London society of Miss Pimpernel Schley, a young American ex-vaudeville actress, starring in off-color plays, but clever enough to become an immediate and complete social success n

*THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. By Robert Smythe Hichen. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

London, Lady Holme's life changed its color. The young Yankee actress was marvelously like Lady Holme in coloring, features and manner, and from this pronounced likeness between the two came misery to Lady Holme. Until Miss Schley appeared in London, "she, Viola Holme, had been original both in her beauty and in her manner of presenting it to the world. Miss Schley was turning her into a type. It was too bad. Any woman would have disliked it."

Lord Holme fell an easy victim to the attractions of the little actress, and from the moment of Lady Holme's first realization of the situation, and of her attempt to win him back through rousing his jealousy, the story becomes dramatic, the action quickens and becomes so pregnant with human pain and struggle that it would be unjust to quote fragments of it.

By Miss Schley's cruel and public insults, and by her husband's desertion, Lady Holme was cut to the quick. In every way, and by means fair or unfair, she attempted to win her husband back, to regain her own belief in the supreme power of her beauty.

But facts forced her to realize that she must call some new resource to her aid. She remembered Robin Pierce's belief in a hidden self different from the surface one which had been so humiliated. If there was personality beyond the reach of Pimpernel Schley, which could win back admiration, that self must now assert itself. Lady Holme became aflame with new resolves which led to action. For one brief moment she triumphed over circumstances to despair and self, and touched perfection. But the triumph was the result of a conscious plan, and she was still the woman with the fan. Then darkness came and blasted out all her past.

Her beauty gone—her home and husband and old self but the echo of a dream—what had survived the flood? For long days and nights of despair there came no

answer out of the darkness. "But there was growth; slow, but stubborn growth in the secret places of the soul, and presently the new Viola—the woman without the fan—came into the life that was not to fade

It was not her husband—not Sir Donald—not Robin Pierce—who helped her into the light, but Carey—brilliant, skeptical, indolent, weak Carey. "He cast himself down in his degradation at the feet of this woman whom he was resolved to help, and he said, 'Help me!' He came to this woman who was on the brink of self-destruction, and he said, 'Teach me to live!'

"It was a strange way he took, but perhaps he was right, perhaps it was the only way. He forced Viola to realize that she was indeed the only woman who could save him from the vice he had become the slave of, lift him up out of that pit in which he could not see the stars. His eyes always told her the same story. They never saw the marred face—always the white angel. The soul in them clung to that, asked to be protected by that. And so at last the white angel—one hides somewhere surely in every woman—was released.

One night in Rome after Lord Holme had won his case in court, and after Viola Holme had become Viola Carey, a man and woman sat upon a piazza above the Lake of Como. The man said:

"Do you remember Robin's '*Danseuse de Tunisie*'?"

"The woman with a fan?"

"Yes. I see her now without the fan. With it she was a siren, perhaps, but without it she is——"

"What is she without it?"

"Eternal woman. Ah! how much better than the siren!"

* * * * *

The story is a strong one, powerfully told, and full of human storm and stress and victory. It is too fine for its cover, which suggests a coarseness, and immorality of purpose which the narrative does not warrant.

Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

G. W. E. Russell's Matthew Arnold

THIS volume,* by Mr. Russell, the editor of Arnold's letters, does not properly belong in the series of literary lives to which it is the latest addition. The book is not a story of Arnold's life—it was Arnold's expressed wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography—nor is it an analysis of his character and a literary estimate of his work. It is a study of his ideas, and of their effect upon the thought and action of his age. Just such a book as this was needed, and though its appearance in the "Literary Lives" series is misleading, it is welcome.

Matthew Arnold was primarily the poet and man of letters, and hence Mr. Russell thinks it fitting to give a brief introductory chapter to comment upon the literary arts and graces of his prose and verse. He cannot count Arnold as one of the great poets who compel the attention of mankind. But he counts him a true poet, one who, by his attitude toward life, his thought and his temperament, will always be the close friend of scholars and thinkers. As a prose writer, Arnold is rightly held by Mr. Russell a great master of style. Lucidity, measure, bright speed, grace and natural ease are qualities of his prose—good gifts all, and but too rare in English. Full justice is also done to one striking feature of this style—its faculty for launching phrases, wise epigrams, and compendious sentences about books and life. Arnold's praise as a phrase-maker is, indeed, as Mr. Russell says, in all the churches of literature. In this respect he was a transcendent performer, to whom even so formidable a rival as Disraeli must needs give place. The literary essays are regarded as the part of Arnold's prose writings which are likely, with the poetry, to stand the test of time. In all these views Mr. Russell is entirely at one with the accepted estimate of Arnold's place in literature.

Much of Matthew Arnold's charm and effectiveness is due to the freshness and originality of his method; and upon this head Mr. Russell enlarges in his second chapter. He first notes a certain detachment in

the treatment of any subject, that lends a fine air of impartiality to whatever opinions are advanced. And next he calls attention to the frankness and rare courage with which Arnold faced every task he undertook. Though he revered authority, he exercised the right of private judgment, continually running counter to current opinions and harassing with obstinate questionings time-honored beliefs and conventions the most hoary and respectable. He tilted dauntlessly at cherished notions of the Barbarians and the Philistines, and he called the populace out of its name. To take a single instance, he dared to declare of Macaulay, the idol of the middle class, that his style was cast iron; that he "had always the air of hitting the nail on the head without ever really doing so"; and that his "confident shallowness" was "intolerable to all searchers for truth." With this courage, and well becoming it, there went a cheerful serenity of spirit. Arnold rarely lost his temper, and if he did, he never exploded in wrath, nor bludgeoned nor scarified his victim. He knew a better way, putting his trust in the keen and polished rapier wit that for the first, but not the last time gleamed and flashed dangerously through "On Translating Homer." The mention of "On Translating Homer" suggests another great feature of Arnold's method in criticism—his way of depreciating literary performances and conveying dissent from literary doctrines by calling in the aid of a delicious playfulness. Literary criticism in Arnold's day was a solemn business, and his own early performances were grave enough. But this sustained gravity was later to be set aside, and at an odd moment—the occasion of the delivery of his Oxford lectures. He was then a young man, not yet forty, but declining to be weighed down by the thoughts of his surroundings—the venerable university, the professorial chair, and so on—he gave free play to a polished wit and refined raillery, which still remain unsurpassed in English literature, and the like of which had never before, and has never since, been heard in university lecture-rooms. One can fancy the shock of delight and surprise with

*MATTHEW ARNOLD (LITERARY LIVES). By G. W. E. Russell. Scribner, 1904.

which the Oxford undergraduates found this wit flashing and playing about them, and their relish for the criticisms of the pedant, Francis Newman, and his like, pointed as they were with the choicest chaff, and full, too, of the most nutritious critical doctrine.

The last four chapters of this book consider Arnold as an educator, a critic of society and institutions, a moralist and a theologian. For thirty-five years Arnold performed faithfully the irksome duties of a school inspector. He was not an educator by natural aptitude, but he developed a love of his profession, and a pride in it. As an educator, he was first of all a humanist, and wished to give letters their place in every educational scheme. He steadily advocated a co-ordinated system of education under the control of municipal authority, which was destined, though not until after his death, to be put into practical effect. Finally, it may be added that, among other results of Arnold's activity as an educator, there remain a series of reports upon school and university problems embalmed in the pure amber of his style.

Mr. Russell's fourth chapter considers Arnold's political views and his criticisms of English society in the three divisions which he graciously described as the "materialized upper class," the "vulgarized middle class" and the "brutalized lower class." This chapter covers familiar ground, and it may not be amiss to confine the attention here to a portion of it that may be supposed to have a special interest for us in America—his views of democracy. In Arnold's opinion of the aristocracy, admiration and contempt were strangely mingled. Aristocracy had, on the whole, he thought, governed England with credit to itself and to the good of the nation. He admired its fine manners, its reticence, its dignified habit, its stateliness and its governing faculty. But he found its external manifestations continually bordering on the ludicrous, and he poked fun at its illiteracy and its inaccessibility to ideas. He was opposed to government by the aristocracy, and declared that "if experience has established any one thing in the world it has established this: that it is well for any great class or description of men in society to be able to say for itself what it wants, and not to have other classes, the so-called educated and intelligent classes, acting for it as its proctors." In politics Arnold was a Liberal, and his Lib-

eralism had in theory a democratic basis. He believed that democracy was a product of natural law, and that it was the wise part to accommodate political and social institutions to it. He pitied "the dim, common populations," "the poor who faint away," and maintained that "ever since the arrival of Christianity '*the prince of this world is judged*,' and that wealth and rank and dignified ease are bound to justify themselves for their apparent inconsistency with the Christian ideal." And, as Mr. Russell says, "in one respect at least he was in harmony rather with Collectivist Radicalism than with orthodox Liberalism, for he did not in the least dread the intervention of the state between employer and employed."

This chapter, which has here been considered in but a single aspect, keeps always to the front, it should be said by the way, the conception of Arnold as the high priest of culture, who wrote, if not always with sweetness, at least in the full light of the best that had been known and thought upon any subject with which he was concerned. The influence of Arnold's social and political ideas has been, in Mr. Russell's view, general rather than particular. They ran like an electric shock through English society, and they tended to enlighten it, and to instil into its too, too solid flesh a little more of soul and spirit.

It is possible to dwell with uncommon satisfaction upon the moral ideas of Arnold, for in his case there was no disconcerting incongruity between precept and practice. It was his happiness, in a measure beyond that of the moralist in general, not only to know and approve the good, but to follow it. For Arnold, as Mr. Russell points out, the great virtues were kindness and pureness, charity and chastity. He detested hatred and malice, trickery and treachery, hardness and selfishness, and he banished them from his life. He loved to contemplate the lives of those whose master motive was a beautiful impulse of self-sacrifice, and he rejoiced also to find experience justifying this course from the standpoint of the happiness of the individual. Thus in his "Last Essays on the Church and Religion" he writes:

"If ever there was a notion tempting to common human nature, it was the notion that the rule of every man for himself was the rule of happiness. But at last it turns out, as a matter of experience, and so plainly that it is coming to be even generally ad-

mitted—it turns out that the only real happiness is in a kind of impersonal higher life, where the happiness of others counts with a man as essential to his own. He that loves his life does really turn out to lose it, and the new commandment proves its own truth by experience."

The great emphasis put upon pureness in Arnold's morality resulted from no fantastic notion as to the talismanic power of that virtue. It was due, if one may say so, to a sense of its immense practical value as the one safeguard of so much that was precious. Addressing an American audience in 1883, he held forth with all earnestness upon this theme, in an endeavor to show how each nation tended to disregard some one virtue without which perfection was impossible. And he fastened for a text upon M. Renan's assertion that "Nature cares nothing for chastity." "What a slap in the face," he exclaims, after quoting Renan's words, "to the sticklers for whatsoever things are pure! But even though a gifted man like M. Renan may be so carried away by the tide of opinion in France where he lives, as to say that nature cares nothing about chastity, and to see with amused indulgence the worship of the great goddess Lubricity, let us stand fast and say that her worship is against nature—human nature—and that it is ruin. For this is the test of its being against human nature, that for human societies it is ruin." In regarding Arnold as the moralist, it should be said as a last word that he was not merely the ethical teacher. Conduct was three-fourths of life, not all of it. And what gives Arnold his place apart among moralists is the union in him of zeal for the right with the artist's love of the beautiful and the seemly. No one has made a stronger plea than Arnold for the place in a well-ordered life of culture, and of all that it implies in the way of beauty, taste, delicacy and propriety.

Mr. Russell's book concludes with a statement of Arnold's theological position and a criticism of it. Once more we hear of Arnold's contention that the Bible was written in a literary and figured way, not in the formal and scientific way which alone would justify its being made the basis of a precise dogmatic theology. Once more the conception of God is emptied of the idea of personality, while religion, transformed beyond the possibility of recognition by friend or foe, becomes "morality touched with emotion."

This chapter also contains a recapitulation of the criticisms of Dissent. The gospel of the Dissenters is declared a caricature of the real Gospel, and their worship "perhaps the most dismal performance ever invented by man."

Arnold's theological position being what it was, his relation to the Church of England, though not difficult to understand, was still—and Mr. Russell does not allow the reader to forget it—full of comic incongruities. Who can repress a smile at the thought of Arnold, who held no one of the doctrines of the Anglican Church, lecturing, as *persona grata*, before gatherings of the clergy, and hobnobbing, as if in the very odor of sanctity, with bishops, priests and deacons? It seems equally incongruous at the first blush to find Arnold himself remaining—in all but belief—a devout member of the Anglican communion and a dauntless champion of the establishment. But when one bears in mind his training, and his love for "the historic Church of the land," and when one considers how the religion he fashioned for himself with its distrust of enthusiasm and its absence of mystic ecstasy was in tune with the religion of the Established Church, it need be no matter of surprise that love and sympathy led him to a practical compromise, and left him at home in what Professor Dowden has irreverently called "the paddock of Anglicanism."

Mr. Russell is not, it would seem, of Arnold's way of thinking in theology, and he advances some criticisms of his views. In the first place he urges, and is correct in the contention, that Arnold's criticism need not affect those who take the Bible from the Church and not the Church from the Bible. Again, he contends that Arnold was not justified in brushing away the historical evidences of Christianity as of no weight. He protests also against his free literary handling of theological questions. Mr. Russell's book is perhaps most inadequate where it deals with the influences of Arnold's religious writings. There is little or nothing said of this influence beyond its effect in two specific instances, and one of these fictitious—that of Robert Elsmere, who, when the ominous burden of "miracles do not happen" fell upon his ear was constrained to resign his living, and set up a "hole-and-corner" religion of his own. There is a tendency to-day to depreciate the value of Arnold's theological work, and to regard it as having al-

ready outlived its usefulness. To so regard it is a mistake, for it does still offer a more or less secure standing ground to many who find themselves slipping helplessly into the state of mind of those described by Bishop Butler as "having at length discovered Christianity to be fictitious." And, aside from the particular service it is rendering to a particular class, it should always have a value as a moving testimony to the moral beauty of the Scriptures and to the attractiveness of the Christian ideal.

This book of Mr. Russell's, though it has

not gone far in tracing adequately and specifically Arnold's influence, and though it throws no new flood of light upon his work, still draws attention to all the leading points of his thought, and is a compendious statement of the whole body of his doctrine. And finally it leaves one with a vivid sense of the extraordinary way in which Arnold's message met the needs of the time, of the lucidity, the cogency and vivacity with which that message was delivered, and of the immense effect it produced.

Horatio S. Krans.

Recent Notable Poems

The Cowboy's Sanctuary.....Out West

The thing I like about them purple hills
Is this—no man has made them what
they are.

They was, before they built this big hotel.
They look out high beyond it, looking
far.

And they have handsome shades you never
see.

A smiling in the morning through the
haze;

At noontime, like a lion when he sleeps;
At sundown, watch the west with wishful
gaze.

No, Pardner, churches never catches me.
I've seen the starched crowds drill out in
town,

And shunned them looming steeples when
I passed;

But here, like these, I pray as sun goes
down.

I see them miles and miles of firelit clouds—
The cañons and the ridges standing
clear—

Big swaths of purple shadows lit with rose,
And think of things so deep they fetch a
tear.

A. B. Bennett.

Past Use.....Ainslee's

Spring—and the fluttering stir
Of two soft, gray wings;
Blue eggs, and a gabled roof
Where a glad bird sings.

Autumn—the turning sere
Of the rainbowed leaves;
And swinging, forsaken and brown,
A nest in the eaves.

Allan Munier.

Roundel.....Harper's

I do not know what life may bring
Sweeter than this: that wild winds blow
Fresh from the skies, and whither wing
I do not know.

The why, the wherefore, let them go:
My love shall laugh, my laughter sing,
And my full heart shall overflow.

Love is the best, and love shall fling
Glad scorn to all that doubt may show:
Question's a slave whose loveless king
I do not know.

C. Rann Kennedy.

The Romance of the New Testament...Spectator

[The Bible in most parts is a cheerful book;
it is our piping theologies, tracts, sermons
that are dull and dowie.—Robert Louis
Stevenson. Letters.]

O pale-faced Theologian, whose soft hands
And ink-stained fingers never gripped the
oar

Or swung the hammer; weary with your
books,

How can your slumbering senses compre-
hend

The breadth and virile purpose of the men
Who bore their joyous tale through quick-
ened lands,

To the great heart of Rome; the ship-
wrecked Paul,
Wandering Ulysses-like to far-off isles
And barbarous peoples; or those peasant
kings,
Who, even 'mid voluptuous cities wore
No medieval halo, but the air
Of some free fisher battling with the wind
That blows across the Galilean hills.

Elliott E. Mills.

Song's Apostasy..... Atlantic

When is the Muse most lustily acclaimed?
When she in paths not native goes astray,
There to disown her record if she may,
Deny her lineage, turn as one ashamed
From all she was, and all that once was
famed

To be her realm and birthright. Yet to-
day,

Her need is rather to retrace her way
To where of old her steadfast signal flamed;
Thence counting it her glory to bestow
On man the things he is poor in, not the
things

Life spawns forever with a rank excess;
To teach him beauty and not ugliness,
The upward not the downward truth; and
so

To the mountains lead him, and the cold
clear springs.

William Watson.

In the Great Free Wood..... Sunset

Oh, to be out in the great, free wood,
Away from the hurry, away from the care,
Where the boughs of the trees weave a
giant hood

To cover the world when the world is
bare;

To lie where the shadows flit to and fro,
As fairies that join in a phantom play;
To lazily dream through the hours, and
know

That care is a mocker that flits away.

There's a place out there 'neath a spreading
tree

That only the squirrels and I have known,
Except for the birds that come to see
How fare the seeds by the fairies sown;

And I want to be there, just loafing to-day
Through hours that are happy and peace-
ful and good—

I guess that I'm lazy, but, anyway,
I want to be out in the great, free wood.

A. Sylvanus.

"Blessed" Century

Blessed: so they have named her. With
just pride,

Deliberate care and cautious circum-
stance,

The Holy Council have beatified
The Maid of Orleans, martyred child of
France,

Who at Domremy's village altar kneeling—
Ignored by friend and foe,
Through all her young, unsullied spirit
feeling

The tears of a despairing people flow—
Implored relief; and following the word,
Which none save she had heard,
Delivered France and crowned her—long
ago.

Rejoice, Domremy, 'midst thy bowery
green!

She was thine own whom all, at last, would
claim—

The greatest miracle that earth hath seen
Since out of Nazareth a Saviour came.
Lowly as thou (though sheathed in armor
bright),

Her soul was as the snow—

Yea, as the lilies of her banner, white.

The church hath blessed her; but man's
heart less slow,

Remembering how glorious the price
Of her dear sacrifice,

Gave her the name of blessed—long ago.

Florence Earl Coates.

Autumn Life..... Metropolitan

Trance, like the mellow air doth hold

The sorrow of the passing year;

The heart of Nature groweth cold,

The time of falling snow is near.

On phantom feet which none may hear
Creeps—with the shadow of the hill—

The semblance of departing cheer—

But beauty's soul abideth still.

R. B. W.

In the Palaces of the Sultan

CONSTANTINOPLE presents so much that appeals to the artist that it is a great pleasure to see that city of palaces described by a traveler who had a golden key to its treasure-houses and to find the work handsomely printed and abun-

Dodd accompanied the party of Gen. Horace Porter, American ambassador to France.

The personality of the present Sultan, his reception of General Porter, the splendors of his court and the ceremonies of one of the most exigent of modern courts in matters of eti-



THE FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN AHMED

dantly illustrated.* The story of the palaces and the monuments is twice told—in the text and in the photographic pictures. Mrs.

*IN THE PALACES OF THE SULTAN. By Anna Bowman Dodd, author of "Three Normandy Inns," "Cathedral Days," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1903. \$4.00 net.

quette afford the author an opportunity to gratify the curiosity of her countrywomen, and the result is a picture of a sovereign whose character is interesting and whose situation in the contention of European powers calls for the exercise of the highest arts of statesmanship. Mrs. Dodd gives an

analysis of the vivid impression made upon her by this august personage, so often represented as cowering in his palace, a prey to gloomy apprehensions, and the truthfulness of her picture of an active, able and hard-working ruler is borne out by his long retention of the throne and his preservation of his European dominion.

The text has a coloring the illustrations lack, and Oriental profusion of adjective and

of the East, when Byzantium became Rome to the Eastern world, as the new head of the Roman Empire; another is of the Greek period, when the Eastern Empire had become the representative of Greek state and Church; the crusaders and the Mahometan conquest, the early history of the Osmanli and their capitals, all afford a field for picturesque narrative or suggestive illustration.

"The modern Turk nowadays finds him



GALLERY AND ARCADE IN SANTA SOPHIA

substantive is hardly avoidable; indeed, it is sought to give something of the intensity of impression made upon the writer. It is not travel alone, it is not history, it is not romance nor poetry, but it is all of these. One of the palaces tells the story of its Sultan builder and his harem queen whose folly brought about the downfall of both; one quarter of the city recalls the earliest empire

self in much the same position as did the later Roman Eastern emperors. His is the ruling race, his the dominant religion, over the millions of mixed races over whom his Padishah and Khalifa is acknowledged sovereign." The mingling of races is emphasized by the confusion of buildings. "You may go direct from prisons to palaces, from *cafés chantants* to the chanting of the

Koran in Moslem mosques. You may gaze on the whirling of the white skirts of the dancing dervishes in the afternoon, and continue to watch snowy petticoats, beneath Doucet gowns, swirling in the waltzes of an

up to Bebek or to Therapia. . . . There were hundreds of pink, of yellow, of cream and black parasols held tightly over these enveloped heads. Better than the streets of Stamboul, of Pera or of Galata was the watery highway where men of high and low degree filled yachts, yawls, ferry-boats and hundreds and hundreds of *caïques*—these latter darting in and out of the larger craft like flying minnows."

There is a glimpse of the Roman period in the monuments of Justinian: "In this city of palaces, for whose decoration and adornment the entire known world was laid under contribution—Carthage, Baghdad, Damascus, Rome itself being despoiled—within this wondrous city three puissant personalities still fill all its stage. Wherever the mental eye roves, whether it be fixed in the *Chalké*, the



THE BOSPHORUS

embassy ball in the evening, to end your review of the dance movement in looking upon the slower, more mysterious, sensuous evolutions of gauze draperies in the *danse du ventre*, executed by Persian *dansesuses* in the questionably respectable quarters of lower Galata town."

It is in Galata that the European official finds his home. "The finger of Italian taste and strength in palace and home building is also to be traced in many a noble structure along the Galata shore. Most of these old palaces are now become warehouses. . . . Galata and Pera are still the most thoroughly alive part of Constantinople. The foreign embassies have in Pera their winter palaces. At the foot of its hill lie the quays France has built. The Admiralty fills the hollow of the hill, just above the Golden Horn. . . . The chain of royal palaces begins to stretch white lines of glistening splendor along the Bosphorus."

Here is a picture of the water highway, certainly one of the most picturesque views in the traveled world. "The Bosphorus was at its best, its gayest hour. The work of the short Turkish day was over. The quays of Pera, of Stamboul and of Scutari were sending forth officials and merchants to their houses along the bright river shores. Ambassadors and palace officials were steaming

world-famous vestibule of the chief palace, whose walls were tapestried with mosaics and marbles, or whether we strive to reconstruct the glory of those splendors of the Consistorion, the audience chamber whose beauty so dazzled the eyes of barbaric kings, . . . or whether we move toward the terraces overhanging the blues of the Marmora, whose substructures one may even yet trace behind the mosque of Sultan Achmet, . . . Justinian's plebeian, yet masterful face, Theodora in the incomparable grace of her slight, perfectly modeled figure, and Belisarius, the brave, the mighty savior-general of Rome, . . . fill the vast, the vanished, yet the still so amazingly real stage of this lost Byzantine world."

"Nothing is so surprising to the Northern eye as to find these famous Oriental palaces so small. Each stands alone. Beneath the shade of the great plane-trees they thus present a certain casual, improvised air. . . . The royal library was such a dwelling. It was as small as a lady's dainty boudoir. Yet it was large enough to hold three thousand Arabian, Turkish and Persian manuscripts. To enter the library, we had passed through doors that were miracles of Arabian art. Only the Persian imagination, fed on

far-away, vanished forms of perfect grace, on sinuosities of lines lost to Western memories, on secret ways of handling bronze, only Arabian fingers, in a word, could have limned such stars and triangles, such rose-edged shapes of loveliness."

"It was in the very middle of the harem gardens that the pavilion of the Grand Signior shone, a jewel set amongst jewels. About this central court of glory were grouped also the pavilions of the Grand Signior's Kadines, his lawful wives. Each lady had her separate kiosk and attendants, to which honor a lady of the harem attained only after the birth of a son. Innumerable were the other similar kiosks and buildings housing the great multitude of women and eunuchs forming the imperial harem. The whole of this part of the old seraglio was separated from the outer parts by a massive wall and by fourfold gates."

There is much of the harem, its older training and its modern European fashion, the absence of polygamy, and the dislike of Turks to maintain the distinguishing features of Oriental life, but the presence in the end of a determined Mahometan sentiment that binds the ruling class, from its wealthiest, educated members to its mass of unpaid soldiery. Of the position of women a fair notion is given: "What the eyes failed to light upon, in the busy, crowded Stamboul streets was a woman bearing burdens. In this older, more distinctly Eastern city [Galata] the crowds of veiled women were thicker than in Pera. Everywhere bunches of brightly colored stuffs were slipping in between carts and pack-horses. Now three or four of these tormentingly veiled faces—their whole shapes shrouded in yellow, violet, bronze, or dark-blue *feridjeh*—were seen to be slowly, majestically advancing and retreating. The black masks were uplifted in distracting poses; for no quarter of a yard of black *barège*, nor yards of silk or satin tied in about the middle like a sack, . . .

can wholly hide the young grace of supple muscles; nor can the sensuous outlines of a richly developed race of women fail of revelation when such women walk and move through the thronged city thoroughfares."

The Sultan is described on his way to the mosque. "Seated as he was, the Sultan was seen to be short of stature. The frame beneath the loose military cloak was obviously slight. Yet that there was a store of nervous as well as muscular strength within the frame was announced by certain unmistakable signs. The lines of the figure were pronounced, accusative; the eye-glance was quick, authoritative; in the bearing of the torso as in the poise and carriage of the head there was an accent of energetic determination. . . . As he sat alone in his carriage, so alone the Sultan entered the sacred edifice."

"As we were swept past the green tapestried walls," on the way to the royal banquet, "the satin-like lawns, and the gay flowerbeds, . . . the late dropping sun was turning the whole earth into a great glory. Across the hyacinthine blue of the Bosphorus Stamboul was on fire; its purples, violets



A WING OF YILDIZ KIOSK

and gold were flames that leapt skyward, only to dissolve in a fairy abyss of brilliance. In the gardens of the Sultan every tree was a torch, the white roses were snow petals dropt on pink stalks, and the parterres had

the glitter of brocades, studded with diamonds, with pearls, and with tinted ivory. . . . The brilliant sunset lights out of doors seemed to have entered with us, as if to touch with their magic and glow the palace entrance hall. The outer steps were

ear caught the rustle of other muskets handled at more distant sentry boxes. Through the velvet bunches of the ilex trees, in the gardens fronting the palace steps, wherever the eye went, it was to light upon the glint of steel, or, upon the gold of a soldier's uniform. Dolma Baghcheh is already the beginning of the present Imperial residence. Its gardens join those of the "Star" Kiosk. Its marbles, quais, gardens, and terraces are the true water front to the hill-fortress wherein the Sultan keeps his state and court.

"Once within the great palace, was to be lost in a maze of great halls, of long passage-ways, of vast drawing-rooms, and of state apartments. There were several miles, it seemed to my own, in time, lagging feet, of more or less grand, bare, gaudy, inexpressive rooms. One looked for the traces of Eastern taste, of Eastern colors, of the riches

and depth of Eastern dyes or tiles in vain. The trail of Europe, and of a tasteless, expressionless Europe, was over the entire interior. Here and there a Persian frieze, or a richly decorated ceiling, or a carved mantel,

laid with crimson Turkey carpets. As we entered the great hall, the warm, deep color was like a living welcome, for the marble floors were everywhere overlaid with huge red carpets. . . . There were a great many mirrors in ornate gilt frames, and ranged against the wall were several hundred chairs and fauteuils. Above two long, wide gilt tables hung two of those wondrously brilliant chandeliers. . . . This particular room had been built and furnished for the reception and entertainment of the German Emperor and Empress."

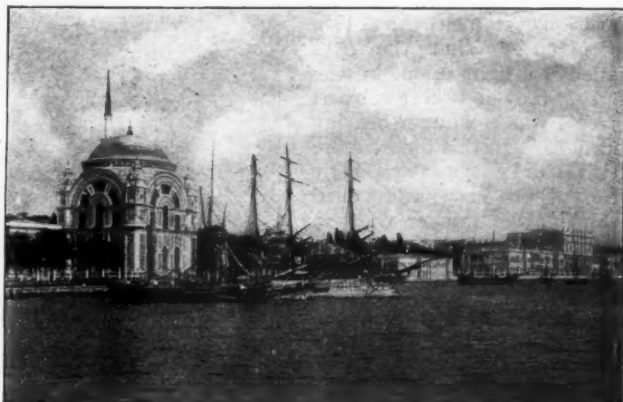
Here is the author's account of their visit to the Palace of Dolma Baghcheh:

"The portal of the great palace was exactly what such a portal should be. It was stately, ornate, majestic, with a floridity of decorative features suitable to an Eastern sky and to the Oriental love of the luxurious.

"Guards and soldiers were thick about the great gateway. As they presented arms the



* YENI DIAM—MOSQUE BY MOONLIGHT



THE PALACE AND MOSQUE OF DOLMA BAGHCHER

after some Saracenic design, would tease the eye with a promise of a broader, fuller, Oriental splendour. It was beneath one's feet one could find the sole, sure sign of the East. The Turkish carpets—and there

must have been miles of them—were magnificent products of the Turkish loom.

"Dolma Baghcheh was not one palace, it seemed, rather a dozen. Its creamy surfaces, softer to the eye than the later palace façades, gave to its interminable lengths a unified appearance. Yet the place has no true unity. Portions of it were built at different periods. Between five or six lower buildings of a bastard Neo-Grec order, there towers a central structure modern enough to fit into any New York or Parisian street. This

orange blossoms could not deaden—that of the decaying streets of Stamboul. On the bright, clean shores of the Bosphorus there was a chance for the breathing of fresh air, and for the enjoyment of cleanliness—two novelties ushered in by the nineteenth century as compellingly attractive to Eastern Sultans as they have proved to Western sovereigns.

"Abdul Aziz II added building after building to the great palace. In time it became in itself a little city, wherein the



A TURKISH PORTER

latter structure was erected by Sultan Medjid. It was the first of the royal palaces built upon the Bosphorus.

"The hegira of the Sultans from Seraglio Point to the shores of the Bosphorus was a bold move planned by one of the gentlest of Sultans. Abdul Medjid, father of the present Sultan, abandoned the palace city of the Osmanlis. On that famous point of land, where tiled and gilded kiosks arose like enchanted palaces, set in the midst of gardens of fabulous beauty, there were also grim memories, noisome horrors, and a stench even

sovereign, the court, certain ministers, and the thousands and thousands of human beings necessary to the state of an Oriental monarch, as well as his city of women, could each and all be suitably lodged—where each, also, could find distraction and amusement. The hundreds of the rooms shown us, empty, deserted, yet exquisitely, beautifully clean, proved the number of the multitudes that had formed the court of this luxurious monarch."

The tombs of Brusa, the building of Santa Sophia, the shifting of the court from place

to place, each time leaving a palace with a history, the treasure-house with its crowns and robes of the dead Sultans, give bright pictures of the fading glories of the city. One such picture must close this review. It is a description of the Seraglio Point. "It is over half a century ago that Abd-ul-Medjid abandoned this lovely palace city, with its great walls encircling the famous gardens, terraces, fountains and gold-tiled kiosks.

tions, emotions, ecstasies called up by the first or the last outlook of this view of views from the hill of the Sultan's kiosks? Yet it is neither of Byron nor of Thackeray; it is neither of Théophile Gautier nor of Pierre Loti, one thinks. . . . All the beautiful words, all the perfect sentences, are forgotten as though they had never been written. Come and look for yourself, and thrill as you will to the outlook that has stirred



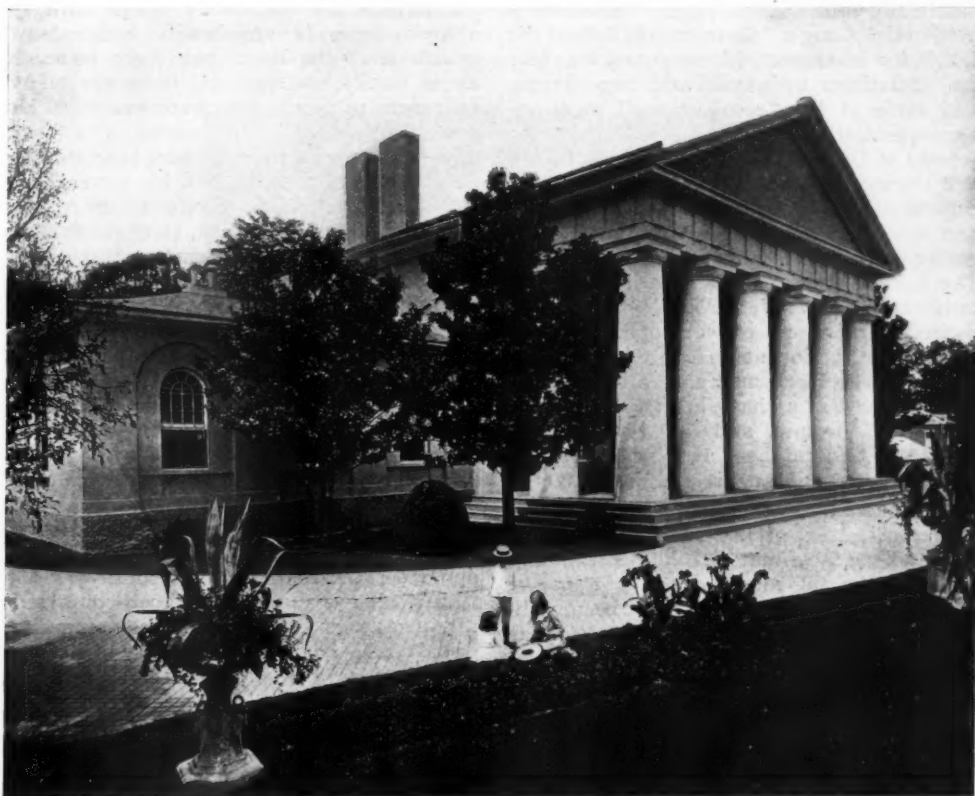
A FELLAHEEN—AN EGYPTIAN

All these hallowed memories and present splendors were deserted for gayer, brighter, less blood-tainted palaces upon the Bosphorus. With this Sultan the glory and splendor of the fabled city of Seraglio Point passed forever away. . . . Who has not sung the beauty of Seraglio Point? Who has not written, rhapsodized, over the sensa-

generations of men as you stand before this spectacle of the lifting sea, of winged ships, of tinted cities, of fairy islands and of aerially hung mountains. In all the round earth there is no such wonder of beauty as this that is set between moving waters and the sky spaces."

William C. Ewing.

**Recollections
and Letters of**
General Robert E. Lee



GENERAL LEE'S HOME, ARLINGTON, NEAR WASHINGTON, VA.

GENERAL LEE has long been regarded, both in the North and in the South, not only as pre-eminently a great soldier—the greatest, perhaps, that America has produced—but also as the embodiment of all that was best in the Confederate cause. Since his death several good biographies and volumes of personal reminiscences have appeared, and various military histories of the Civil War have dealt more or less exhaustively with his career as a leader of armies, a strategist and a tactician. However, no book up to the present time has presented a satisfactory picture of Lee as a man, of the intimate details of his private life, particularly after the close of

the Civil War, nor has any complete collection of his writings appeared.

Obviously the want could best be supplied by some member of General Lee's own family, and consequently this book,* by his youngest son, has been awaited with much eagerness since its announcement a short time ago. It is a pity that it cannot be received with unstinted praise, but, in spite of its obvious defects, it will serve as a valuable complement to the more formal biographies and military histories. The author would have done better if he had

***RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.** *By his Son, Captain Robert E. Lee.* Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y. \$2.50 net.

been content to confine himself strictly to his title, and had refrained from quoting so liberally from other and perfectly accessible works, and from repeating anecdotes which have already appeared, in almost identically the same words, elsewhere—in General Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," for instance. His annotations, too, are sometimes ill-judged and superfluous, and some of his "recollections" seem inconsequential at best. Indeed the exigencies of General Lee's military life before and during the Civil War, and various circumstances after the war, prevented father and son from spending as much time together as a father and a son usually do. The author says, "I saw but little of my father after we left West Point." One would naturally, therefore, expect to find in this book fewer significant anecdotes than have been given by such men as the Rev. J. W. Jones, who was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, and an intimate associate of General Lee, and by General A. L. Long, his military secretary.

One must look, therefore, chiefly to the numerous letters of Lee in the volume for new and valuable material, and fortunately these letters fill most of the 461 pages. Some of them have previously been published, in part or in whole—the Lee family papers were freely used in Henry A. White's "Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy," for instance—but probably a large majority appear in full for the first time. The letters present General Lee in a most engaging light. They bring out clearly his nobility of character, his kindness, his modesty, his unselfishness, in the broadest sense of that term, his thoughtfulness for others, his interest in the prosaic details of every-day life, his resignation after the cause which he had so much at heart had failed, and the "orgy of Reconstruction" had begun, his interest in the young men over whom, when he became president of Washington College, he exercised an almost parental supervision, his moderation and fine self-control, his aloofness from the passions of the time, and, perhaps above all else, his Christian spirit and his unwavering faith in God. As his son says, "His was a practical every-day religion, which supported him all through his life, enabled him to bear with equanimity every reverse of fortune, and to accept her gifts

without undue elation." The letters show the "human" side of his character, and Lee was, in many respects, pre-eminently "human." There is surprisingly little in these letters, most of which were written to members of his own family, about military affairs; there is surprisingly little about questions of the day; but there is much about family matters, and there are many references to people who were known to his correspondents. In the midst of a busy day—and most of his days were busy days—he would take time to chaff his correspondent about love-affairs, to refer to the family pets, or to give to his son, struggling after the war, to make his farm profitable, detailed advice with regard to fertilizers and the building of a house. Altogether, it is no wonder that a lady in Baltimore, whom the author overheard, should say, "Everybody and everything—his family, his friends, his horse, and his dog—loves General Lee." In his letters Lee never uses the superlative, never gives way to his undoubtedly strong passions, never acts on ill-considered impulses; he is always calm, self-possessed, well-poised; sometimes, even, he appears unnaturally reticent and reserved. His son, indeed, says: "My father, always dignified and self-contained, rarely gave any evidence of being astonished or startled. His self-control was great, and his emotions were not on the surface."

"The first recollection I have of my father," says the author, "is his arrival at Arlington after his return from the Mexican War. I can remember some events of which he seemed a part, when we lived at Fort Hamilton, New York, about 1846, but they are more like dreams, very indistinct and disconnected—naturally so, for I was at that time about three years old. . . . From that early time I began to be impressed with my father's character, as compared with other men. Every member of the household respected, revered and loved him as a matter of course, but it began to dawn on me that every one else with whom I was thrown held him high in their regard. At forty-five years of age he was active, strong, and as handsome as he had ever been. I never remember his being ill. I presume he was indisposed at times; but no impressions of that kind remain. He was always bright and gay with us little folk, romping, playing, and joking

with us. With the older children, he was just as companionable, and I have seen him join my elder brothers and their friends when they would try their powers at a high jump put up in our yard. . . . Although he was so joyous and familiar with us, he was very firm on all proper occasions, never indulged us in anything that

mandate of my father was a part of my life and being at that time. . . .

"My father was the most punctual man I ever knew. He was always ready for family prayers, for meals, and met every engagement, social or business, at the moment. He expected all of us to be the same, and taught us the use and necessity



ROBERT E. LEE

Photographed in 1850 or 1851, when he was Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers

was not good for us, and exacted the most implicit obedience. I always knew that it was impossible to disobey my father. I felt it in me, I never thought why, but was perfectly sure when he gave an order that it had to be obeyed. My mother I could sometimes circumvent, and at times took liberties with her orders, construing them to suit myself; but exact obedience to every

of forming such habits for the convenience of all concerned. I never knew him late for Sunday service at the Post Chapel. . . . There he sat very straight—well up the middle aisle—and, as I remember, always became very sleepy, and sometimes even took a little nap during the sermon. At that time, this drowsiness of my father's was something awful to me, inexplicable. I know

it was very hard for me to keep awake, and frequently I did not; but why he, who to my mind could do everything that was right, without any effort, should sometimes be overcome, I could not understand, and did not try to do so. . . .

"As Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point my father had to entertain a good deal, and I remember well how handsome and grand he looked in uniform, how genial and bright, how considerate of everybody's comfort of mind and body. He was always a great favourite with the ladies, especially the young ones. His fine presence, his gentle, courteous manners and kindly smile put them at once at ease with him."

The year 1861 was perhaps the most critical time in General Lee's life. Like other Southern officers in the United States army, he was called upon to decide between the North and the South, a decision which in his case was the harder, because, unlike many of his associates, he disbelieved in the exercise of the right of secession—though he believed in the right—and in addition, the offer of the command of the Union army placed within his reach the highest position to which an officer could aspire. He felt, however, that his first duty was to his State, and when Virginia seceded, he promptly, on April 20, sent in his resignation to Simon Cameron, the Secretary of War. A letter to his sister, Mrs. Anne Marshall, written on the same day, gives one some idea of what the struggle cost him. In this he says:

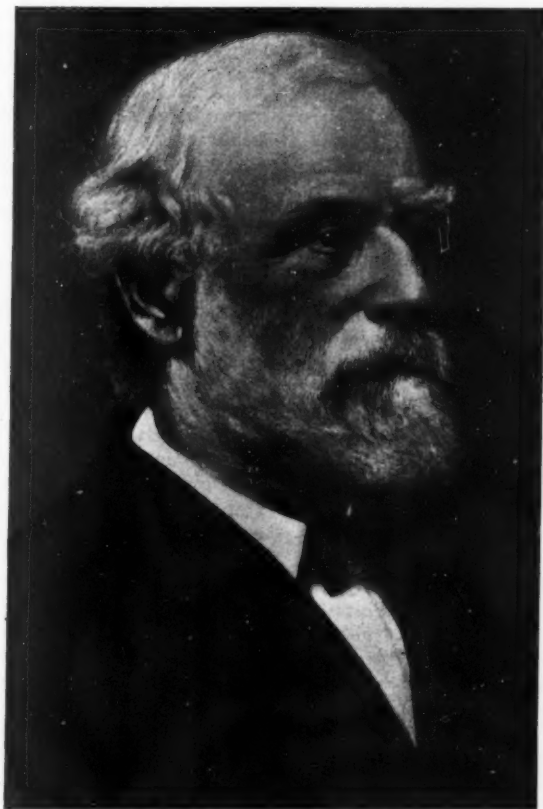
"Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognise no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person, I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be

needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more. May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of your devoted brother."

The author wisely refrains from describing in detail his father's career as a Confederate leader—this has been well done already by others—but Lee's letters, though generally silent about military affairs, contain various interesting passages with regard to the war. Thus in a letter written in April, 1861, to his youngest son, the author, he expresses the opinion that, "The war may last ten years." With regard to the probability of England's lending aid to the Confederacy, he says, in a letter to his wife written during the excitement over the "Trent" affair: "You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. She will be very loath to do that, notwithstanding the bluster of the Northern papers. Her rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or a restitution of their captives must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles, and win our independence alone. No one will help us. We require no extraneous aid, if true to ourselves. But we must be patient. It is not a light achievement, and cannot be accomplished at once." That he cherished no illusions with regard to the result of the conflict is shown by the following remark made to General Pendleton a day or two before his surrender to General Grant: "I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour." To an Englishman, after the war, he said that "he had never expected England to give the South material aid."

As is well known, General Lee met with the usual criticism from an impatient public and an impatient press. In a letter of October 7, 1861, to his wife, he says: "I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the editors of the papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactorily to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more

written to you, but you have been constantly in my thoughts. I think of you all, separately and collectively, in the busy hours of the day and the silent hours of the night, and the recollection of each and every one while away the long night, in which my anxious thoughts drive away sleep. But I always feel that you and Agnes at those times are sound asleep, and that it is immaterial to either where



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
Photographed in 1869—his last sitting

success than I do, and would be happy to see them have full swing. I hope something will be done to please them." In 1870, during a conversation with one of his cousins, he said of the newspapers that "patriotism did not seem to influence them in the least." In a letter written from Savannah on March 2, 1862, to his daughter Annie, who died during the war, he says:

"It has been a long time since I have

the blockaders are or what their progress is in the river. I hope you are all well, and as happy as you can be in these perilous times to our country. They look dark at present, and it is plain we have not suffered enough, laboured enough, repented enough, to deserve success. But they will brighten after awhile, and I trust that a merciful God will arouse us to a sense of our danger, bless our honest efforts, and drive back

our enemies to their homes. Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, and instead of turning out to a man, have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves and families to others. To satisfy their consciences, they have been clamorous in criticising what others have done, and endeavoured to prove that they ought to do nothing. This is not the way to accomplish our independence. I have been doing all I can with our small means and slow workmen to defend the cities and coast here. Against ordinary numbers we are pretty strong, but against the hosts our enemies, seem able to bring everywhere there is no calculating."

When asked, in the course of a conversation with a favorite cousin in 1870, which of the Federal generals he considered the greatest, "he answered most emphatically, 'McClellan, by all odds.'" He also said, with regard to the battle of Gettysburg, that if Jackson had been there he would, he thought, have gained a victory, "'for,' said he, 'Jackson would have held the heights which Ewell took on the first day.' He said that Ewell was a fine officer, but would never take the responsibility of exceeding his orders, and having been ordered to Gettysburg, he would not go farther and hold the heights beyond the town." On another occasion, in a letter to Major William M. McDonald, in 1868, he said with reference to the same battle: "Its loss was occasioned by a combination of circumstances. It was commenced in the absence of correct intelligence. It was continued in the effort to overcome the difficulties by which we were surrounded, and it would have been gained could one determined and united blow been delivered by our whole line. As it was, victory trembled in the balance for three days, and the battle resulted in the infliction of as great an amount of injury as was received, and in frustrating the Federal plan of campaign for the season."

In connection with the Civil War and its results, particularly in view of the present-day "race problem," General Lee's opinion with regard to the negro and to emancipation will be of interest. An Englishman, Mr. Herbert C. Saunders, reporting a conversation with Lee in 1866, says: "On the subject of slavery he assured me

that he had always been in favor of the emancipation of the negroes, and that in Virginia the feeling had been strongly inclining in the same direction, till the ill-judged enthusiasm (amounting to rancour) of the abolitionists of the North had turned the Southern tide of feeling in the other direction. . . . He went on to say that there was scarcely a Virginian now who was not glad that the subject had been definitely settled, though nearly all regretted that they had not been wise enough to do it themselves the first year of the war." In giving his son advice, in 1868, with regard to the employment of laborers, General Lee writes: "You will never prosper with the blacks, and it is abhorrent to a reflecting mind to be supporting and cherishing those who are plotting and working for your injury, and all of whose sympathies and associations are antagonistic to yours. I wish them no evil in the world—on the contrary will do them every good in my power, and know that they are misled by those to whom they have given their confidence; but our material, social, and political interests are naturally with the whites." In a conversation with Colonel Thomas H. Carter immediately after the close of the war, General Lee said: "I have always observed that wherever you find the negro, everything is going down around him, and wherever you find the white man, you see everything around him improving."

At the close of the war, Lee wished to settle down somewhere on a small farm and pass his remaining days in peaceful retirement. This, however, was not to be. He was the idol of the South; he attracted crowds wherever he went, and everywhere he was received with enthusiasm and affection. "Houses, lands, and money, as well as positions as president of business associations and chartered corporations" were offered to him. All these he declined, and, largely from a sense of duty, and from a desire to render an effective service to the distracted South—for he regarded the education of the young men as a solution of many of the South's difficulties and perplexities—he accepted the presidency of Washington College, which position he retained until his death. His salary was small, and he could have received many times the amount by accepting business positions which were offered to him; but

to him life was something more than a sordid pursuit of wealth, and he showed a fine disregard for the "main chance." The author devotes fifteen chapters out of twenty-four to this later period—1865-70—of General Lee's career.

"In the summer of 1865," says the author, "the college, through the calamities of the Civil War, had reached the lowest point of depression it had ever known." Lee devoted himself heart and soul to the task of building it up anew, almost of recreating it; and throughout the period of his presidency took the greatest personal interest in his students.

With regard to the political situation after the war, Lee says little in his letters. Several quotations, however, will be of interest as showing his general attitude. In a letter to Governor Letcher, he says: "The duty of its [the South's] citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of the war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practise it myself." In a letter written on June 8, 1867, to his son, Fitzhugh, he says: "Although the future is still dark, and the prospects gloomy, I am confident that if we all unite in doing our duty and earnestly work to extract what good we can out of the evil that now hangs over our dear land, the time is not distant when the angry cloud will be lifted from our horizon and the sun in his pristine brightness again shine forth. I, therefore, can anticipate for you many years of happiness and prosperity, and in my daily prayers to the God of mercy and truth I invoke my choicest blessings upon you. May He gather you under the shadow of His almighty wing, direct you in all your ways, and give you peace and everlasting life. . . . Let us all so live that we may be united in that world where there is no more separation, and where sorrow and pain never come."

Brief quotations can give little idea of

General Lee's letters to members of his family; of his tenderness to his invalid wife; of his intense interest in the daily routine of his home life; of his affectionate concern for the welfare and health of his children. The letters should be read in full. "To my mother, who was a great invalid from rheumatism for more than ten years," says the author, "he was the most faithful attendant and tender nurse. Every want of hers that he could supply he anticipated. His considerate forethought saved her from much pain and trouble. During the war he constantly wrote to her, even when on the march, and amidst the most pressing duties. Every summer of their life in Lexington he arranged that he should spend several months at one of the many medicinal springs in the neighboring mountains, as much that she might be surrounded with new scenes and faces, as for the benefit of the waters. Whenever he was in the room the privilege of pushing her wheeled chair into the dining-room and out on the verandahs, or elsewhere, about the house was yielded to him. He sat with her daily, entertaining her with accounts of what was doing in the college, and the news of the village, and would often read to her in the evening. For her his love and care never ceased, his gentleness and patience never ended."

Occasionally we find bits of earnest advice in his letters to his children. To his youngest daughter, Mildred, in December, 1862, he writes: "You must study hard, gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbour. That is the great object of life." In another letter of November, 1864, to the same daughter, whom he generally called "Life," he says: "Now, in your youth, you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words, and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you. . . . Do not allow yourself to forget what you have spent so much time and labour in acquiring, but increase it every day by extended application. I hope you will embrace in your studies all useful acquisitions. I was much pleased to hear that while at 'Bremo' you passed much of your time in reading and music. All accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influ-

ence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world." In another letter of December, 1866, he says: "Read history, works of truth, not novels and romances. Get correct views of life, and learn to see the world in its true light. It will enable you to live pleasantly, to do good, and, when summoned away, to leave without regret." In January, 1867, he writes: "Do not go out to many parties, preserve your simple tastes and manners, and you will enjoy more pleasure. Plainness and simplicity of dress, early hours, and rational amusements, I wish you to practise. . . . You must bear

on January 8, 1870: "I received your letter of the 4th. We held a family council over it. It was passed from eager hand to hand and attracted wondering eyes and mysterious looks. It produced few words but a deal of thinking, and the conclusion arrived at, I believe unanimously, was that there was a great fund of amusement and information in it if it could be extracted. I have therefore determined to put it carefully away till your return, seize a leisure day, and get you to interpret it." Your mother's commentary, in a suppressed soliloquy, was that you had succeeded in writing a wretched hand.



VALENTINE'S RECUMBENT FIGURE OF LEE
Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine and fashionable, and that gentility as well as self-respect requires moderation in dress and gaiety. While her people are suffering, she should practise self-denial, and show her sympathy in their affliction."

From the foregoing quotations some idea can be gained of the character of General Lee's more serious letters. The following and final quotation will show how he wrote when in a more playful mood. To his daughter "Life" he writes,

Agnes thought that it would keep this cold weather—her thoughts running on jellies and oysters in the storeroom; but I, indignant at such aspersions upon your accomplishments, retained your epistle and read in an elevated tone an interesting narrative of travels in sundry countries, describing gorgeous scenery, hairbreadth escapes, and a series of remarkable events by flood and field, not a word of which they declared was in your letter. Your return, I hope, will prove the correctness of my version of your annals. . . ." *Charles C. Whinery.*

The Drama

Edited by Eckert Goodman

SCARCELY a month old is the season as yet, and already we have had plays by Pinero, Marshall, Zangwill, Mirbeau, to say nothing of native writers such as George Ade and Clyde Fitch. If this pace be kept up the year is likely to prove epoch-making. Certain it is that rarely, if ever before, have we so early in a dramatic season had offerings of such interest and worth as have been vouchsafed the last few weeks. It must be remarked, however, that while the American dramatist has been represented, it is to the foreign that we are most indebted.

Mr. Pinero's "Letty"

First and foremost comes Mr. Pinero's "Letty"; not so much in point of excellence, perhaps, as by way of recognition of the fact that Mr. Pinero is easily the foremost English dramatist of the day, and that every new play by him is to be regarded as something in the nature of an "event."

Before continuing further, lest there be any false hopes, let it be at once confessed that "Letty" is not, in our opinion, quite of the standard nor quality of such masterpieces as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," or "Iris," or "The Gay Lord Quex." A perfect technician, Mr. Pinero always interests and produces an actable piece. At times he rises, however, far above this and makes you forget technique in the power and force of his story. In "Letty" he does not do this. You are interested in the young girl who goes so near the fire that she scorches her raiment yet manages to come away with little more harm—indeed, with a keen and valuable knowledge of fire that will henceforth be as asbestos to her. But the play does not grip you with that same intensity you felt when you saw Iris broken on the wheel of her own weakness or Paula Tanqueray struggling against the inevitable. The story is more conventional and less convincing. By this same token it ought to please many who found the terribly moral lesson of the other plays immoral. Not that the drama is poor; it could not be that

coming from such a source, but it seems to lack the dead-in-earnest quality which we have come to expect from Mr. Pinero. After all, the story of how a young girl, in poor circumstances, is beset by temptations, her longings to rise above her lot, to be something better, and how, missing her aim, she is apt to fall—all this is somewhat trite. So Mr. Pinero has drawn Letty as a woman of peculiar fiber and has made the struggle psychologic and subtle. It is in the fourth act, when Letty has practically agreed to fling everything to the wind, that we see how clever and great a dramatist Mr. Pinero is. What causes the change in Letty? Why does she beg to be allowed to go free after she has willingly given herself up? A second-rate dramatist would have had her rescued by her brother or father or worshipping-from-a-far lover. Not Mr. Pinero. He simply throws before Letty's eye a living picture of what she is about to do, an example of how the very man to whom she is giving herself considers such an act when his own sister commits it, how much she may trust the character of the Lechmeres, and, in a flash, there comes to Letty the awfulness of the step she was about to take. Here Mr. Pinero rises to his own best level and shows the inner working of the soul as only he can. It is splendid, and it thrills and holds you. If the play only ended there you would leave deeply moved; but there is another act, an epilogue, showing Letty happily married to a numbskull of a photographer and preaching the charm of humdrum respectability.

It is because this play is so good in parts and so disappointing in others that it proves tantalizing. It is as if Mr. Pinero had deliberately gone back in moments to the days of "The Hobby Horse" and "Sweet Lavender." At other times he talks about heredity and the like in a way that recalls Ibsen. Perhaps for this very reason it is a highly typical play, showing from what Mr. Pinero worked and where he now stands. Up to the early eighties Mr. Pinero had been known as a writer of farces. He had pre-

viously tried his hand at law and had acted some. For a decade or more his name was associated with such plays as "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "Dandy Dick," "The Hobby-Horse," "The Weaker Sex," "Lady Bountiful" and "Sweet Lavender," and others of like caliber. Not poor work these, but surely it would have taken an acute observer to have discovered at that time in their author the creator of a Sophie Fullgarney or an Iris. It was not until 1893 that Mr. Pinero won his position—a position which each year he has made more secure. It was at this date that Mr. George Alexander produced, with Mrs. Campbell in the title part, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a play which ranks as a dramatic masterpiece. Its success was as brilliant as it was unexpected, although attended by no end of censure and criticism. Then came such plays as "The Amazons," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," and now "Letty." No other dramatist writing in English can begin to show such a record. His success is doubly praiseworthy in that he has worked out of a position wherein he might have been financially as successful, but in no way on the same plane. His influence, too, upon the younger dramatists has been great. In his later work Pinero is a cross between an Ibsen and a Dumas, plus his own English individuality. A man of broad principle and far-seeing scrutiny, he stands to-day as the symbol and apex of English drama.

"Taps"

It was a rather daring thing for the Shuberts to attempt Franz Adam Beyerlein's tragic drama "Zapfenstreich," translated under the title of "Taps." Not only had the play been produced here last winter in German at the Irving Place Theater with no less an actor than Ferdinand Bonn in it, but by nature the piece was so typical of German life and German society that without a knowledge of these factors the ordinary play-goer would hardly understand it. Yet the drama is one of power and force and excellent workmanship, and so intense that it carries by sheer force of its story. In one way it is allied to Bilse's book, "A Little Garrison," for it is an attack upon militarism and the evils of barracks life. In another way, however, it strikes at the

whole fabric of German social life. In the young well-bred lieutenant who cannot marry the girl he has wronged because his social level is above hers, and who cannot fight her father in a duel because his rank in the army is above his, the author has shown in forceful manner the absurdity of fixed codes and "honors." Beautiful, too, is the character of the father who all his life has been a mere child in the hand of the monster militarism, who knows but one word, "duty." His struggle between the training of years and the impulses of the father in him is as pathetic a picture as has been seen upon the stage in many a day. And when finally he rises above everything and becomes simply man and shoots his daughter down, with a click, as if he were a wheel, he slips back again to the mere sergeant-major. This is really a play of worth, one that deserves hearty support. It is splendidly acted by Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Miss Effie Shannon and a capable company.

"Business is Business"

Having touched upon the English and German, we may now go to the French. When Octave Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires" was first produced at the *Comédie Française* it created a profound impression and sensation. It became widely known over the Continent, but it is only this year that it has come to us. It is not difficult to see the elements which contributed to its success. In the first place, it is a "big" theme. It is aimed at one of the strongest of modern characteristics—the greed for money. It is, as it were, based upon newspaper accounts. In the second place, its principle character, Lechat, is a splendid acting part, and one of great intensity. The great wonder and curiosity about this play is that it practically has no story, no single motivating theme. In final analysis it is pure character study. You see Lechat in his home, surrounded by every luxury, self-satisfied, selfish, at bottom coarse and brutal. His daughter hates and despises him, and between him and his wife there is no bond of sympathy or even kindness. His son is a *roué*. You watch two "sharps" try to "do" him and see them beaten at their own game. At every turn you are aware of the cruel egotism of the man. Finally you detect him in a plot to marry his daughter into the nobility. The first breaking down comes when the

daughter refuses. You see the animal in him as he strikes her and orders her away from home. She does go, and once again you see him receiving the news that his son, the only being for whom he has any affection, has been crushed to death in his automobile. He breaks down and cries like a child, and then the two "sharpers" return and try again to play their game, relying upon his grief to aid them. He rises in his grief, beats them again, and then, and only then, goes out to view the dead body of his son.

What is the central theme to all this? Where is the struggle? Between the old man and the two swindlers? Or is it between the old man and fate? But there is little inevitability in the sequence of events. His son need not have been killed and his daughter need not have refused the offer of marriage. It is just this that keeps this piece, fine, and in a way exquisite as it is, from being called great. It is great as a character study, but not as a play. And it holds by the sheer power of this very thing. A word must be said of the acting. Mr. Crane has never done anything finer in his career than the impersonation of this hard-hearted, keen, cruel financier who is velvet to the touch, but all iron underneath.

Mr. David Warfield

Speaking of acting, there must be chronicled the success of Mr. David Warfield. Some four years ago Mr. Warfield was at Weber and Field's music hall doing grotesque caricatures of Hebrews. Then came the time when he starred in a play called "The Auctioneer," but still impersonated the Hebrew. For the first time he has now left broad character work and is to be seen as a German music teacher, in Charles Kline's play, "The Music Master." The play is conventional enough and will hardly stand analysis as far as dramatic standards go. Mr. Warfield has made a profound impression, and has with one bound jumped to the foremost rank of actors.

A New Shaw Play

Mr. Arnold Daly has produced for the first time on any stage a new Shaw play, "a warning to play-goers, a comedietta in one act." The cast of characters reads, "Her Lover, Her Husband, Herself." There you have it. What is it about? It is the cleverest imaginable satire upon— But listen to

this bit of dialogue from it. They wanted to go to "Parsifal," but the poet not being able to get seats, purchased tickets for a play.

Herself: "What play?"

Her Lover: "What play? What play could you and I go to in default of 'Parsifal' except to 'Candida'?"

And there you are. The whole thing becomes a huge satire on the author's own play, one of the wittiest, keenest satires ever written. It shows the poet and the husband and the wife, and it shows just what would actually happen—perhaps. That one little clause, "a warning to play-goers," gives the whole thing away. Mr. Shaw may be having a certain amount of fun with himself, but he is having a great deal more with his audience. "How He Lied to Her Husband" is one of the cleverest satires upon the platitudinous stuff that we usually hear at the theaters that has ever been written. It shows the absurdity of conventionality which does not exist in real life, which never did exist in real life. It is distinctly in line with all Mr. Shaw's other plays in this, and it is as elusive as one of his prefaces. It is a little trifle, but in its thirty minutes there is more real enjoyment to be found than in half a dozen ordinary plays.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company

Some two months ago mention was made in these columns of a "permanent" company with Mrs. Fiske at its head, to be established at the Manhattan Theater. On September 14, this company made its *début* in a revival of "Becky Sharp." There is no need at this time to speak of the play. Everything for and against it has long ago been said. Neither is criticism of Mrs. Fiske's acting in this rôle necessary; her impersonation of Becky ranks as one of her finest and most studied pieces of acting. The interest naturally turns, therefore, to the company. In every way the company is satisfactory, and in one or two instances it is more. In Mr. George Arliss and Mr. John Mason Mr. Fiske has secured two actors of great ability and distinction. There is no doubt, either, that the minor members of the company will steadily improve, for there is nothing like a stock company for developing and training. The Manhattan company may not revive the glory of Daly's, of which we are so fond of speaking, but it has a chance of becoming a splendid organization, worthy of the best traditions of the drama.

Science and Invention

Sir William Ramsay on Radium

Sir William Ramsay, the eminent British scientist, has recently been in this country, and, as was inevitable, was questioned, among other matters, upon the investigations into the character and properties of radium, on which he is a foremost authority. The "Public Ledger," of Philadelphia, gives the following statement, made to one of its reporters:

All previous calculations of science are likely to be upset by radium. We may soon be compelled to revise some of the theories of physics that are now regarded as cardinal. Dealing with the possibilities of radium is much like speculating upon the future of a babe in arms. We must watch it develop into childhood and mature growth before we can talk much about its future.

One extraordinary quality of radium salts is that the evolution of heat and energy goes on continuously, apparently without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without adulteration of its molecular structure. At the expiration of a month of activity the salt is quite as great as it was in the beginning of the experiment. There is no doubt about the conversion of radium into helium. It has been observed many times. In our experiments for several days a luminous gas was continuously emitted, but we could not determine the nature of it. When examined through the spectroscope it did not at first show the characteristics of helium. But later, by the application of intense heat, a gaseous product was obtained, occupying about two and one-half times the space of the original emanation, and there were unmistakable signs of the spectrum of helium.

There are various theories to account for the evolution of heat and other strange forms of radiation from helium and its allied elements. The most satisfactory one seems to be that some of the atoms in the substances are disintegrating, and thereby liberating stored energy. A few physicists assume that the energy was at one time absorbed from some external source, and is now given off again. If we judge by the rate at which gas is evolved from the salts of radium, it seems probable that any given mass of it would decay and completely disappear in from two thousand to two thousand five hundred years. The life of three or four other radio-active metals is very much longer. My own research, which is not yet complete, encourages me to think that the "electronic" theory of atoms has a career of usefulness before it. Our new understanding about the atom may lead to entirely unforeseen results.

So far as the commercial advantages of radium are concerned, they are only apparent, as yet, in medicine. Radium is, I believe, a sure cure for certain forms of cancer, tumor and lupus.

A slight enlargement of the remark about the transformation of radium into helium is found in a quotation given in "American Medicine," which is as follows:

The transformation of one element into another, as, for instance, the transformation of radium into helium, is in some cases quite certain. But often the new element appears in such infinitesimal quantities that it is impossible to measure or work with it. I don't want to specify the quantities so found, but they are frequently like one-three-billionth of a milligram. The transformations are brought about by the application of radium to some other element. If we could only get enough radium—if we could get as much as a pound of it—we should be able to procure the reactions in more measurable quantities. It is also possible to bring about the same transformations by means of Roentgen rays, but this method is too slow. An illustration of the effect that radium produces may be seen when it is applied to glass. It thereupon appears to decompose or transform the glass into a matter like lead, a matter like actinium, and something else.

Coal in Nevada

Few discoveries of recent years are of more importance than that of coal in Nevada. In fact, as far as utility is concerned, under certain conditions, a coal-mine is a better possession than a gold-mine. If the matter were pressed, it would be easy to show that the greatest triumphs of modern civilization are due to the "black diamond." The following passage, from the "American Inventor," will therefore be read with interest:

On account of the scarcity and high price of fuel, the occurrence of coal, even of inferior quality, within the desert region of Nevada is a matter of great interest. At the north end of the Silver Peak Range, in Esmeralda County, just south of the road between Silver Peak and Candelaria, coal-beds occur in Tertiary formations. This coal is said to have been discovered by William Grozenger, of Candelaria, in 1893, and the seams are now continuously located. The chief seams are four in number, and some of them extend for a distance of three thousand or four thousand feet in outcrops that trend in a north-westerly and southeasterly direction. Mr. Grozenger has classified the veins, counting from the top, as the first, second, third and fourth veins. The distance between the first and second veins, perpendicularly, is estimated by him to be 150 feet; between the second and third, 70 feet; and between the third and fourth, 130 feet. The uppermost vein seems to be relatively poor and small, and, as exposed in outcrop, of little value. Vein No. 2 is in coal shales and is several feet

thick. The vein contains considerable slate parting or bone. Vein No. 3, which is also in the coal shale, is of better quality and thicker than No. 2. No. 4 shows from six to eight feet of coal of much better quality than the upper veins. Some of this coal has a brilliant luster, while the coal of the other veins is dull in color. It is used as a forge coal by Mr. Grozenger and affords a coke. The coal contains a smaller percentage of ash than that of the upper veins.

These prospects have been bonded several times. The chief prospecting has been on the upper veins, and the coal developed has been so light in nature and so full of ash that prospecting has been repeatedly abandoned. It seems, however, that the lowest vein has been somewhat neglected, and possibly this may be found in the future to be available as fuel. The outcrop of this vein is limited and broken near the fault, but its underground extent must be great. Inasmuch as the beds underlying this seam are not exposed on account of the fault, it is not impossible that still other seams may occur beneath it.

The numerous mining enterprises which have been recently developed in this region, where there is no water-power, little wood supply, and only expensive transportation, make even these coals, which are undoubtedly poor in quality, important. Since they all contain a large percentage of volatile matter, the gas in them might be separated and profitably used for fuel.

The Use of Polar Expeditions

Some persons are fond of asking what benefit to the human race is expected from expeditions to the north pole. The president of the section of engineering at the last meeting of the British Association even went so far as to say that it is more important and useful to have a deep hole pierced into the earth, say some twelve miles, than to go to the north or south pole. M. Charles Bénard, president of the Oceanographic Society of the Bay of Biscay, an officer of the French Navy on the retired list, in the "Independent" of September 15, has given some excellent reasons why there should even be a new expedition to the north pole. He says:

The arctic regions are occupied by a deep maritime basin in which the ice, with which it is almost wholly covered, floats about at the mercy of winds and currents. The extremely abundant supply of water poured out into this basin by the great rivers of northern Russia, Siberia and North America and the snowfall on the iceberg glaciers adds an appreciable supplementary weight to the sea surface and raises the general level of the Arctic Ocean, which suffices to produce an expansive movement that seeks an outlet through the natural channels of Bering Strait, Smith Sound and the grand gateway lying between Greenland and Norway.

But there is another factor in the problem of considerable importance, whose influence is permanent and truly wonderful. This, added to the ones already mentioned, produces in the Arctic basin a general circulation of the whole mass of water and ice. I refer to the inpouring of the warm equatorial waters accumulated by the trade winds in the Gulf of Mexico, carried by the Gulf Stream along the European coasts and then pushed on into the Arctic Ocean by the dominant southwest winds of the North Atlantic.

These waters pass between Iceland and Norway, which they free from ice throughout the whole summer, then penetrate into Barents Sea, breaking up the ice there, thus making it possible for ships to sail quite easily along the western coast of Nova Zembla and reach the southern part of the Francis Joseph Archipelago.

This fresh inflow of salt water, which mingles with the fluvial inflow already mentioned, produces in the regions in the north and east of the New Siberia Archipelago a vast cold clearing-out current which carries before it all the fragments of the central ice-fields, forming thus a mighty drift toward the eastern coast of Greenland. This cold current bears along on its surface floes, ice-fields, icebergs, hummocks, etc., and washes up along this coast an almost insuperable barrier. When this current reaches Cape Farewell it divides, one portion descending straight toward Newfoundland, while the other follows up along the west coast of Greenland and goes to increase the current in Baffin Bay, which bears along the ice-drifts of Smith, Jones and Lancaster Sounds and Hudson Strait. It is this last-mentioned current which carries icebergs even down to the latitude of Naples, and its power plays an important and capricious part in the meteorology of Europe.

Analogous to these sea currents, but less definite because more difficult to observe, are the phenomena of the atmosphere so intimately connected with the great low-pressure barometric waves. The proofs of these facts are found in the study of certain normal air currents in certain constant depressions and in the physical causes which produce the aurora borealis.

What are the laws which govern these great marine and aerial streams? What are, each month, their exact zones of influence? Such are the parameters of the polar question about which it would be most useful and important to know all that is possible.

If we bear in mind what influence the variations of the seasons have in anemometry, temperature and humidity, and how closely these latter are related to the dangers of navigation, to the sea fisheries, the products of agriculture, the development of epidemics and epizootics, the conditions affecting inland streams and the great rivers flowing into the ocean, it will be readily admitted that we cannot be too eager to study these subjects, to make every research possible in this connection, to find out the underlying causes bearing on them, and to arrive at the possibility of making forecasts which would be so beneficial to the general economy.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

The Pneumonia Investigation

Modern medical science has decided that pneumonia is one of the infectious diseases, and in the city of New York cases have to be reported to the Board of Health. Much may be done hygienically to mitigate the severity of an epidemic of pneumonia, if persons will only take the trouble to learn something about the nature of the disease. The "Independent" of New York, of September 22, gives the following information:

It has been known for many years that pneumonia is due to a special form of microbe, which exists so commonly in the mouth of even healthy individuals as to be considered almost a normal inhabitant of the upper part of the digestive tract. It is partly because of its presence that the saliva of human beings is likely to be fatal to animals when injected subcutaneously, because it is a special property of the germ of pneumonia, the pneumococcus, as it is called, to produce pus whenever it gains an entrance directly into the tissues. It does not produce a purulent inflammation in pneumonia, because it lies on the mucous membrane of the lungs, but does not gain an entrance into the tissues. It finds its way occasionally into the blood, but does not produce a very serious result here, unless the patient is very much run down.

It is easy to understand, then, that the problem of the method by which pneumonia is contracted is very difficult. It is not the presence of the pneumococcus alone that produces the disease, but a certain predisposition on the part of the individual followed by deposition of this germ on a mucous membrane, where it finds a resting-place, and can grow and multiply luxuriantly. Notwithstanding this, it has been known for some time that pneumonia is to a limited extent at least a contagious disease. Among children in hospitals certain forms of pneumonia spread very markedly. In wards where adults are confined it is not unusual to have several cases of pneumonia succeed one another, sometimes after the admission of a case of the disease, just as if it spread from bed to bed. This has been noted often among soldiers in barracks and in crowded quarters.

The present sensational announcements with regard to pneumonia need not produce any terrifying effect, since the disease has always been with us, but is now for some temporary reasons especially virulent. Its prevalence indicates the necessity for care in avoiding mingling with crowds at moments when extremely tired or when for some reason food has not been taken for a longer interval than usual. It is at moments like these that the disease is acquired, though its method of distribution is not as yet definitely known.

Dr. Anders, Professor of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, and a well-known authority on climatology, in an article in "American Medicine" on Lobar Pneumonia, says:

The coincidence of existing low temperatures, high barometric pressure, the direction and velocity of the winds and maximum mortality from pneumonia is so uniformly constant as to merit serious consideration and suggest a close and direct relation between their combined influence and the progress of mortality from pneumonia.

But it is to be noticed that he adds:

The major influence exerted by the seasons, however, is probably not direct (e. g., by a lowering of the bodily resistance due to the low temperature, high barometric pressure, direction and velocity of the winds, etc.) but indirect, namely, by bringing about that effective element in the causation, concentration and increased virulence of the specific poison in consequence of closed doors and windows and lack of free ventilation.

Immunity from pneumonia, then, becomes a matter of healthy living, or hygiene. There is no need for protective serums, but rather of sanitary conditions. This is borne out by the following passage from "American Medicine":

The fundamental condition of the health of the Japanese lies far back of all the contributions of Occidental civilization, and is wholly indigenous to this remarkable people. It consists in the national habit of living in the fresh air and sunshine. Every hygienist knows and preaches that almost the sole cause of tuberculosis and pneumonia is the ill ventilation and impure air of our houses. They are house diseases. Many others are in part or indirectly due to the same cause. Personal uncleanness of body is also a contributing source of morbid mischief, against which the best of our Western nations must also fight a long war. The Japanese have plenty of fresh air and light in their houses.

First Aid in Chicago

The following news item from the "Medical Record" of September 24 is important as affording an indication of a movement that ought to be national, not local. In England they have an association, known as the St. John's Society, which conducts throughout the length and breadth of the land such instruction as the Chicago society proposes to give. Persons of all ranks of life qualify to give first aid, and the posses-

sion of a badge is an honor coveted by many. As the course of instruction offered by the Chicago First Aid Society is freely offered, there is no reason why it should not be accepted by persons of all classes, and the founding of such courses by those who have a superabundance of money would be, to say the least, as good a way of perpetuating their memory as some of those already in vogue. A National First Aid Society, conferring certificates and badges, with "chapters" in every center of population, would be of even greater benefit than the noble "Red Cross" is in time of war.

Plans to train the public in the science of rendering first aid to the wounded in emergency cases are being pushed by a newly formed organization of physicians and laymen, the Chicago First Aid Society. This society has undertaken to make an organized effort to deal with our appalling and ever-growing casualty list incident to the rush and hurry of modern industrial life, and it proposes to establish throughout Chicago classes of instruction in first emergency methods for the treatment of the injured. The course of instruction will consist of a series of about fifteen lectures. These lectures will include a short elementary course in anatomy and physiology, to be followed by demonstrations and instructions in the correct emergency methods of treating broken bones, sprains and dislocations; how to arrest bleeding and treat wounds and cuts; instruction in bandaging; how to treat shocks of electricity and lightning, etc. At the end of the course examinations will be held and certificates and badges awarded to graduating members. There will be no charge for instruction.

Nervous School-children

Are we doing all we can for the school-children? There is a great outcry about education, meaning book-learning. How about that other essential in "bringing-up" children—health? Hear what the "Medical News" says:

Dr. C. C. Krauskopf, assistant supervisor of the child study department of public schools of Chicago, has prepared statistics which show that one-third of the school-children of that city are afflicted with some form of nervousness, mild or aggravated. Some of the pupils examined exhibited signs of mental depression with a marked tendency to melancholia. Others presented choreic symptoms. The prevalence of nervous disorders among children is attributed to the following causes: Strenuous city life; impure city atmosphere; the bringing up of children in flats, no relief from noise, day or night; lack of proper nutrition; late hours permitted by parents; and residence among cable and trolley car lines. The finding is based on statistics collected in every part of the city.

The announcement sounds like a timely warning and calls for the earnest consideration of school authorities and parents. Undoubtedly a

large part of the nervousness of the school-children is due to the peculiar conditions imposed by the life in the city. From the hour he awakens until he goes to sleep at night, the average resident of almost any of the larger cities in this country suffers a severe strain upon his nervous strength. The process continues even when the victim is least conscious of it. Another factor in the depreciation of nervous health is found in the fact that in many homes the best and most nourishing foods are omitted from the daily bill of fare or are improperly cooked. Add to these hurtful influences a hard mental application required in the schoolroom, in an atmosphere often vitiated and amid the incessant rustle caused by the presence of so many restive children, and we have conditions, Dr. Krauskopf believes, admirably adapted to produce a population of nervous dyspeptics.

There is an obvious need for the betterment of the living conditions, both in the home and in the public schools. School boards must recognize the fact that no amount of learning can fit children for the duties of life if they are to reach maturity with poor health and disordered nerves, and that they must therefore take measures to insure better ventilation of schoolrooms and protect the pupils against undue nervous tension.

We feel inclined to "go the 'Medical Record' one better," and to say that if school boards do their full duty they would provide for the instruction of the specially nervous under conditions of special hygiene. Why leave the remedial treatment to the summer vacation and the casual charity of newspaper and other open air societies? Even when these excellent charities do their utmost, they can only give a mouthful of fresh air to a minority of those needing it. They are doing these things better in Germany. See the "Medical Record" for September 10:

Greater Berlin—that is, not the town itself, but its sister city, Charlottenburg—can boast of a new institution, the first of its kind in Germany, namely, a "forest school." The establishment covers about one hectare of ground and is surrounded by pine forests, which screen it from high winds. Green lawns and shrubbery delight the eye. The buildings include a school-building, an open shed, a barrack for the management, and one used as a lavatory and bath-room. There are 120 pupils of both sexes, divided into six classes. The children are selected by the school physicians and consist of those who, while not ill enough to be sent to a hospital, are yet not sufficiently strong to get along in classes with robust, healthy children. The pupils spend the entire day at the school, where they are given three meals. The actual time for study is not to exceed two to two and a half hours, the rest of the day being spent in games, gymnastics, manual training, etc. After the midday dinner the children may rest or sleep in comfortable chairs. A physician visits the school regularly to look after the health of the pupils. It is intended to keep the school open until October.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

The Tree of Life

There is an ancient tradition that the home of the human race was once in a garden. In the midst of the garden was a tree of life. For offenses committed man was driven from the garden lest he should get to the fruit of the tree and live. Whatever may be thought of the authenticity of this tradition, it can at least be affirmed that it has served to color the religious expression of many generations more effectually than almost any other. The cloister, the monastery, the convent, the hermit's cell, the pilgrimage to sacred shrines—all these are terms which have sought to express the search after the tree of life in the midst of the garden. And their service to the intellectual growth and moral development of religious seekers is not denied. The value of solitude for purposes of meditation can hardly be overestimated; and meditation is essential to growth in thought or character. But that sort of "religious exercise" can be made to absorb life, instead of feeding it, and the Christian centuries contain many dreary chapters of wasted human energy in cells and caves and sacred pilgrimages—energy which might with advantage have been expended in improving the lives of the neglected and oppressed of earth. And one reads of influential religious teachers of these later centuries who were "powerful in prayer" spending a third or a half of the working day in agonizing appeals to the Heavenly Father, and going, as Jonathan Edwards went, from a worn floor with callous knees into the pulpit to proclaim to trembling men the terrors of the divine law.

A cry is often raised by earnest religious people against the loss of much of this religious expression which occupied so prominent a place in the lives of our fathers. But if the age is advancing to something better there need be no regret. John, in his vision on Patmos, had another view of the tree of life. He saw a great city thronged with people. And in the street of that city flowed a river. And beside the

river grew the tree of life, clothed with healing leaves and bending with ever timely fruit.

We submit that this picture is better and truer to life than the older one. Life is to be found, not in a garden withdrawn from man, but in the very thoroughfare of his activity; not where the fewest can come to it with difficulty, but where the multitude can get away from its healing and its nourishment only with effort. Too long "Life" and *life* have been kept separate; the one a superimposed mystery added to him who was so fortunate as to discover its hidden retreat, the other the daily fact of universal being. John brings the "mystery" to the "fact" and makes the tree of Life the most accessible object in the city street.

Perhaps no expression of current human thought better exemplifies this breaking down of the barriers which have long kept religion and life apart than the type of periodical literature fast becoming dominant. We can well remember when the "secular magazine" and the "religious magazine" were distinct and sharply unlike. To-day it is difficult to find a periodical of standing which does not contain a clear ethical appeal and seek to call its readers to the riches of a life which is not of the flesh, but is of the spirit. The same is true of educational institutions. Complaint is sometimes heard that the sectarian schools are not maintained as formerly. Whether the complaint is well founded would be difficult to determine without specific investigation, but it is certain that there are no longer any irreligious schools of high standing, at least in America. Conceptions of a life above the physical have pervaded the very atmosphere of all our universities. They do not produce churchmen, but they are producing an ever higher type of manhood. In religious organizations themselves this enlarging of the conception of religion is apparent. The "protracted meeting" and the camp-meeting nearly everywhere lack their old-time fervor and com-

munities are seldom shaken as under the preaching of Moody and Finney; but prophets like John H. Vincent, discerning the signs of the times, had the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle" ready to give the generation to which the revival emotionalism failed to appeal, and many devout believers in religious faiths see in Tenement House Commissions, and Park Commissions, and Children's Playgrounds, and Leagues for Civic Improvement, and kindred organizations a force for social betterment more potent and permanent than the most eloquent revival awakenings on record. The Consumer's League, protesting against inhuman conditions of human labor, is a distinct effort to plant the tree of Life in the very heart of our great cities, where multitudes have been dying under the very eaves of temples reared to the worship of God. The National Child Labor Committee is an attempt to respond to the command of Jesus—"Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—and they evidently believe that a sound body, freedom of childhood, an opportunity for education and the training of a healthy home are direct channels through which the little children can come unto the ideal life.

Nations are feeling the influence of the life-giving principle of righteousness and peace, and the leaves of this tree are actually performing their healing ministry. It becomes increasingly apparent that all society will eventually come under the influence of that power and fruitfulness of life which has never been hidden away in a secluded garden, but manifests itself in the heart of the city, "in the midst of the street thereof."

"He Made of One Every Nation of Men"

The Congregationalist and Christian World contains this concise summary of present-day difficulties arising out of the antagonism existing in various parts of the world solely because of difference in race, creed, color or language.

The South denies social equality to the negro and endeavors to lessen his political power. The Japanese children of San Francisco have been ordered out of the public schools for whites, and sent to the Chinese public schools, because they are despised "Mongolians." Men of prominence in England openly question whether the present ministry, in allying itself with Japan—"a pagan nation," they call it—has not betrayed Caucasian and Christian interests, which view of the matter is popular among Russians, so much so that it

colors even their prayers at the present time. Russia debarb Jews, though American citizens, from free movement in the empire, and Turkey likewise rules against Armenians who are citizens of the United States. Now comes word from South Africa that American negroes there are protesting through our consul against the laws of the Transvaal because they are debarred from riding in certain railway coaches, and because they are forced to take to the road whenever whites approach on the sidewalk. In short, their American citizenship does not prevent them undergoing that racial discrimination which the Englishman in South Africa enforces not only against the negro, but also against the natives of India, fellow citizens with him in the British Empire. Nor is the British Government's problem with its complications caused by instinctive racial antipathies limited to South Africa. Australians who have faced the "yellow peril" and have debarred all Mongolians from the new commonwealth are murmuring against the imperial policy which makes Japan an ally and Russia an enemy. We enumerate these many present-day clashes between men of differing race stocks to show that we as a nation are not alone burdened with the matter.

The Mongolian, on his part, is not oblivious to the disparity between the preaching of the "Golden Rule" and the sort of diplomacy which has characterized much of the "foreign" activity in the far East. The following stanza from a song used by the Chinese reflects the popular attitude:

Missionary preacher, "Brother,
Christian lovee foes,"
Allee samee, kill each other,
Cut off brother's nose.
Foreign devils fightee, hangee,
Takee allee can,
Then if some one mustee hangee—
Hangee Chinaman.

Nevertheless, there are gleams of the coming day. There is a fraternity of religious belief, and through the welding power of a common affection Mongolians and Caucasians actually love each other. There is a fraternity of economic ideals, and while Russia and Japan fight for dominion the socialists of Japan recently transmitted a letter of good fellowship to the socialists in Russia affirming their fraternal regard and their sorrow because of the loss and bloodshed. There is a fraternity of artistic ideals, and the wise and unselfish in all lands are coming to praise the achievements of those of other races, and love is sure to grow out of generous esteem.

"Lest the Bottles Burst and the Wine Be Destroyed"

In a recent number of *To-Day* Mr. Israel Zangwill writes the most interesting word

that has been seen on the Free Church discussion. He says:

The first generation of a church or a heresy—the terms are synonymous, for every church starts as a heresy—is full to the brim of vitality, fire, revolt, sincerity, spirituality, self-sacrifice. It is a generation exalted and enkindled by the new truth. . . . The second generation has witnessed this fervor of its fathers; it has been nourished in the warmth of the doctrine; its education is imprinted with the true fiery stamp. It is still near the Holy Ghost. In the third generation the waves radiated from the primal fire have cooled in their passage through time; the original momentum tends to be exhausted. Now is the period of the smug Pharisees profiting by the martyrdoms of their ancestors, babbling rhetorically—between two pleasures—of their fidelity to the faith of their fathers. If the third generation of a church can get through with fair spiritual success, it is often only because of a saving persecution. . . . In the fourth generation you shall ever find the young people sly skeptics or sullen rebels, and the Vicar of Bray coming in for high preferment.

In commenting on Mr. Zangwill's somewhat cynical suggestion that the Church should be wound up about every third generation, with the right to reconstitute itself under a new system, and possibly also with a new name, the London correspondent of *The Church Standard* quotes the following parable from the *Daily News*:

A certain Mrs. Chalmers was very fond of her nephew, Tommy, and when she was drawing near her end she told her sons, Peter and John, and left with them a letter which contained the following provision: "Whether my shop is carried on or sold, I wish enough money to be laid aside to keep little Tommy always respectably clad."

The story goes on to describe the excellent and well-fitting suit provided by the executors, and the misery entailed on the wearer when he outgrew its dimensions. When more suitable clothing was suggested the family lawyer decided: "The size of the boy is a vital element in the case. Money left for the purpose of clothing a little boy cannot be legally used for clothing a big boy. If the boy is to benefit by the bequest he must remain a little boy. To use the money in clothing a big boy would alienate it from the purpose for which it was expressly bequeathed, and would make the executors liable to be prosecuted for breach of trust."

Faith in God

The visit of Rev. Charles Wagner, of Paris, the leader of French liberal Protestantism, has given his already popular messages added interest for American readers. It is difficult to estimate the magnitude of the service

rendered to religious thought and institutions by one who combines with the most advanced sociological ideals a clear and simple religious faith.

Effort is constantly made in France to identify the Protestant movement with the work of the leaders of French free thought. In this attempt the "freethinkers" and the Catholics find themselves united. A series of letters recently published in *Le Protestant* by M. Buisson ably seeks to prove the oneness of Protestantism with "free thought" by a study of the social and reform movements in which both parties are engaged.

Mr. Wagner replies in his finest vein with a series of letters in which he states his personal faith, and what he conceives to be the dominant spirit of the liberal Protestant movement; their eagerness to unite with people of any religious faith (free or bound) in social and industrial improvements and educational reforms; their reason for fighting in the ranks of the anticlerical party, yet maintaining their allegiance to religious authority and the validity of a divine commission. Mr. Wagner maintains that the distinction between the Protestant and the freethinker is faith in God. He writes:

As for this vocable God, against which you have so many reservations to present, I recognize that crying abuses are attached to it. It has been profaned, soiled, compromised more than any other expression of the human tongue. And yet—what a place it occupies and how it has filled the souls of men for centuries and centuries! It is the sweetest name I have heard since my youth. To have Sirius disappear from the firmament would cause me less regret; never more to see stars in the night would leave me in an obscurity less dark than to see disappear from my memory that name, blessed above all others! Renounce it? And why? Because the hypocrite uses it in his cheating; the fanatic in his anathema; the scholastic in his subtleties? Poor reason! God is more certain to me than the world and than life. I name sorrow that I do not understand, and death that is a mystery to me. Why should my lips be silent as to Him who consoles me for the one and the other?

Many who have felt that religion is rather a hindrance than an aid to eager humanitarian work will be revived by this word from one who lives in vital contest with some of the mightiest social problems of the century, and gives his entire life to seeking the ninety and nine who went astray.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

The Reasoning Horse

The case of the horse which is being educated in Germany is sure to arouse lively discussion. The whole field of animal intelligence must pass under survey, with the difficulty that Cartesians and evolutionists pure and simple have no common ground upon which to carry on their investigation. The truth is that in the study of what has been called animal psychology—a term which, however doubtful, we may be allowed to use—the element of introspection, which has been of paramount importance in human psychology, cannot be employed. All that we can do is to make a series of external observations and form from them certain inferences. Here comes in the dictum of Terence, "Quot homines, tot sententiae," and discussion resolves itself into a mere record of what each one thinks. But it may safely be said that the matter is one well worth watching by all who take an interest in natural history.

The training of animals has long been practised, whether in the cause of science or for the sake of mere exhibition. Strange, indeed, have been some of the living things that have been brought under man's tuition—fleas, pigs, dogs, horses, and a multitude of others. In some of the cases there was undoubtedly trickery, in others genuine mystery. There appears to be no reason for suspecting trickery in the case of the horse at Berlin, for the owner and teacher has unreservedly placed his pupil in the hands of men of science. The best account of the phenomena presented by the horse is that which is here taken from an editorial in the "Independent" of September 29.

It is worth while to pursue a little the facts about that educated horse, the wise Hans, which the Germans are talking so much about; for there may be more importance in the fact of the education of a horse to reason than in the discovery of half a dozen chemical elements. If horses can be trained to reason, why not dogs? And what limit may there be to it in the generations? The owner, Herr von Osten, once a teacher of mathematics, is now educating the horse for exhibition purposes, but simply in the interest of science. The report of his powers is given by Dr. Heinroth,

of the Berlin Zoological Garden. In the presence of Herr von Osten, who coaxed the horse by feeding him with carrots, he answered correctly, by stamping with his right fore foot, such questions as $6+2$ and $4+3$. He then gave correctly the multiples of 12 and such sums as $72+14$. He was asked in German words, "What is the difference between 43 and 6," and immediately pawed the answer. Hans can, says Dr. Heinroth, convert common fractions into decimals (an astounding statement), and can tell time by the clock. When asked, "It is now forty minutes after twelve: how many minutes before one o'clock?" he immediately gave twenty strokes. He tells colors, and when asked which in a row of numbered colors was green he indicated the right one by five strokes. One would think this must be deception, for how can a horse, without words, keep count of numbers up to 86 at least? But Dr. Heinroth questioned the horse in his stall, in the absence of his owner, and got equally clear and correct answers. It is an old question which this recalls, "Is a man better than a beast?"

The evolutionist pure and simple is at liberty to say that mind, as well as body, is a result of evolution; that as the possibility of man's body is in the lowliest animal form, so the possibility of his mind is there, and is not a special gift to the human species alone. If environment has produced one, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that it may produce the other. Herr von Osten has placed his horse in a certain environment and a certain result has followed. But we cannot reason thus from a single instance. As said above, the whole field must be brought under survey even more thoroughly than Romanes endeavored to do in his "Animal Intelligence."

The "Independent" asks, "Why not dogs?" The Passaic (N. J.) "City Record" some months ago told a story about a dog which has a feature in it which is astounding, and which is italicized in the following passage. With that exception there is little out of the common.

Bruno Baldwin, a St. Bernard dog belonging to Joseph Baldwin, is being lionized by the citizens of Bloomfield, and there is talk of electing him an honorary member of the volunteer fire department. Last night an incendiary set fire to the Baldwin stable, and Bruno was the first to discover the blaze. He made an alarm by barking loudly and by scratching at the door of his master's home. There were two valuable

horses in the burning building, with whom the dog was friendly, and the sagacious animal was almost beside himself with excitement until Mr Baldwin broke open the door of the stable and started to release the horses. The dense smoke almost overpowered Mr. Baldwin as he entered one of the stalls to untie the halter of one of the horses. It took him longer than usual to do this, because of the smoke, but he managed to release the horse and lead it out into the yard. Then he went back to get its mate. As he reached the doorway he was astonished to see the dog, *with the dangling end of a halter in his mouth, leading the second horse out of the stable.*

Is this reasoning? It involves what probably the teller of the story overlooked—the loosing of the knot by which the halter was fastened, and such knots are complicated affairs. If the dog untied the knot (he could scarcely have bitten the rope in two in the time) he reasoned just as much as Herr von Osten's horse.

The White-tailed Ptarmigan

There is no more interesting study for the evolutionist-at-large, as Grant Allen puts it, than the color of animals. One is struck, at the very outset, with the close relation, as Wallace has well pointed out, between the coloration and the general environment. We, perhaps, notice this most clearly in the case of birds and insects; probably because these are the most convenient objects of study. Among birds, one of the most interesting families for observation in this particular is that of the grouse, or *Tetraonidae*. Of one member of the family, the white-tailed ptarmigan (*Lagopus leucurus*), found in the Rocky Mountain districts, Dr. C. S. Moody, in the "Pacific Sportsman," writes:

This bird affords the best example of protective coloration that has ever come under my observation. The nest is usually built right out in the open among the boulders, and consists of a few straws of dried grass and pine needles loosely thrown together. Upon this frail couch the bird lays nine deep brown eggs, which are plentifully speckled with deep lilac, almost bordering upon black. When the bird is off the nest the eggs are so nearly the color of the surroundings that it is indeed an expert that can locate them. When she is on the nest it is next to impossible to locate her, and as she will remain quietly incubating while you almost tread upon her, it is little wonder that there are so few collections of sets of these eggs among zoologists.

During the summer of 1896 I was prospecting the hills around the head waters of the Locksaw fork of the Clearwater. The country is naturally quite rough and very much cut up with cañons, down which, in the springtime, course torrents of water, carrying the great boulders and depositing them at the foot of the mountains. As I

was passing over one of these moraines, I flushed a sitting ptarmigan from her nest. She rose from beneath my feet and went fluttering away, endeavoring to attract my attention from her nest. Even after I knew that the eggs were beneath my feet it required some moments for me to distinguish them. They were in a depression between the boulders, and so harmonized with the earth that they were well-nigh invisible. Retiring a few paces, I awaited her return to the nest. Within a very few minutes she came creeping back, and while I was yet in plain sight settled down upon the nest. I marked the spot as to its location and position, without putting up any particular landmark, depending upon my locality perception to find it again.

The next day it rained and I did not return but the day following, in company with my partner and a camera, I went, and to my surprise I could not locate the nest. We beat the ground for several acres in extent without success, and finally, despairing of finding it, were about to return, when she flew not five feet from where we stood, and in a place that we had only just passed over in our search.

Armed Pets

We have heard of people keeping strange pets. I myself have kept toads, snakes and lizards, and have found delight in their evident appreciation of my efforts to be on terms of intimacy with them. But did you ever hear of anyone petting a hornet? Mr. Charles McIlvaine has had pet hornets, and he thus records his experience in "Farm and Fireside."

I know of no better way to excite unanimous expression of disbelief, illustrated by well-pantomimed horror, than by my oft-repeated assertion that I have never had more interesting, more docile pets than hornets.

Twenty years ago, in the mountains of West Virginia, I had a wire fly-trap which, by the seductive influence of molasses, persuaded the house-flies infesting my stove-built office to enter. Once within it they remained incarcerated until hotwatercutted. For several days a very persistent black and white striped hornet amused me by its futile endeavors to seize flies from the buzzing horde of prisoners. The trap stood in an open window as an invitation to all fly-comers. At last it found its way in, and, to my astonishment, after capturing a fly, found its way out. It had remembered the way of its entrance even in the excitement of the chase. With the fly clasped between its fore legs, it flew in a direct line to its nest, somewhere on the mountainside, there to feed it to the young within. So rapid were its captures and deliveries that never during the daylight was it absent more than four minutes. There was a business earnestness in all of its movements and a sturdiness that reminded me of a human digger on a paying contract. It did not paralyze its prey, as does the mud-wasp and other species. It did not stop to eat a single fly, so far as my observation extended. It had a victualing job on hand, and attended faithfully to it. Such unselfishness excited admiration.

During one of its absences I placed my hand over the trap entrance, and upon it laid a piece of ripe peach. Upon the hornet's return it lit upon my hand and ran confusedly over it, yet soon tried to get under the covering fingers. Failing, it went to the peach and took a hearty meal. While it was eating I quietly moved my hand from the opening. After preening itself, the hornet entered and continued its fly-raid.

After many dozens of trips it brought a comrade with it, and personally conducted it into the fly-pound. Thereafter they always worked together. To be sure of this, by slow approaches of an affectionate finger I was enabled to stroke them while lunching. I marked them both with a spot of red ink. Many continued experiences convinced me that hornets worked in pairs, like detectives. Several other hornets from the same nest visited the cage, tried to enter it, but found the problem too much for them. In no instance did the pair offer these instructions or pay any attention to them. They all partook of my lunches freely and in harmony. But the favored pair guarded their secret. Were they selfish? Did they receive special plaudits at the home nest for their phenomenal success in fly-capture? Or were they simply governed by hornet manners?

I grew fond of these winged warriors. I introduced them to my several fingers by placing tempting sweets upon them. They learned to come to me after they had emptied the trap of prisoners, and gradually became very companionable.

Following the direction of their home flight, and noting the range of trees, their nest was easily found. It hung on the end of a branch of mountain rhododendron. The glossy green leaves overhanging it were undisturbed in their position, but were so built into the outer layer of *papier-maché* covering as to give the nest natural concealment. Whether this was intentional or not, or whether the leaves simply became an obstruction as the nest was increased in size by dismantling the inside and building upon the outside, I do not know, but the evidence was in favor of engineering, reason, intention, rather than accident.

Mr. McIlvaine had another experience with hornets some years after, and this is even more remarkable, since the insects are credited with "unmistakable signs of affection." Let no one cavil at this. There are many other instances recorded in which insects have shown powers of recognition of individuals; but we confess that we place considerable weight upon Mr. McIlvaine's account because of his well known position as a naturalist.

Many years after my West Virginia *camaraderie* with hornets I lived in a cottage located in the forest of Mt. Gretna, Pa., whither I had hermitized myself to accomplish three years of continuous scientific writing. Here a pair of hornet mates attracted my attention, dabbling at the flies in my den, and at anything having the semblance of a fly—a nail-head, shoe-button, seed, crumb. The eyesight of a hornet is neither good nor discriminating. Remembering my ex-

perience, I soon tamed them. Being constantly at my desk, I had the entire summer to observe them. They grew to know me from other members of my family, and showed unmistakable signs of affection for me. They licked my hand, sat upon my paper, and often had to be moved out of the way of my pen, in whose movements they were greatly interested. They were nervous, watchful, but never aggressive. On bright days they were early at my window waiting for its opening, and at once came to me for a touch and greeting. I watched the growth of their nest from egg-size to that of a half-bushel peach-basket, and often exhibited their gentleness to doubting, respectful visitors. One of them committed suicide by eating poisoned flies; the other undertook to lift a fly from a sheet of sticky fly-paper, and perished in the attempt. They had a host of sincere mourners.

Bulbs for the Winter Window Garden

Few things are more enjoyable in the winter, even in the country, than a window garden; but in the city such an addition to the interest and brightness of the home is beyond price. In "Country Life in America" there is an excellent article by Annie Linn, which gives such simple and direct advice about window gardens of bulbs that we cannot refrain from calling attention to it, even at the risk of impairing its value by condensing.

"Crocuses in January!" Why not? Nothing is easier nor more enjoyable. A few inexpensive window-boxes, a few dollars invested in bulbs, and spring indoors may be had for the asking.

Window-boxes have proved, in my experience, much more desirable in many respects for bulbs than the flower-pots which are commonly in use. A window-box containing a hundred bulbs, more or less, according to the size of the bulbs, requires no more care than a single flower-pot—less, in fact, because the larger quantity of soil retains moisture for a much longer time; then, too, there is a sense of permanence in a box that gives something of the dignity and stability of a garden-bed. A mass of flowers of the same variety is always more effective and satisfying than a small number of different kinds grown together.

My boxes are uniform in size, are thirty inches long, six inches deep, and eight inches across the top. They can be made by a carpenter at a small expense, and are as useful for the porch in summer as for the window-garden. They may be as simple or as elaborate as one pleases. Pine, polished and oiled, is quite as satisfactory as more expensive woods. If made of well-seasoned wood, no metal lining is required, as the constant moisture necessary for the well-being of the bulbs swells the wood to its full extent; even the small holes in the bottom of the box to secure drainage are scarcely necessary, although they are a wise precaution against overwatering.

In preparing the boxes for the bulbs, a thin layer of broken crock and charcoal is an excellent foundation for the soil. Any good garden or potting soil containing leaf mold and sand is satisfactory. A specially rich soil does not seem

to be necessary, for the perfectly developed bulbs that are sold by reliable dealers—and no others should be used—are so richly supplied with their own store of nourishment that scarcely more is required than moisture and something to hold them firmly in position. Moisture is the first requirement, and the strongest and best bulbs cannot become thoroughly dry and remain so for any length of time without suffering seriously. But when watering is necessary it should be done carefully and thoroughly.

For my crocus-box I get one hundred bulbs of named varieties. I set them close together, arranging the different colors, which are always in separate bags, as I wish to have them. An irregular arrangement is most effective, especially as the yellow crocuses, even with the greatest care in selecting the bulbs, are less reliable than the other colors; still, a crocus-box would lose much of its charm if there were no glowing yellow blossoms to lighten the purples and make the white whiter by contrast. I usually plant my crocuses in October, or as early as the bulbs can be obtained; and, after covering with an inch of soil, water thoroughly. The box may be placed at once in a dark, cold cellar; or it may be left out-of-doors until time for severe frost. A moderate amount of frost does no harm, if, indeed, it is not beneficial to crocuses. Sometimes, when the box is left in the garden during the mild autumn days, tiny points of green appear, causing the inexperienced person to think that the crocuses are ready to grow. It is only necessary to add a little more covering and to set the box in a dark place if the crocuses show signs of awakening before due time. Crocuses cannot be hurried into bloom; any attempt to do so is sure to result in failure. The secret of success, as with all bulbs, is to secure a vigorous root-growth before the top starts to grow at all. For this reason, I do not bring my crocuses to the light until the first, or even the middle of January.

After crocuses come the daffodils, which require similar treatment. One could easily have them together, but I prefer to have the daffodils follow the crocuses, as they do in the garden. The bulbs are so large that a smaller number is required; two dozen are sufficient to fill my box. When the daffodils are past, the tulips, in their bold, flaunting beauty, are ready to take their place—if anything can take the place of daffodils. Of the large Dutch hyacinths, the single varieties, especially the white and light shades of yellow, pink, and lavender, with a few dark purple—the purple which is almost black as night—are most desirable. Last in the procession comes the poet's narcissus, with its red-tipped cup and

white butterfly petals, when the maple buds are red overhead and the snowdrops and scillas are in bloom in the garden.

Pyrethrum

Here is a note which, as advised by Captain Cuttle, "when found make a note of;" only let us enlarge it. The Pyrethrum from which "insect powder," buhach, and several loud-sounding titles, is made, is one or other of two species of Pyrethrum, nearly allied to Chrysanthemum. A very common species of the genus is that "feverfew" which in the "golden" variety is used for the borders of flower-beds. The actual species from which the powder is made are common enough among our flowering plants used in garden and greenhouse. They are *Pyrethrum roseum*, sometimes called *Chrysanthemum coccineum*, and *Pyrethrum* or *Chrysanthemum cinerariæ-folium*. It is this latter which is preferred in California for commercial purposes. The "note" comes from the "American Inventor."

Most of the so-called "Persian insect-powder" now sold and used in this country is the product of a single farm three hundred acres in extent near Stockton, Cal. It is derived from a plant closely resembling in appearance the common field daisy, and depends for its efficacy upon a greenish vegetable oil, which, though harmless to other kinds of animals, suffocates insects. Not so many years ago insect-powder cost sixteen dollars a pound, whereas to-day it is sold for forty cents or less. In those days the source of supply and the very nature of the product were a mystery. It had been in use in Asiatic countries for centuries, being exported from Transcaucasia, where the natives did a large and profitable business in its manufacture. Eventually an Armenian merchant discovered the secret, which was that the powder was the pulverized flower-heads of a species of pyrethrum that grew wild and plentifully in the mountains. Many attempts were made to introduce the plant into the United States, but at first without success, because the seeds sold to Americans had been previously baked to prevent them from sprouting.



Educational Questions of the Day

Eastern and Western Universities

We often hear of the differences between the East and the West of this country, differences not only of scenery and natural contours, but of life in towns, social conditions, even individual tone, and education. We do not remember ever seeing the last named put in a way so easy to grasp as it is in an article by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews in the "Independent," of New York, of September 22. Dr. Andrews is fully equipped for giving a lucid antithesis, for, an Eastern graduate himself, he was a professor at Brown University, 1882-88, at Cornell University, 1888-89, and president of Brown University, 1889-98, and became chancellor of the University of Nebraska in 1900. Speaking of what we may call the "atmosphere" of the two, he says:

The most sensible of these unlikenesses is set up by the age and venerableness of the characteristic seats of learning in the East, to which Western universities, creatures of yesterday and to-day, cannot lay claim. No popularity, no populousness, no wealth, no splendor of record, no amount of influence, can take the place of that subtle but imperative charm which ties each Eastern alumnus to his alma mater, in view of her being hoary with years. If you were schooled upon a foundation laid before the Revolution; if, as a collegian, you walked a campus and sat in seats familiar to this or that hero of the War of 1812, or flourishing in Congress or in letters when only red men occupied the prairies, a *sui generis* pride, joy, inspiration attends your reflection upon college life into which Western graduates cannot enter.

After contrasting the governing bodies, which in the East are private corporations, but in the West appointed by the voters or the Governor of the State, the writer proceeds to the curriculum:

Regrettably, classical letters are not popular in the West. The remission of Greek, in particular, has become painfully common. Few high schools teach it, and college classes pursuing it are small. But for the denominational colleges of the West, which deserve the utmost credit for encouraging Greek, the situation in this respect would be deplorable indeed.

Culture studies, as a class, have to fight harder at the West, owing to the terrific pressure of scientific pursuits. Few sophomores—and who can blame them!—like to grind at Aristophanes or Titus Livy while knowing that their attainments as surveyors, machinists, or in scientific farming or stock breeding will assure every one

of them a thousand a year from the day he leaves the university.

Spite of such pressure *contra* the humanities win devotees year by year. History and literature have already come to their rights. Courses in the history and criticism of the fine arts are common and numerous attended. Much instruction is given in the practice of painting, sculpture and music. Music is cultivated in Western institutions of learning much more sedulously than in those of the East. I recently heard "The Messiah" rendered by the undergraduate amateurs of a prairie university with a perfection which would have done credit to professional musicians. Such a performance, I think, was never undertaken by student talent in any Eastern university.

Celtic Literature in America

Professor Rhys, a Welshman, as his name shows, and a member of the Moseley Commission, has some striking words in the Report of that commission upon the study of Celtic Literature in this country. The passage is quoted from a lengthy article in the "School Journal."

In the States a great deal has been made of the study of English and of English literature, its history and sources. Not only has that produced excellent results, but, owing largely to the fruitful labors of the late Professor Child, of Harvard, and the capable men trained by him, it has influenced the study of other literatures, notably those which have helped directly or indirectly to enlarge the scope of authors whose own language was English. Thus, it has given a new impulse to the study of French and old French literature, and in some measure also to that of German, owing to the importance of the *matière de Bretagne* and the Arthurian romances in the development of English literature. Nay, the impulse from that quarter extends to Celtic and Celtic literature, as supplying, in many instances, the key to the origin of the romances. The result is marked by the publication of original work in the form of monographs and dissertations on subjects selected from those suggested by French romance or Celtic story. I have made inquiries of the late Professor Child's distinguished pupil and successor at Harvard, Professor Kittredge, and of others occupying similar positions in other American universities, and some of them described to me how men engaged in the teaching profession would return to the university to take the degree of Ph.D., and would choose themes for their dissertations from the storehouse of old romance. The selection would be effected with the help of the professor, who would also watch more or less closely over the candidate's study of it and the progress of his work of research generally. The direct object of the candidate is

to improve his position as a teacher—let us say, of French or subjects connected with that language; but even when his eye is not exactly directed to French he has distinctly in view the improvement of his own position, and the American feeling in matters of this kind is such that, apart from his love for the line of study he adopts, he will be rewarded by the improvement for which he looks.

It is now possible at Oxford for a man to take, in connection with the school of English, or that of modern languages, a degree analogous to the American Ph.D., but before he elects to offer a dissertation on a Celtic subject he may have every reason to consider whether that would help him in any way to earn a livelihood in the United Kingdom; it would probably not satisfy him to be told that it would help him in the United States, if he had no intention of migrating there. As a matter of experience I find no great difficulty in bringing together a small class of Welshmen to read the *Mabinogion*, but it is seldom possible to turn out a Celtic scholar, as no one has the time to study a new subject, such as Irish and Irish literature. My countrymen are usually not blessed with private means, and their energies have therefore to be directed to acquiring command of the English tongue, and, above all, of the classics, of mathematics, or of such other subjects as are likely to help them to earn a livelihood by teaching, preaching, or doing something else. Could Celtic, for instance, be relied on to advance a man's prospects in the British Empire, results might be expected in time to follow similar to those that have been pointed out on the other side of the Atlantic. As things are, the American system proves here again the more elastic in practice, and public opinion in the scholastic world of the States is more appreciative of scholarship apart from the precise setting in which it is presented.

These last are important words, when the source from which they come is considered. It has been thought and argued that "scholarship" was more valued in Britain and the Continent of Europe, notably in France and Germany, than in this country. We may now except Great Britain, for a visitor from that country, fully competent to judge and sent here for the express purpose of criticizing, forms a different opinion.

A Notable Norwegian Publication

The population of Norway is about two and a quarter millions, scattered over an area of nearly 125,000 square miles, while the population embraced within a radius of 25 miles from the City Hall of New York is little less than five millions. The small and sparsely populated kingdom, however,

has an effective system of education. The primary schools have a seven years' course adapted for children between seven and fourteen years of age. Every child that does not receive an education equivalent to the primary course by its fifteenth year may be compelled to attend the primary schools. There are 56 public and 30 private secondary schools, with some 16,000 scholars and the Royal Frederick University, with 1400 students and 63 professors. The care given to education will partly explain the following passage which is taken from the "National Geographic Magazine":

The people of Norway are one of the most interesting and unique of old Europe. Although so small a nation, they hold a very important place in the world, thanks to their writers and scholars. In proportion to its inhabitants Norway has more men celebrated for their achievements than any other nation. In literature there is the poet Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson and the dramatist Ibsen, whose works are admired both in America and in Europe; in the sciences the celebrated Nansen and such men as Sars, Moln, and Brøgger, whose achievements specialists universally recognize.

Not only because of its famous men has this little nation won the attention of the world, but also because of its own marked individuality. The Norwegians have a wonderful spirit of initiative, resembling Americans in this respect, and they also show a very striking taste for the study and observation of natural phenomena. During the long northern winter, shut in by snow and ice, the peasants spend their time in reading, and reading especially works of science; the naturalist who explores Norway is struck on every side by the intelligent interest shown in his researches.

The Norwegians have just shown a new proof of their love and pride in their country. A group of eminent scholars in Christiania conceived the idea of publishing a great work which should give a faithful description of Norway and set forth the results accomplished by Norwegians in every branch of human activity since the establishment of the independent monarchy (1814). This work, "Norway in the XIXth Century," illustrated by the best Norwegian artists, costs \$16.00, a high price in a country of moderate means. The market for this Norwegian library is necessarily small, but the publication, although started with an entirely disinterested object in view, has paid for itself. From one end of the country to the other all classes of people have helped with their subscriptions to erect this literary monument to science and to the glory of their country. It consists of a series of very complete monographs on the geography, geology, history, ethnography, and varied industries of Norway, all edited by the most eminent specialists.

C h i l d V e r s e

Novel Experiences.....St. Nicholas

Just once, in far-off Labrador, the sun gave
warming rays,
And this excited Eskimo exclaimed in great
amaze:
"Though all my life I've known the cold, and
ice, and freezing storm,
I never knew the sun could shine enough to make
one warm!"

Another day, on desert sands, the rain came
pouring down,
And this affrighted African cried, with a fearful
frown:
"Though all my life I've known the heat and
burning sun, but yet
I never knew the rain could fall enough to make
one wet!"

Carolyn Wells.

So Queer.....Woman's Home Companion

It seems so very queer to me
That when I am in bed
I travel over all the lands
About which I have read.

I see great cities full of men,
And strange and lovely things,
Tall animals with stripes and spots
And birds with painted wings.

And oh, so fast I travel, too,
I can't tell how I go;
In foreign countries, far apart,
I'm there before I know.

Yet in the morning, when I wake,
I have not moved my head,
But on my pillow lie as snug
As when I went to bed!

Zitella Cocke.

The Mother's Strike.....Youth's Companion

Such a dream I had! So dreadful
That I never heard the like;
For I dreamt that on a sudden
The mamas agreed to strike.

"We are tired," I heard them murmur,
"Tired of working night and day,
And not always hearing 'Thank you!'
Such long hours and such poor pay!"

So they would not mend the jackets
Nor the holes in stockings small;

No one ran to kiss the bruises
When poor Tommy caught a fall.

No one bound up wounded fingers,
No one glued the broken toys,
No one answered all the questions
Of the eager little boys.

No one tied the little bonnets,
No one brushed the little curls,
No one basted dolly dresses
For the busy little girls.

No one heard their little troubles,
No one held them on her lap,
No one sewed on truant buttons,
No one hunted Johnny's cap.

And there were no bedtime stories,
And no loving hands to tuck
Blankets soft round little sleepers,
For their mothers all had struck.

Oh, so lonesome and so dreadful
And so queer it all did seem!
Aren't you glad, dear little children,
It was nothing but a dream?

Elizabeth H. Thomas.

The Goops in Cooking Class.. Home Sc. Magazine

The Goops they are a noisy crowd,
They scrape their stools, they talk aloud;
Their pans go crashing to the floor—
They slam with heat the oven door.
When tins they wash, you think you hear
The clash of cymbals—all too near.
When teacher says, "Do thus and so,"
They heed her not, and spoil their dough.

O Goops! I do not think I should
Join the shrieking sisterhood!
Nor can I well afford to own
A loud, voice-carrying megaphone!
So, while I say my little say,
A little silence *s'il vous plait*.

Ellen M. Bartlett. With apologies to Gelet Burgess.

To-day.....Youth's Companion

We cannot change yesterday—that is clear,
Or begin on to-morrow until it is here;
So all that is left for you and for me
Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.

Emma C. Dowd.

The Library Table

True Republicanism

HERE is a book* which tempts the critic to revert to the manner of Brougham and Gifford and cry, "This will never do!" Mr. Stearns is a gentleman who is afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, yet we do not seem to have noted him as a contributor to the magazines and there may be something significant in the circumstance. His habit of writing, the determination of words to his pen, implies no corresponding talent for creative or critical work. The manner of his writing has no literary force or charm and lapses not infrequently into ungrammatical forms. The structure of his essays and the paragraphs of which these are composed lack unity and coherence. The irrelevant sentence is an occurrence of such frequency that, "How in the devil did it get in that galley?" is a proverb that becomes indispensable as we proceed. We seem to be reading extracts from a scrap-book jumbled incongruously together; a scrap-book dating from the writer's sophomore year, the contents of which his maturer judgment neither condemns nor grieves. Much that is not puerile is trivial. Much, too, is of a questionable shape. There are "facts" that have "never gone through the form of taking place." Sometimes we have a choice. Thus, for example, in one place Grant's vote in 1856 is said to have been for Douglas and in another place for Buchanan. The baser allegation is correct.

The incoherence of Mr. Stearns' manner is not superficial. It goes back into the structure of his mind, which is of a dual nature. His father was George L. Stearns, of John Brown and Kansas fame, and as the son of this heroic antislavery father the writer is under filial bonds to admire where he admired—John Brown and Charles Sumner especially with unwavering devotion. But in these admirations there is something accidental, the

natural bent of his mind being away from those persons and ideals that attracted the antislavery mind. It is Toryish, conservative, aristocratic. It is significant of this that a portrait of Alexander Hamilton serves as frontispiece to his book, while his second chapter, "Alexander Hamilton," is a fulsome laudation of that statesman and *pari passu* a violent depreciation of Jefferson. It is a strange opinion that Hamilton has been heretofore unduly depreciated. In New England, it has been quite the other way, and in the country generally, so largely has the Whig contingent predominated in the literary class. A good preparation for an amateur sketch of Hamilton, such as we have here, would be the reading of Mr. Morse's "Hamilton," following it with his "John Adams." The "Hamilton" was almost as laudatory as Mr. Stearns' essay. It was a young writer's first book. The "Adams" corrected its eccentricity with the knowledge of maturer years and closer study. The credit given to Hamilton here for the Constitution of 1787 is monstrously absurd, considering what we know of Hamilton's scheme and how far the actual instrument departed from it. The depreciation of Madison, its principal creator, is without excuse. Hamilton's private morals are treated far too complacently and his back-stairs manipulation of Adams' Cabinet—expressive silence muses its implicit praise. Talleyrand said that Hamilton "divined Europe," but he did not divine America. It was Jefferson who did that.

Following the Hamilton chapter we have one on Abraham Lincoln, a cold disparagement in comparison with the Hamilton eulogium. The felicity of Mr. Stearns' rhetoric may be inferred from this: "Lincoln was a born artist, a rose bush growing in a barn-yard." And how is this for discrimination? "He read Milton more than Shakespeare and this accounts for the plain, classic elegance of his style as a writer." The filial bias naturally makes for depreciation of Lincoln's antislavery work, but this is not farther "out of true" than the habitual depreciation of Lincoln's antislavery critics.

*TRUE REPUBLICANISM, OR, REAL AND IDEAL IN POLITICS. By Frank Preston Stearns, author of "The Real and Ideal in Literature," "Sketches of Concord and Appledore," "Modern English Prose Writers," "The Life of Bismarck," etc. Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1904.

Far more doubtful is the depreciation of his executive ability. The treatment of Seward is so different in the Lincoln chapter and in that on "Southern Reconstruction" that the two chapters must, it would seem, have been written at different times and under the stress of different moods. The chapter on "The Winter of 1861" is, however, very favorable to Seward, doing no justice to Lincoln. Seward's "meeting of coercion with concession" is treated as mere marking time and shuffling of the cards. This chapter and that on "Southern Reconstruction" are worth all the rest. In them we have the reflection of the father's life upon the son's opinions, and it tends to truth and soberness, though here too there are particular judgments that give us pause, indignant or amused. A concluding chapter, "The Ethics of War," should make Mr. Stearns popular with the militarists. Some of the judgments of this chapter are remarkable for their confident inconclusiveness. For example, that "military organization was intended originally and fundamentally for the protection of civilization against barbarism." Also, that "military preparation does not necessarily tend to produce war," and that "war is the hand-maid of revolution." To revolution Mr. Stearns habitually turns his sunniest side, notably in this manner qualifying the fundamental conservatism of his mind. It is the John Brown music in his blood that makes for this effect.

We have saved Mr. Stearns' best wine till the last—at least what he considers so, his "Rational Republicanism," the first chapter in his book. It is an attempt to discrimi-

nate republican government from democracy, to glorify the former and depreciate the latter. There is something to please everybody here. If we are smitten on one cheek we are simultaneously kissed upon the other. If Blaine is called an adventurer and bracketed with Aaron Burr, Mr. Whitelaw Reid is exalted to the seventh heaven of Republican purity and journalistic ability. Lynching is deprecated, and for the cure we have a fresh resort to Hamilton's constitutional plan: Let the President appoint the governors of the several States, so freeing them (how easily!) from the pressure of local opinion. Under the head of "Existing Evils" there is sound criticism of the spoils system and this fine piece of news which someone has been keeping back, that "since Cleveland's election the autocratic bosses have disappeared." The voting of women is opposed and Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln. An educational test is advocated, arithmetic and geography its elements in addition to reading and writing. But the trouble is not so much that "the plain people" govern us as that they really do not count. The machine is all in all. In conclusion Mr. Stearns assumes the rôle of *arbiter elegantiarum*, his aptitude for which is fairly indicated by his characterization of the style of the Capitol and other public buildings in Washington as "Grecian architecture." Much of his history is improvised in the same daring manner. But his book would be more amusing if it were less significant of certain political tendencies among us—to the "strong government" solution of our political problems.

The Interloper

THAT it is possible to write of Scotch life without a tiresome prevalence of dialect is proved by Mrs. Jacob's exceedingly readable story called "The Interloper."* In a note at the beginning of the book she apologizes for "a striking inaccuracy which it contains. I have represented the educated characters as speaking, but for certain turns of phrase, the ordinary English which is now universal." If this be a blemish it is one for which her readers are grateful and affords an example which other writers would do well to follow.

"The Interloper" is the story of a young

*THE INTERLOPER. By Violet Jacob. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

man who, after a youth spent principally in Spain, has succeeded on the death of his father to the family estate in Scotland. He takes possession, and the first part of the book is uneventful, mainly taken up in describing the people among whom Gilbert Speid finds himself. Prominent among these is Lady Eliza Lamont, a horse-loving spinster of eccentric exterior but of warm heart. Gilbert renders her a service connected with a poaching affray and meets at her house her young kinswoman, Cecilia Raeburn, whom she has adopted. The young people fall in love and are anticipating no obstacles to their union when one suddenly arises in the shape of Lady Eliza's

refusal to consent, the real reason of this refusal being the fact that Gilbert Speid is illegitimate, a circumstance of which he is entirely unaware. Robert Fullarton, Gilbert's real father, is the only man Lady Eliza has ever loved, and with an intuition born of her hopeless affection she had divined the truth ever since the day when the elder Mr. Speid, after the funeral of his young wife, had left the country, taking with him the month-old baby and its nurse.

To give Cecilia to the illegitimate son of her rival and the only man she ever loved was too hard for Lady Eliza. She tells Cecilia that Gilbert has no right to the name of Speid and that he is an interloper, and when that produces no effect on Cecilia she makes a personal matter of it. Grateful for all Lady Eliza has done for her, Cecilia makes the sacrifice and tells Gilbert she cannot marry him, and chance soon after revealing to Gilbert his real birth he leaves the country. Six months later Lady Eliza meets with an accident while hunting that terminates fatally, and before she dies, dreading a penniless future for Cecilia, she makes her promise to marry Craufurd Fordyce, one of her rejected lovers, should he ask her within a year. She acknowledges that she may have been too hard on Gilbert, but he has gone, and the thought of Cecilia poor and homeless is not to be borne, so Cecilia promises, in order to soothe her aunt's last moments and feeling at the time that nothing really matters much, for she has gleaned from her aunt's delirious talk who Gilbert really is.

One of Gilbert's most devoted friends is a tenant of his, an old fishwife. She discovers

the real state of things, and through her efforts Gilbert is brought back from Spain in time to meet Cecilia at the church door on her way to be married to Fordyce and to snatch her from his rival.

As may be seen, there is nothing very new in the plot, but the story is told with a perception of values that makes it pleasant reading. The character of the old fishwife, Granny Stirk, is perhaps the best in the book, but all the way through are sentences that show penetration and facility in description.

"Agneta's voice rose in those desolate screams which are the exclusive privilege of the singer practising, and for the emitting of which any other person would justly be punished."

"As he had no false pride, he had also no false humility, for the two are so much alike that it is only by the artificial light of special occasions that their difference can be seen."

"She was jealous with the dreadful jealousy of women of her breeding; not from love of the person who is its object, but from an un-sleeping fear for personal prerogative."

The chapter where Granny Stirk defeats the plot to prevent Gilbert from reaching Kaimes in time for the wedding is the most spirited in the book, and we are not surprised to learn that at the "second wedding which was attempted in Morphie Kirk, and which this time was celebrated without interruption, she drove there in a carriage, and the bridegroom, who was standing by the pulpit as she arrived, left his place and conducted her on his arm to a seat near the Miss Robertsons."

Mary K. Ford.

Dorothea*

MAARTEN MAARTENS is a writer of unusual proportions, as those who have read his books can attest. He is influenced by no attempt to catch the "popular" taste. He is no mere story-teller. Among the half dozen or more real novelists of the day, he stands well to the fore. His work shows consistent thought and skilful workmanship. He is careful in his draftsmanship and splendid in his characterization. Above all, he has something to say which is worth while. There is, in a word, a sweep and breadth in what he does that differentiates him from the mass of mere fiction writers.

*DOROTHEA. *A Story of the Pure in Heart. Maarten Maartens.* D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

In "Dorothea" Mr. Maartens has chosen a theme of large values. His heroine is a child of a Dutch mother and an English father. His other characters are of varied nationalities—French, Italian, German, English and Dutch. Upon this admirable background of cosmopolitanism are painted emotions and motives and acts that are characteristic of the world at large. And the world and its usages are the text of Mr. Maartens' story.

Dorothea, a girl reared in the seclusion of a provincial Dutch village, is a creature of innocence, simplicity and truth. At the age of twenty-one, knowing nothing of the world, she is thrown into the vortex of "high" and ultra-modern society.

It is the clash of her purity, her "life close to God," with the worldly and none too decent society of Monte Carlo and Paris and all the rest of them that forms the struggle around which the book is written. Dorothea tries as hard as she can for her father's sake not to be prudish; yet at almost every turn she is shocked and offended. The one man who seems good, to whom she at once gives her heart and her hand, a man regarded by all as a sort of paragon, turns out, after all, intensely human and adds another sting, the bitterest, to her life. Bit by bit she receives her "education" in the world, the education which means the drawing away from purity and the destruction of innocence.

The lesson which Mr. Maartens has driven home in this story is not a pleasant one. The pictures of "better" society which he shows are anything but encouraging. And the forcible, powerful way in which he has pointed out the fact that there is one code of morals for the woman and another for the man must make everyone pause and think. Some may maintain that Dorothea was a prig; but this, however much it may ex-

plain, can in no way exculpate the conduct of her husband. The words of the dying preacher are only too true: "The purity of a man, of a woman, these are not the same. Of course pure is pure yet. . . . Think it out for yourself; they are not the same. Evil is evil before God yet . . . yet they are not the same. God has willed it so; there should be difference between man and woman—lesser measure—other passion—greater fault."

Enough has been said to suggest the scope of this book. It is a splendid piece of work, every page of which will charm and interest. Written in terse, forceful language, the style makes its own appeal. The paragraphs bristle with clever poignant sayings and epigrams. As for the characters, they are drawn with the same finality that marked those in "Joost Avelingh" and "God's Fool." They are intimate portraits, and when you put down the book you can guess how each will fulfil his or her destiny. The story itself is absorbing and its scenes are full of color. The book can be heartily recommended.

Jules Eckert Goodman.

Glimpses of New Books

Humor

The Inventions of the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

The philosophy which John Kendrick Bangs contrives to inculcate under a humorous guise is too well appreciated by his many readers to call for comment in any notice of "The Inventions of the Idiot." It must suffice to say that even the Idiot is by no means one of the least instructive of Mr. Bang's creations, and that there is a considerable amount of method in his idiocy. The idiosyncrasy of each reader will determine which "invention" best falls in with his needs, whether it be the "Culinary Guild," so useful to bachelors, or the potent "Dreamaline" so useful to anyone worried with the problems of the age; but, for ourselves, we heartily recommend the suggestions for "University Extension" to the large body of seekers after the special culture supposed to be acquired by attending a course. It is, perhaps, well that it is an "Idiot" who hits so hard at some of our "fads," for, according to the good old Scotch rule, the remarks of such "innocents" must be taken in good part, no matter how straight to the mark they may go.

The Foolish Dictionary. By Gideon Wurdz. The Robinson Luce Company, Boston. \$1.15.

Purports to be "An exhausting work of refer-

ence," but the reader will soon recover. One or two definitions will illustrate the author's grasp of the subjects treated. "Face—A fertile open expanse, lying midway between collar-button and scalp, and full of cheek, chin and chatter. The crop of the male face is hair, harvested daily by a lather, or allowed to run to mutton chops, spinach or full lace curtains. The female face product is powder, whence the expression, 'Shoot off your face.'" "Laud—Praise for the Almighty. Laudanum—Prays for himself—after taking." "Massage—A touch with intent to rub it in."

Fiction

Bruvver's Jim's Baby. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

In this interesting tale Mr. Mighels has carried us to a Western mining town and told how the accidental finding of a lost baby is the means of regenerating the whole community. There is a strong flavor of Bret Harte in it, but that rather increases than diminishes the credit due to the author. It is safe to say that more of the same vintage will always be acceptable. Bruvver Jim and his chum and hanger-on, Keno, are rarely good characters, while Mis Doc is a personage to be stored up in the memory. The story is brimful of a quiet humor that never tires, and of that innate goodness which is for-

ever cropping out in the most unlikely places and natures. Read "Bruvver Jim's Baby" without delay.

The Master's Violin. By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

We have here three charming love stories entwined around a violinist's old Cremona. In fact, we might say that there are four, but one is greatly overshadowed by the others. The volume is characterized by that delicacy of treatment which marks all Myrtle Reed's work and makes it so wholesome and enjoyable. The "moral" is possibly more evident in this than in others of her novels, for it is the point upon which hangs the whole of this admirable study of human nature. It is—the refining influence of sorrow, for "the master" holds that no amount of technique can make the musician even endurable, unless he has realized in himself some agony of heart which has put him in sympathy with human lot. "The Master's Violin" is a book to be read.

Castle, Knight and Troubadour. In an Apology and Three Tableaux. By Elia W. Peattie. The Blue Sky Press, Chicago. \$1.00.

A little love story of "the very careless land of Provence" in "that resurgent time which awoke Italy from the grief of Rome's decay, brought joy to childlike France, moved rude Germany to thought and song, and stirred in barbarous England the germ of art." The tale, in quaint, artistic form, relates the mutual love of the lady of Ventadorn and a wandering troubadour, with a minor note—"the Sorrow of Woman"—"swelling above the folly of the time, forcing men eventually to strive for liberty of thought."

Duchess of Few Clothes. By Philip Payne. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

This is a story of life in a large, palatial hotel in Chicago, called "The Pantheon." This magnificent structure was built by, and was in keeping with the tone of a millionaire of somewhat eccentric habits and who had a daughter grandiloquently named Genevra Iola. The Duchess is the girl in charge of the cigar counter in the rotunda of the building, and is a good specimen of a country girl who has ventured into the maze of city life. A violinist in the hotel orchestra and a rich habitué of the hotel are intimately connected with the plot, as also are some of the business spirits of the "Windy City." There are many scenes, some rich in humor, some in pathos, and the story is a very readable one. When compared, however, with Mr. Payne's "The Mills of Man," it does not fulfil the expectations of the reader. In itself, apart from that striking novel, it is nevertheless a very creditable production.

A Woman's Will. By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

"A Woman's Will" is the story of the love adventures of a young and wealthy American widow on the Continent of Europe. Her first experience of married life was unfortunate, and she made a vow never to marry again. After a year and a half of "quiet ecstasy" as a widow, she goes to Europe, there meets with a German Count who is a composer and performer on the violin. He falls in love "at first sight," and follows her from place to place. In spite of her vow she begins to entertain once more the tender

passion, but determines never to yield. His will, however, is stronger than hers, and, it must be said, his method of pursuit is remarkably clever, so that, at the last moment, on the eve of returning to America with a cousin who has been sent to investigate, she capitulates. The development of the story is dramatic, but the dialogue between the lovers, and this forms the greater portion of the book, is often tedious and full of "airy nothingness." Relief is sometimes given by the sprightliness of an Irish woman friend and the cousin aforesaid; but there is too much of the twaddle of the two chief characters.

The Court of Sacharissa. By Hugh Sherringham and Nevill Meakin. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

For light reading, when lying in a hammock on a summer's day, we can cordially recommend "The Court of Sacharissa." Its dainty humor and delicate romance are just the atmosphere for restful hours. Nor will the plot, if the volume can be said to have one, cause any exertion of mind or frame on the most humid or sultry days. Love, of course, there is, but it is the love at which the unregenerate smile. Pathetic situations also there are, but again you smile. We will not comment unfavorably on the lack of conventionality on the part of Sacharissa in admitting to her intimate acquaintance the "Irresponsible Club" without a more formal introduction, but will urge her pardon by Society in return for such delicious scenes as the fishing party and the picnic at the ruined castle. The volume is an excellent specimen of collaboration.

Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a really good novel of London society. A woman of "good," but impoverished, family marries a man "in trade" to satisfy an invalid mother who is anxious about her daughter's future. She does not hide her lack of love from her husband, but, in fact, acts like a woman who is absolutely without a heart. A "platonic" affair with a prominent statesman causes Society to talk, its comments are conveyed to the husband by an anonymous correspondent, and he becomes insanely jealous, even when the statesman marries for the sake of his future prospects. After the marriage, however, he seeks to renew the friendship, and the jealous husband overhears a conversation between the two. Just then he loses his sight from a gunning accident, and then "Love's proxy" steps in—Pity, on the part of his wife. The ending is a suitable one, even if a commonplace one.

The characters are well drawn, never exaggerated sentimentally, and English society among the "upper ten" is adequately presented both in its favorable and unfavorable sides. The Duchess of Cheshire, especially, is a creation of which Mr. Bagot may be proud. In fact, she redeems the book from a possible charge of pessimism as far as society women are concerned. The volume is fully worthy of a place alongside the author's previous work, and conveys a strong impression of his dramatic force and powers of analysis of character.

My Lil' Angelo. By Anna Yeaman Condict. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

This is a touching tale of a little Italian boy who was left by his dying mother at a farm

where they spent the night, deserted by her because she thought it would be for his good. He is a regular "pickle," and, as such, manages to entwine himself in the affections of the somewhat gruff farmer's wife. The story is told with a clever mixture of humor and pathos.

Richard Gresham. By Robert M. Lovett. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

"Richard Gresham" is a story of more than ordinary merit, and yet it is unsatisfactory. However paradoxical this may seem, the truth of the charge can be shown without depriving readers of the pleasure of unraveling the plot for themselves.

Richard Gresham is the son of a bank official who becomes a defaulter to the amount of \$50,000 and absconds. The boy is brought up by an uncle to regard the repayment of the money as the fixed purpose of his life. He devotes all his energy to the task, often against the promptings of his nature, and when he goes to the bank prepared to make restitution is told that the bank has never regarded the money as a debt, although it has held for years the note of the uncle and Richard. Nay, he is told that his father has been in receipt of an annual income in his foreign retreat, upon the condition that he does not return, but that a charge of robbery is entered against him. All this is because his return might bring about some unsavory disclosures about the directorate.

Richard Gresham declines this solution, and here the matter ends as far as the novel is concerned. The fact stands thus, therefore, that a story is made to hang upon a single *motif*, to which all other incidents are but accessories, and yet that *motif* is broken off abruptly as it approaches the climax. This grave error of dramatic technique is fatal to the book.

Regarded as a piece of literature, "Richard Gresham" stands high. There is a remarkable power of characterization; the movement is vigorous and sustained; the author is equally at home in the sordid farm, the professor's meager dwelling, the Bohemian life of the performers in Boston music halls and the hurly-burly of Wall Street. All is well done. The reader is carried along swiftly and smoothly. But instead of the expected *dénouement*, he is put off with the belated promise of the clever wife Gresham has secured out of the business world to help him to carry out the object which has dominated his whole existence.

The Panchronicon. Harold Steele Mackaye. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1904.

By grafting the theme of Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson on Jules Verne stock, and mingling the modern New England dialect with a rendering of Elizabethan English, this novel is produced with the incongruous features of a Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. The Verneque machine transports two New England old maids of the nineteenth century to the end of the sixteenth, and to earlier decades of their own lives. As it would be difficult to divide the ancestry between the maiden sisters, one is in her own proper character and the other reverts to an ancestress of the period. The story moves rapidly when it arrives at this stage, but it is the humor of incongruity that gives interest to the story. This

expedition in time is utilized to secure an indignant denial from Francis Bacon of having any peculiar interest in Shakespeare's plays.

The Home

Principles of Cookery: Parts I, II and III. Written by Anna Barrows, Director Chautauqua School of Cookery; Lecturer Simmons College, Boston. Illustrated. American School of Household Economics, Chicago. 5x8 in. Paper bound. 50 cents each.

These little books have been prepared for the correspondence courses offered by the American School of Household Economics, Chicago. Foundation principles of food preparation are treated in a way which is both practical and theoretical. No attempt is made to teach the details of cooking, for these are given in any good cook-book. The endeavor has been to go behind the cook-books; to analyze and systematize the mass of details and recipes and show the fundamental laws governing the best practice. The gradual evolution of the present methods of the preparation and cooking of food is traced. With each food material studied, reference is made to the best temperature for cooking it and the utensils especially adapted for it. The series of questions at the back of the pamphlets bring out the most important points.

The Blue Grass Cook-Book. Compiled by Minnie C. Fox. Fox, Duffield & Co., 36 E. 21st St., New York. \$1.50.

Fiction, essays, and even political economy, may hold the attention of the feminine mind for a degree of time, but let a new cook-book come along and straightway "the woman domestic" asserts her nature, and for the time being intellect gives way to the feminine instinct for good cookery. She will doubtless revel in this latest addition to the library of the kitchen, which is dignified by an introduction by John Fox, Jr., written from Tokio, Japan, where the demands of war correspondence have allowed at least time for this testimonial to the cooks of his native soil—the Blue Grass country of Kentucky. For this Blue Grass Cook-Book is a compendium of all good recipes used since time out of mind by good old Blue Grass cooks and housewives, and contains a list of contributors which reads like a list from the Kentucky Blue Book. The mouth of mere man waters just to read it. To eat some of it some day would be a joy to live for and remember afterward.

Sociologic

Working with the People. By Charles Sprague Smith. A. Wessels Company, New York. Net 65 cents.

Mr. Smith tells the story of the development of the People's Institute in New York, of which he is the managing director. Under his wise and aggressive direction, the old Cooper Union has become a center of teeming activity. The little book is a record of one of the most inspiring experiments in democracy on record. The author looks back to the time when "he held unconsciously the opinion that it was in accord with the eternal fitness of things that a limited number, myself included, should be safeguarded and lead the higher life, while the multitude, exposed to want, performed the menial services"; and then traces the convictions which led him to throw his life into this work with the people from which has come, he affirms, "a larger faith in universal humanity and a firmer trust in

American democracy." The book describes the work of The People's Institute along the three principle lines of its work—"A People's Forum," "A People's Church," "A People's Club," and outlines the efforts now being made to realize "A People's Hall" which shall be adequate to the needs of a representative assembly of the people of the great city. Those who work for human betterment and sometimes become depressed by the fact that, as the author writes, "Human Society is still without true order or beauty, want and luxury existing side by side, while beneath all life is the sustaining earth able to provide bounteously for every need," will be encouraged by the optimism of one who has given us the record of his extensive experience in working with the people and whose faith grows with his experience. The closing work compresses into beautiful form the spirit and hope of the whole movement. "Faith in unity and brotherhood won the confidence of the people, made possible the establishment of a school of social science where all social faiths could meet and reason together, ordered education on the basis that the life-record of every race is part of the universal human record, founded a forum, organized a church, built up a self-governing, self-supporting club, and in no instance followed precedents. . . . What individuals have done in a small way, here and elsewhere, through the Social Settlements and the manifold other expressions of the newly awakened Social Consciousness, in good time the world will do in a large way till the vision come true."

Miscellaneous

King Arthur and His Knights. By Maud L. Badford. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

It is a pleasure to see such a subject as "King Arthur" used for a reading book in primary schools. There is really no reason why our children should be denied their heritage in the past, the mythical past, when so many gems of literature owe their inspiration to it. Miss Badford has conferred a benefit upon the pupils of our schools by preparing this admirable story of "The Round Table" from Sir Thomas Malory and Tennyson.

The Book of School and College Sports. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75.

This book is fully worthy of that identification with school and college sports which Mr. Barbour has already gained through his essays in fiction. He has not relied wholly upon his own knowledge, but has enlisted the services of several whose names are well known on diamond, track and gridiron, so that the youth who takes the volume as his mentor may rest assured that he has a competent authority before him. The sports dealt with are football, baseball, track and field athletics, lacrosse, ice hockey and lawn tennis. It will be seen that the list is far from being exhaustive of the sports which find a place in high schools and colleges, and it is a matter for surprise that rowing and cricket are omitted. The former is as important as football and baseball; while, to say the very least, cricket is as worthy of notice as lacrosse or ice hockey. Another volume might take in these with basket ball, swimming and the gun club. It would be convenient

for the all-round athlete to have at hand the rules of all sports which find a place in college life.

The Hollow Earth. By F. T. Ives. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

Mr. Ives undertakes in this book of 162 pages to overturn all our present notions about most terrestrial phenomena. The "solid earth" of poets and orators must give way to a "hollow earth" of Mr. Ives. If the next arctic expedition should chance to reach the long-sought-for polar goal, its members may be able to investigate the spot where the outside of the earth is turned inside. How much of the book is to be taken seriously (and surely some part of it is intended to be a joke) Mr. Ives does not say. It is, however, noteworthy that he begins his work with a dissertation upon the use of "cranks," and we may therefore suppose that he knows something of the working of the mechanical device which bears that name. He will not, possibly, misunderstand us when we say that this particular "crank" seems to be at a "dead center," and there is no fly-wheel to carry it over that point.

Poetry

Cosmos. By Ernest McGaffey. The Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wis.

If Mr. Ernest McGaffey had placed his poem with the title "Cosmos" in the safe retreat of his writing-table drawer for, say, ten years after he wrote it, he would probably have revised it before publication. What is the "Cosmos"? Ancient philosophy and modern science alike deal very tenderly with the vast conception, and the majority of us shrink with awe as we stand on the brink of the ages and contemplate the mystery. Mr. McGaffey does not see the Cosmos as the Cosmos. He only gazes upon one unit in the sum infinite. He is concerned about the Brotherhood of Man. "Priest-made doctrines," "the lying sorcery of Priests," Creeds, Forms and Rites terrify him until he cries "Reject all Creeds," whether they spring "from Christ or Pan." In his terror he even makes Christ of later date than Mahomet.

It is not that the poet does not understand meter, rhyme, the construction of the verse or the swing of the stanza. He undoubtedly does; but his thoughts come too fast for orderly arrangement into a harmonious whole. Under a less "fine frenzy" he could doubtless sing more efficiently, and it is to be hoped that he will thus utilize his gift of song.

Poems That Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt. New York, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1904.

While this handy little book includes a few poems of Browning, Whitman, Kipling and Emerson beyond the comprehension of children, and some that may appeal to English imperialists and not to American republicans, it does contain so full a collection of well-known favorites that it will have a deserved popularity. It is in good clear type and well printed, but a new edition should correctly entitle the passage from Julius Cæsar beginning, "This was the noblest Roman of them all," and correct a misprint in the poem which is reprinted on another page.

Songs of the Sea Children. By Bliss Carman. Boston. L. C. Page & Co., 1904.

This is the third of the Pipes of Pan series.

and the pipes are blown lustily. There is much of the sea in the delicate coloring of these poems. The kisses smack somewhat loudly, but what else do you expect of kisses? It is not the deep sea with its storm and tragedy that appears, but the sea as it colors the life of those who live within the sound of its waves. The measures are graceful and varied, as if they were "the songs the wild sea children sang."

The Iberian. Poem by O. R. Lamb, music by H. C. Dixon. The Ames & Rollinson Press, New York. \$2.00.

A very creditable attempt has here been made to combine certain of the beauties of the ancient Greek drama with those of the modern romantic play, in a one-act tragedy. The classic form of construction is closely followed, the characters being few in number, the plot of the utmost simplicity. A chorus and semi-chorus are made to sing at intervals in exact accordance with the ancient custom, accentuating and echoing the events that transpire. The tragedy has been admirably given by Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh before the National Arts Club, with a quartet of trained singers. Lovers of the classics will welcome this worthy reminder of Grecian art.

Ballads of the Farm and Home. By Henry H. Johnson, Mennonite Publishing Co., Elkhart, Ind. 75 cents.

The author announces that this is "a handsome book of over 300 pages, bound in best cloth, in three colors, blue, drab and ocher; portrait of author and numerous illustrations." The "ballads" are like Will Carlton's—only worse.

Educational

A Book for Little Boys. By Helen Dawes Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

This is a very good collection of fourteen stories for little boys. While simple in diction, it is devoid of that babyishness which the "young men" so strongly resent. If, at times, Miss Brown determines to administer a wholesome "powder," she carefully conceals it in an abundant supply of very pleasant jam.

Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil. By C. A. Alchin. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. \$1.00.

This excellent little manual should be of great service to music teachers. It is not intended to teach "music," as the term is generally used, nor to make musicians, but to train the ear to understand music. While it does not aspire to instruct technically in "harmony," it enables the hearer of a composition to grasp the harmony while conscious of the melody. The exercises are peculiarly valuable, and the illustrative examples are uncommonly well chosen.

Elementary Woodworking. By Edwin W. Foster. Ginn & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

In the first part of this useful book Mr. Foster has given a clear and concise description of the ordinary tools and operations used in carpenters' work. The second part will enable the young woodworker to identify the timber trees in hedgerow and forest. Combined, the two parts

form a good manual for elementary classes in manual training. The volume would, however, be improved if more drawings of "grains," like the one of Red Oak on page 70, were added to the excellent illustrations of leaves.

The Boy Courier of Napoleon. By Wm. C. Sprague. Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00.

This is a good story for boys. It relates how a boy who distinguished himself at Hohenlinden came under the notice of Napoleon Bonaparte, and was employed by him to carry secret intelligence to persons in Louisiana of the transfer of that Spanish possession to France. There is abundance of incident, much of it thrilling, and several deeds of "derring-do," but the climax is somewhat tame and inartistic.

History and Biography

American Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.

"A city set on a hill cannot be hid," and it is one of the penalties of greatness that great ones must live under the blaze of the searchlight of publicity. The President of the United States is not exempt from this penalty, and so Mr. Edward Stratemeyer has selected him as a *beau ideal* for boys. The following quotation from the preface will best show the tone of the "American Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt": "The Twenty-sixth President of our country is a fine type of the true American of today, full of vim and vigor, quick to comprehend, and equally quick to act, not afraid to defend his opinions against all comers when satisfied that he is in the right, independent, and yet not lacking in fine social qualities, physically and morally courageous, and with a faith in himself and his God that is bound to make for good so long as he clings to it." This is not the place, nor is this the time, to discuss the character of President Roosevelt, but we may justly criticize the literary quality of Mr. Stratemeyer's work. It is a minute presentation of the President's life from childhood (even to the tooth-brush he carried to Siboney); hortatory in places; as inconsequent in others as the expression, "independent, and yet (the italics are ours) not lacking in fine social qualities." Too frequently the author is misled by his own conception of "a faith in himself and his God" (again we italicize), which, to say the least, is a curious expression and a curious connection, and one which Mr. Roosevelt himself would probably desire to modify, whether as a sincere man or as a constitutional executive. But notwithstanding all this fulsome adulation of one whom all will admit to be an admirable model of principle and conduct for the American boy, Mr. Stratemeyer must "hedge" by saying "being but human, he may make mistakes." Of course. There are spots, sometimes, even on the face of the sun. All this only shows how unwise it is, and how difficult it is, to present to the world a life of a living personage for the express purpose of holding him up as a model or as an inspiration for the young.

List of Books Received

What to Read—Where to Find It

Biography and Reminiscence

- Aubrey De Vere: A Memoir. Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$4.60.
 Captain John Smith. Tudor Jenks. Century Co., New York. \$1.20.
 Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and Review. Josiah Royce. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.25.
 In the Days of Chaucer. Tudor Jenks. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.00.
 Letters of Lord Chesterfield. Edited with an Introduction by Chas. Welsh. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
 Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. Washington Irving. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Charlotte Bronte. Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Christ, The. Frederic W. Farrar. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Edgar Allan Poe. Jas. A. Harrison. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Jesus. Ernest Renan. Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 68c.
 Life of Johnson. Jas. Boswell. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Mahomet. Washington Irving. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Life of Sir Walter Scott. J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Recollections and Letters of General Robt. E. Lee. By His Son, Capt. Robt. E. Lee. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2.50.
 Youth of Washington, The. Told in the Form of an Autobiography. S. Weir Mitchell. Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

Essays and Miscellany

- American Jewish Year Book, The. Sept. 10, 1904 to Sept. 20, 1905. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold. Jewish Pub. Soc. of America, Philadelphia.
 American Short Stories. Chas. Sears Baldwin. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.40.
 Among English Inns. The Story of a Pilgrimage to Characteristic Spots of Rural England. Josephine Tozier. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.60.
 Astronomy for Amateurs. Camille Flammarion; Authorized translation by Francis A. Welby. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Beshink Yourselves! Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by v. Tchertkoff and I. F. M. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 30c.
 Cathedrals of England, The. M. J. Taber. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.60.
 Cathedrals of Southern France, The. Blanche McManus. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.60.
 Classic Myths in Art. An Account of Greek Myths as Illustrated by Great Artists. Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$2.00.
 Cycle of Life, The. C. W. Saleeby, M.D. Harper's, New York. \$2.00.
 Dan Black, Editor and Proprietor. A Story by Seymour Eaton. Library Pub. Co., Philadelphia. 25c.
 Denizens of the Deep. Frank T. Bullen. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.75.
 Domestic Manners of the Americans. Frances M. Trollope. Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 64c.
 Essays of Joseph Addison. With an Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
 Every Day Essays. Marion Foster Washburne. Illustrated by Ruth Mary Hallock. Rand, McNally, New York.
 Expert Maid Servant, The. Christine Terhune Herrick. Harper's, New York. \$1.00.
 Finest Baby in the World, The. Being Letters from a Man to Himself about his Child. By Theodor. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 50c.
 Friendship of Art, The. Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.
 Fussier's Book, The. Rules by Anna Archbald, Georgia Jones; Pictures by Florence Wyman. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 75c.
 Given: An Idyll of the Canyon. Ralph Connor. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 75c.

Historical and Political

- Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, Introduction, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O. \$4.00.
 Historic Highways of America, Vol. 13: The Great American Canals, Vol. 1. Archer Butler Hulbert. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O.
 National Documents. Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 72c.
 Philippine Islands 1493-1898. Translated from the originals. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O.
 Presidential Problems. Grover Cleveland. Century Co., New York. \$1.80.
 Rome. In two volumes. Walter Taylor Field. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$2.40.
 Secret History of To-day. Being Revelations of a Diplomatic Spy. Allen Upward. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.
 Short Constitutional History of the U. S. Francis Newton Thorpe. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.75.
 Trust Company and Its Development, The. Ernest Heaton, B.A. White-Evans-Penfold Co., Buffalo.

Juvenile

- About Animals. Retold from St. Nicholas. Edited by M. H. Carter. Century Co., New York. 65c.
 Baby Elton Quarter-Back. Leslie W. Quirk. Illustrated. Century Co., New York. \$1.25.
 Book of Clever Beasts, The. Studies in Unnatural History. Myrtle Reed. Illustrated by Peter Newell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.
 Brownies in the Philippines, The. Palmer Cox. Century Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Cats by the Way. Sarah E. Trueblood. With Illustrations by the author. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25.

Poetry

- Elfin Songs of Sunland. Chas. Keeler. Live Oak Guild, Berkeley, Cal. 75c.
 Greek Poets, The: An Anthology by Nathan Haskell Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.00.
 Hundred Best English Poems, The. Selected by Adam L. Gowans, M.A. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 35c.
 One and the Many, The. Eva Gore-Booth. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 60c.
 Pipes of Pan. No. IV. Songs from a Northern Garden. Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.00.
 Poems of William Morris, The. Selected and edited by Percy Robert Colwell. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$2.00.
 Pomes of the Peepul. By a Syndicate of the Amalgamated District Forgers' Union. Illustrated by Will B. Johnstone. T. S. Denison, Chicago. \$1.00.

Religious

- Finding the Way. J. R. Miller, D.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 65c.
 Inner Life, The. J. R. Miller. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 30c.
 Our Christmas Tides. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler. Baker & Taylor Co., New York.
 Scientific Aspects of Mormonism; Or, Religion in Terms of Life. Nels L. Nelson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Star of Bethlehem, The. Chas. Miller Gayley. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.00.

Fiction

- Apology of Ayliffe, The. Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Beverly of Graustark. Geo. Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.
 Black Friday. Frederic S. Isham. With Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.
 Children of the Forest: A Story of Indian Love. Egerton R. Young. Illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$1.25.
 Common Lot, The. Robert Herrick. Macmillan's, New York. \$1.50.

Among the November Magazines

Keynote of President Roosevelt's Labor Platform

The keynote of Mr. Roosevelt's labor platform may be found in his reply to the delegation headed by President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, which waited upon him last September to discuss the Miller case.

Mr. Roosevelt said:

"I am the President of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social condition. My aim is to do equal and exact justice, as among them all. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service, I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union, as being for or against him, than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile as being for or against him."

These principles, borne in mind, explain all of Mr. Roosevelt's declarations and acts in relation to labor-unionism. He has expressed the same idea in varying forms in scores of speeches. In addressing the operators and the union leaders who met him at the White House in 1902 to confer concerning the anthracite coal strike, he said:

"I speak for neither the operators nor the miners, but for the general public."

In his address at Butte, Mont., in 1903, he said:

"The law is no respecter of persons. The law is to be administered neither for the rich man nor for the poor man, as such. It is to be administered for every man, rich or poor, if he is an honest and law-abiding citizen, and it is to be invoked against any man, rich or poor, who violates it, without regard to which end of the social scale he may stand, without regard to whether his offense takes the form of greed and cunning or the form of physical violence.—Ray Stannard Baker in November McClure's.

Latin Flavor of San Francisco Society

There is something distinctly Latin about San Francisco. State and town are apart from the rest of the country, almost like a foreign dependency cut off from the world by sea and desert. Social life has a curious foreign flavor which strikes the onlooker as having points of resemblance to that of Paris, or Madrid, or Naples. There is a French effervescence in the way Sunday is treated as a sort of fête day, in the invariable excellence of the restaurants, in the way everybody drinks a thin, red wine at meals. There is a hint of Spanish dignity in the women's lethargic demeanor which now and then becomes stateliness, and again deteriorates into a heavy, unimaginative stolidity. It is not alone the deep blue skies which suggest Italy, but the people's love of music, the snatches of song at street corners, the sound of guitar and mandolin on moonlight nights.

But the most striking feature is the absence of the provincial. To the stranger expecting the conditions usual in the new Western communities,

society's air of serene sophistication is its most surprising attribute. Against the un-American background of sun-bathed landscape, bright vistas of street where clear blue washes of shade are thrown by chrome-colored walls, and where open church doors give glimpses of dim interiors a-wink with candle flames, society disports itself with an intelligent comprehension of the arts of pleasure and entertainment, far removed from the crude joviality of the average Western town.—From "The Social Side of San Francisco," Ainslee's for November.

The American Officer is the Best in the World

Many things combine to make the American officer the best in the world. In the first place, there is a large and intelligent population to draw upon, an advantage, it is universally admitted, not equally enjoyed by any other great nation. Again, owing to the smallness of our army, the number of officers to be supplied, in proportion to the total population, makes possible a care in selection and education impracticable elsewhere. Consider how a great majority of officers in the United States Army are obtained. Appointments to West Point are secured, as a rule, only after a competitive examination, in which a number of young men of good ability and character take part. The man thus selected goes to West Point, where he must pass a rigid physical examination before he is admitted. Then, owing to the exacting nature of the curriculum and the severity of the discipline, a large percentage of the candidates fail to complete the four years' course. Those who do complete it and obtain commissions must have attained a standard which other nations find it impossible, for a variety of reasons, to exact. That, even under our system, we have incompetent officers simply proves that perfection has by no means been reached, and does not alter the fact that our army is better officered than any in the world.

But take Russia, with her vast standing army of a million and a quarter men, exclusive of supplementary reserve organizations of even greater magnitude, a country where the masses of the people have almost no educational advantages, where the level of intelligence is undoubtedly lower than in any other great nation, and how is she to supply her army with competent officers, in our acceptance of the word? She simply cannot. The United States Government would find it equally impossible, with all our undisputed advantages, to equip an army of a million men with officers of the standard of those who now command our little army.—From "Conditions in the Russian Army," by Thomas F. Millard, in the November Scribner's.

The Financiers of the Campaign

In a plainly furnished room at the end of a very long corridor in the Republican National Headquarters in New York is a steel safe of modest

appearance and exceedingly small proportions. It seems hard to believe, looking at it, that this modest little safe is the depository (after banking hours) of the daily quota of the millions, which placated Wall street and the Money Devil who lives there, are contributing to send Theodore Roosevelt back to the Presidency of the United States. But it must be.

For the room is the office of the Treasurer of the Republican National Committee; the safe is his safe, and in the inner sanctum, whose door opens near by, sits the Hon. Cornelius Newton Bliss himself, Republican National Treasurer since the memorable Harrison campaign of 1892.

Mr. Bliss is now seventy-one years old, and if an ideal treasurer of party funds can be conceived the ideal would resemble him so closely that if the two were transposed nobody would know the ideal from the real. From his well polished shoes to his carefully-trimmed side whiskers and immaculately smooth, gray hair, Mr. Bliss's appearance breathes that business probity and integrity which, to those who know him, are characteristic of the man. Looking upon his solid exterior and dignified countenance, one would not hesitate to entrust to him one's most cherished possessions. No business man whose patriotic sensibilities were appealed to by such a personage as Mr. Bliss could turn a deaf ear to the appeal. He might have been especially constructed, educated and trained for the National Treasurer's job.

He didn't want it at the beginning, if the political gossips are to be believed. He certainly didn't desire to keep it this year, and it is generally understood that he consented to remain treasurer only at the personal solicitation of Mr. Roosevelt himself.

It is characteristic of the man that he has never sought office. The office has always sought him. First of all he is a business man, perhaps one of the best types of the successful New York merchant. Politics have always been second with him, though in recent years what at first was a recreation and a patriotic duty has encroached upon his daily life until he is generally regarded as a political factor first and a business man afterward. Anyway, he has "made his pile," in the slang phrase of business and politics. His wealth is estimated at ten million dollars. For many years he has been head of the great woolen manufacturing firm of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., and he is one of the king pins in many banking institutions, including particularly the Fourth National Bank, in which the overflow funds from that little safe in his outer office are daily deposited.

There is, incidentally, an odd circumstance connected with the banking of those funds, which goes to show that politics and business do not always follow the same lines. Though the Republican national funds are deposited in the Fourth National Bank, the president of that bank, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, is a gold Democrat.—F. T. Birchall in November Leslie's Monthly.

A Revolutionary Social Event in Japan

The first public entertainment ever given by Japanese women for charity was a recent garden-party, with tableaux, given at the Naval Club, Tokio, by graduates of the Peeresses' School. An authority on Japan says that it is impossible for the Western mind to conceive how great a revolu-

tion is marked by this event. The voluntary renouncement by the Japanese nobles of their fiefs in 1868 was hardly more remarkable. It means a tremendous change in the life of Japanese women. The November "Century" will have reproductions from photographs of these interesting and unique tableaux, which pictured famous female characters in the history of ancient, medieval, and eighteenth-century Japan.

Yamato Damashii, "the spirit that quickeneth Japan," that spirit that leads the soldier to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flinging away his life, but obeying the will and hearing the approval of invisible witnesses, this spirit is the subject of a timely paper in the November "Century" by Oscar King Davis, under the title, "Japanese Devotion and Courage." This spirit, Mr. Davis believes, is responsible for the remarkable restraint shown by the Japanese in their time of victory, and the self-control exhibited in hours of disaster.

Business Buildings Made Beautiful

One of the most cheerful signs of American interest in matters other than those purely material is the rapid increase of artistic commercial buildings, especially in New York. The hotels are more lavishly beautified than ordinary business buildings, but these latter are receiving more and more attention, and are now beautified to an extent that would have been deemed absurdly wasteful not long ago.

A well-known New York man recently made two trips to Europe, apparently for the sole purpose of squandering large sums of money. His last tour occupied four months, and he bought no less than fifty marble statues, antique and modern, one hundred and forty assorted bronzes, mostly from the famous founder, Barbedienne of Paris, a large number of paintings, innumerable etchings and engravings, tapestries of historical interest, old velvets and brocades, rare Florentine silks, Sevres vases from royal palaces, antique Chinese pottery, Venetian glass, a dining-room service with solid silver candelabra once owned by the King of Naples, brother of Napoleon I, and many other beautiful and expensive things. Incidentally, before leaving home he had ordered thirty Steinway grand pianos with specially decorated cases. And yet this almost wholesale buyer is not an art collector gone mad, a dealer, nor even an amateur trying to rival Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who buys great art collections ready-made, but the proprietor of a hotel in New York City.

The hotel in which these treasures have been placed contains five hundred rooms, is on Fifth Avenue near Central Park, and among the valuable materials lavishly used in the building are bronze, white marble carved by hand, French Caen stone with bronze ornamentation. Circasian walnut, white mahogany, satinwood, velvets, Lyons silks, rare rugs, and, as a capping-piece of financial expansion, hand-made lace curtains in one suite costing \$5,000 apiece.

This money has been spent simply as a cold business proposition for a hard-headed investor of long experience who believes that in the hotel business, at least, art pays.—J. M. Bowles in November World's Work.

Are the Planets Inhabited?

It is not, therefore, many years since Mars entered into the sphere of our observation. And one can also say that there is but a small number of the inhabitants of this world who have observed it in all its details, and of these the most experienced is Signor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan.

The geographical map of the planet Mars has just been made with infinite care by the above-mentioned astronomer. One might really consider it a terrestrial sphere of continents, islands, coasts, peninsulas, gulfs, waters. Moreover, clouds, rains, inundations, snows, seasons, winters and summers, springs and autumns, prevail as they do here; and the intensity of the season is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis being the same as ours.

If it were ever attempted to put into practice any project for the communication between this world and ours, the signals would have to be established on a very vast scale. It would not be a question of triangles, squares, and circles of some kilometres in size, but of figures more than a hundred kilometres large. Moreover, it would always be on the hypotheses that there are inhabitants of Mars, that these inhabitants understand astronomy, that they have optical instruments analogous to ours, and that they observe our planet with interest. This planet must be to them a star of first magnitude, the evening and morning star, the brightest star of their heavens.

When on a beautiful starry night we examine Mars under a telescope, when we see the polar snows, which melt at spring-time, those finely defined continents, those long-gulfed Mediterranean, this eloquent and varied geographical configuration, one cannot but ask oneself if the sun which illumines a world so like our own does not likewise shed light on living beings, if the rains do not fertilize crops, if this atmosphere be not inhaled by beings, or if this sphere of Mars, which turns with rapidity in space, be like an empty train on a railway—containing neither passengers nor goods.—Camille Flammarion in November "Harper's."

Opportunity and the President

On the wall of the President's office in Washington hangs, framed, an autograph copy of John J. Ingalls' sonnet, "Opportunity." In what administration it became a presidential property is not indicated, but Senator Ingalls died in the last year of President McKinley's first term, so, presumably, the sonnet did not come into that office with Colonel Roosevelt. There was a controversy about this sonnet in the papers last June, arising from the claim of an Italian-American poet that he wrote the piece in Italian in the first place and brought it to Mr. Ingalls' notice, and that Mr. Ingalls' deliverance was no more than a translation, or paraphrase, of his work. That may be: Mr. Ingalls is dead and can't tell us. But true or not, it does not greatly signify, for it is Ingalls' English sonnet that has gained attention, and not the Italian version. So here is the sonnet printed on this page as Ingalls made it famous:

OPPORTUNITY

BY THE LATE SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS
Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

It is a good sonnet—good poetry—but how far is it true? Is life such a touch-and-go-affair as it makes out? Does opportunity knock "once" at every gate, unbidden or otherwise, and if it goes away does all high success go with it? Undoubtedly there are chances in life. Undoubtedly there are crises in the lives of most men where a choice must be made between courses, and where the future of the individual is enormously affected by the choice made. But I should be very sorry to accept the suggestion that success or failure in life turns on a man's ability to recognize one single great opportunity when it presents itself, and grapple it. The reputation of the chances commended by their purveyors as "opportunities-of-a-lifetime" is not very good. They are apt to be very speculative chances in which the only profit that is sure is the profit of the vendor. Life is quite enough of a gamble as it really is. Every day the dice rattle in the box and the way they fall makes a difference, but it is by no means sound philosophy to represent everything at stake on a single great cast.

And that in a measure is what the Ingalls sonnet seems to do. We have one great chance, it says—one apiece: but if we miss that we might as well take down our sign.

It isn't so. Chance abounds, so do chances. Life is not a speculation, it is a problem. Opportunity is one of its most persistent incidents. It is the stuff in the man that makes the difference.—E. S. Martin in November "Metropolitan."

The Men who Tamed the Cow-Towns

No gay capital in the golden age of French chivalry ever smacked more of adventure than did the little Western towns that were founded on the devious trail of the longhorn Texas steer to the Northern market during the decade following the Civil War. And no French king could have boasted more courageous Musketeers than those knights of the pistol who donned the badge of marshalship and held the cattle towns in check, and who first forced the reckless bravos of the border to admit the existence of such a thing as law.

Abilene, Dodge City, Ellsworth, Hays City, Newton—these and more were names that spelled Romance in the early days when Kansas was the great clearing house for Western cattle, and these small but strenuous places equalled their mining rivals, Deadwood, Tombstone and

Leadville, in their daily clashes of armed men. The streets of the cow-towns were thronged with the hardiest of adventurers. The Paris of D'Artagnan held no more bold-eyed swaggerers and rufflers than the typical cow-town of Abilene when the brief flame of its strangely brought prosperity was at its highest.

Abilene boasted only of two or three hundred citizens, but the great cattle trail kept the streets swirling with a strange and fearsome floating population. Forty saloons were busy, and between every two saloons was a dance hall, while back of every barroom was a gambling layout. Night and day, in the long season when the great herds were moving along the trail, wrapped in their own dust-clouds, mounted cowboys were clattering up and down the streets of Abilene. Rheumatic pianos were tinkling in the dance halls and frequently the sound of pistol shots came from the saloons and gambling places. Every man had at least one gun slapping at his hips, and every waist felt the sag of a heavy cartridge belt, pregnant with death. Mingling with the cowboys were professional gamblers, men whose false names indicated that they were "wanted" back East, "remittance men" from England, wealthy cattle buyers from Chicago and other marketing points, and the painted women and the male riff-raff that had scented gain as the buzzards scent their feast. This strange and motley gathering crowded the saloons such as the Alamo, the Elkhorn, the Bull's Head, the Pearl, and other places that were operated under as picturesque names as the coffee houses of old Samuel Pepys' day, and the revelry of the boisterous held nightly sway to the accompaniment of numerous powder-burnings.—By Arthur Chapman in November "Outing."

The War and Decoration in Japan

To enumerate even a tenth of the various articles ornamented with designs inspired by the war—articles such as combs, clasps, fans,

brooches, cardcases, purses—would require a volume. Even cakes and confectionery are stamped with naval or military designs; and the glass or paper windows of shops—not to mention the signboards—have pictures of Japanese victories painted upon them. At night the shop lanterns proclaim the pride of the nation in its fleets and armies; and a whole chapter might easily be written about the new designs in transparencies and toy lanterns. A new revolving lantern—turned by the air-current which its own flame creates—has become very popular. It represents a charge of Japanese infantry upon Russian defenses; and holes pierced in the colored paper, so as to produce a continuous vivid flashing while the transparency revolves, suggest the exploding of shells and the volleying of machine guns.

Some displays of the art-impulse, as inspired by the war, have been made in directions entirely unfamiliar to Western experience—in the manufacture, for example, of women's hair ornaments and dress materials. Dress goods decorated with war pictures have actually become a fashion—especially crêpe silks for underwear, and figured silk linings for cloaks and sleeves. More remarkable than these are the new hairpins—by hairpins I mean those long double-pronged ornaments of flexible metal which are called *kanzashi*, and are more or less ornamented according to the age of the wearer. (The *kanzashi* made for young girls are highly decorative; those worn by older folk are plain, or adorned only with a ball of coral or polished stone.) The new hairpins might be called commemorative; one, of which the decoration represents a British and a Japanese flag intercrossed, celebrates the Anglo-Japanese alliance; another represents an officer's cap and sword; and best of all is surmounted by a tiny metal model of a battleship. The battleship-pin is not merely fantastic: it is actually pretty!—Lafcadio Hearn in "A Letter from Japan" in November "Atlantic."

Magazine Reference List for November, 1904

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Business Buildings made Beautiful
.....World's Work
Great Theatrical Syndicate, The
.....Leslie's Monthly
Haydn and his Music.....Chautauquan
Music as Medicine.....Good Housekeeping
Royal Academy, The.....Scribner's
Seventeenth Century Cottage, A
.....Good Housekeeping

Biographical and Reminiscent

Emperor of Japan, The.....World's Work
Germany's Next Emperor.....Munsey's
Gladstone's Friendship with Lord Acton
.....Lippincott
Leader of the Tibetans, A.....Century

Markham, Edwin.....National Magazine
Parker, Judge. An Appreciation...Metropolitan
San Francisco Women who Have Achieved
Success.....Overland Monthly
Senator Hoar, The Late.....Review of Reviews
Tommaso Salvini.....Critic
Ysaye.....Leslie's Monthly

Educational Topics

Benito Perez Galdos.....Critic
Bodily Basis of Education, The...Chautauquan
How Successful are the Public Schools?
.....World's Work
Training for the Presidency.....Munsey's

Essays and Miscellany

Abiding London.....Atlantic Monthly

American Coup d'Etat of 1961, The Atlantic Monthly
 Are the Planets Inhabited? Harper's
 Brain of the Nation, The Century
 California's Newest Oil Fields Overland Monthly
 Canadian Northwest, The Review of Reviews
 Clipper Ship and her Commander, A Atlantic Monthly
 Crime and Criminals in the United States Overland Monthly
 Eldorado of the Portrait-Painter, The Munsey's
 Empire Building in Northwest Canada National Magazine
 Evolution of an American Girl, The Metropolitan
 Feathered Californians Overland Monthly
 Fighting Fat at Marienbad Metropolitan
 Geographical Centres of Activity, The World's Work
 Hand of Petrarch, The Scribner's
 Hanover, Hildesheim, Brunswick Chautauquan
 Homebuilder and the Architect, The Good Housekeeping
 How to be Young at Sixty Good Housekeeping
 Incubator Baby, The Good Housekeeping
 Investing a Million Dollars a Day World's Work
 Iowa's Campaign for Better Corn Rev. of Rev.
 Japanese Devotion and Courage Century
 Japanese Flower Arrangement Good Housek'ng
 Jiu-Jitsu, The Art of Self-Defense Leslie's Mon.
 Legends and Pageants of Venice Lippincott
 Literary Life, The Critic
 Master of Dissection, A National Magazine
 Old-Time Negro, The Scribner's
 Pack Mule, The Atlantic Monthly
 Page of Hand-made Christmas Gifts Woman's Home Companion
 Parker and Roosevelt on Labor McClure's
 Peeresses of Japan in Tableaux Century
 Practical Printing Press, and How to Make It Woman's Home Companion
 Psychical Research Harper's
 Radio-Activity (Part II) Overland Monthly
 Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla Munsey's
 Rich Kingdom of Cotton, The World's Work
 Rise and Fall of Sully, The, King of Cotton Woman's Home Companion
 Russian as a Social Factor, The Munsey's
 Search for a Lost Republic Harper's
 Sorrows of the Clean, The Good Housekeeping
 Strike and the Housewife, The Wom. H. Com.
 Such Stuff as Dreams are made of Scribner's
 Supervision of Trust Companies World's Work
 Trackers of France, The Century
 Was Sir Walter Scott a Poet? Atlantic Monthly

Historical and Political

What Language do New Yorkers Speak? Metropolitan
 Work and Play Atlantic Monthly
 Bombshells in Presidential Campaigns Munsey's
 Close Election Contests Atlantic Monthly
 Conditions in the Russian Army Scribner's
 Diplomat's Recollections of Russia, A Century
 Election Night in a Great Newspaper Office Woman's Home Companion
 Financiers of the Campaign, The Leslie's Mon.
 If a Prohibitionist were President Leslie's Mon.
 Japan's Fitness for a Long Struggle World's W.
 Japan's Historical Military Landmarks Overland Monthly
 John Hay Speaks for the Nation Nat. Magazine

Letter from Japan, A Atlantic Monthly
 Lord Grey, Canada's New Governor General Review of Reviews
 New England Witch Craft Four-Track News
 Non-Intervention and the Monroe Doctrine Harper's
 Opportunity and the President Metropolitan
 Plight of Russia, The World's Work
 Presidential Candidates, The McClure's
 Reaction and Republican Revival in France Chautauquan
 Roosevelt or Parker? Metropolitan
 Some Family Letters of Thomas Jefferson Scribner's
 Survey of Civic Betterment Chautauquan
 Third Candidates Leslie's Monthly
 Trend of Political Affairs in Canada, The Review of Reviews
 United States in the Philippines, The Atlantic Monthly
 Vivid Pictures of Great War Scenes World's Wk.
 War of 1812, The Scribner's

Religious and Philosophical

Business Clergyman, The Leslie's Monthly
 Commander Booth-Tucker and the Salvation Army in America Review of Reviews
 General Convention of the Episcopal Church, The Review of Reviews
 Improving the Style of the Bible, On At. Mon.
 Santa Clara's Mission Bells Overland Monthly

Scientific and Industrial

Breeding the Sporting Dog Outing
 Forestry in Germany Chautauquan
 German and American Working Life World's Work
 Harvesting the Wheat World's Work
 London Cabby, The Outing
 New Occupation, A Century
 Pedigree Sheep-Breeding Outing
 Some Greek Anticipations of Modern Science Harper's
 Trent Waterway, The Overland Monthly
 Unique Japanese Tramway, A Overland Mon.

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

Across-Country Running Outing
 Casting at Tournaments Outing
 Country Life Atlantic Monthly
 Evolution of the Horse in America Century
 Falling a Mile Outing
 Folkestone out of Season, In Harper's
 Following Deer Trails in Northwestern Woods Outing
 Game Field, The Outing
 Honesty in Football Outing
 How to Plant Quail Outing
 Learning to Shoot Outing
 Men Who Tamed the Cow-towns, The Outing
 Natural History Outing
 Our Modern Blue-Jacket Century
 Photography for the Beginner Outing
 Scoring in Golf Outing
 Seed Distribution Chautauquan
 Shanghai to Hankow by Steamer, From Overland Monthly
 Thoroughbreds and their Battles Metropolitan
 Trotting Rhino of Kelantan, The Outing
 Winter on the Great Lakes Harper's
 Yacht Measurement Outing

Open ✂ ✂ Questions

1088. Will you tell me where I can get late information on modern methods of education and management used in reform schools or institutions?

Mrs. W. A. COLLINS, Fremont, Neb.

[A letter addressed to the superintendent of any large reform school will elicit the information desired. The superintendent of the Ohio Reform School, Lancaster, Ohio, will undoubtedly give you much useful direction, for that school has been one of the leading ones in the use of modern methods.]

1089. Being desirous of enlarging my vocabulary I take the liberty of applying to you for information as to what course I shall pursue and what helps I might purchase at moderate cost.

T. B. KING, Carthage, N. C.

[The best method of enlarging the vocabulary of a writer is a generous course of reading of good literature and the practice of writing and speaking upon subjects with which the student has made himself familiar. Knowledge of the subject is absolutely necessary to a good vocabulary or the words will be but sounding brass. Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" will be of assistance in the choice of words; and there are other more recent publications, such as Funk and Wagnalls' "Synonyms and Antonyms," by Dr. Fernald. French's "On the Study of Words" is useful. One of the most valuable books at small cost was Dr. John Williams' "Topical Lexicon," where all the essential words of the language are arranged under topics. This may be obtained of dealers in second-hand books.]

1090. Will you publish the Cruise of the Nancy Brig, or tell me where I can obtain a copy of it?

FERNAND VIGNE, JR.,

Central Pharmacy, Brewery Gulch, Arizona.

[The poem referred to appeared in "The 'Bab' Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert. The proper title is "The Yarn of the 'Nancy Bell.'" This can be obtained from almost any large publishing house. It has been published in a cheap form, and is somewhat too long for reprinting at present.]

1091. From what books or current magazine articles can one get the most information re-

garding the commerce of Japan and the fauna and flora of Japan?

S. M. T., Jeffersonville, Ohio.

["Japan and its Trade," by J. Morris, Harper Bros., 1902, will probably answer part of this question. There is also a work published by the Bureau of Commerce for the World's Fair, 1893, on the Commerce and Industry of Japan. This, or a more recent report, can probably be obtained of the Japanese Commissioner to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. Apply to the same person for reference to works on the fauna and flora of Japan.]

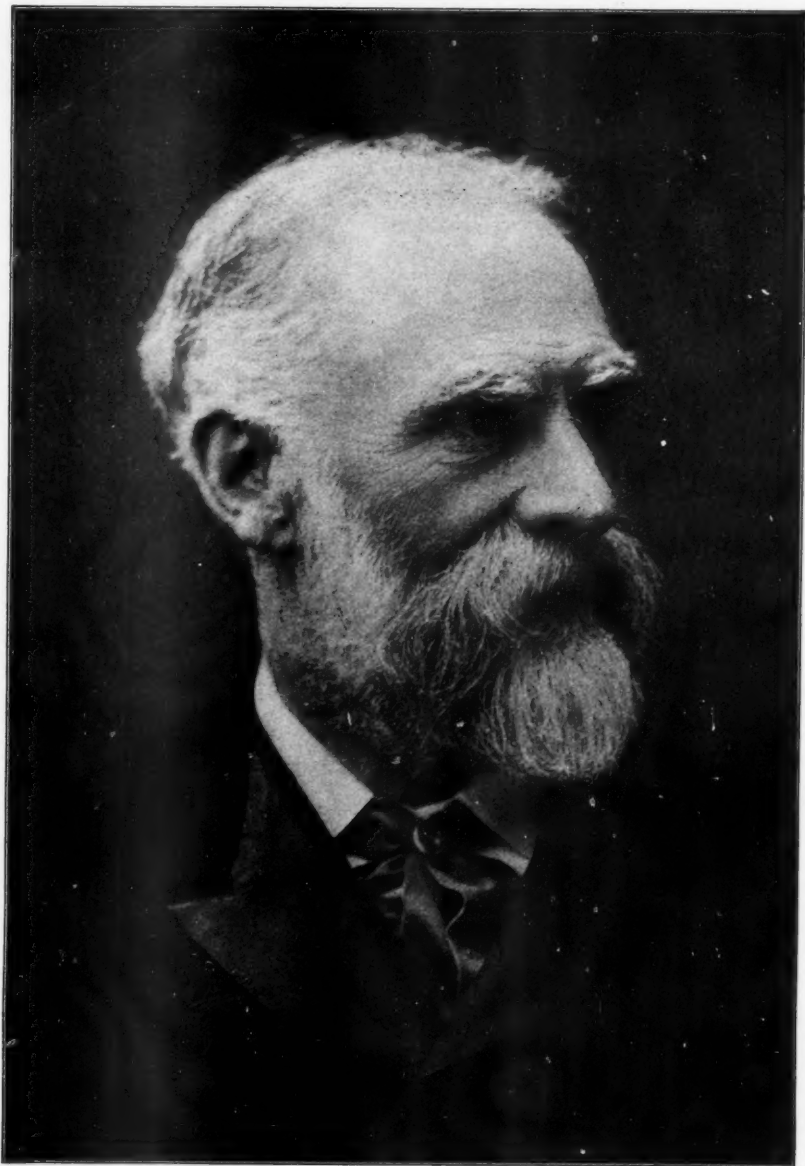
ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS

1070. Daniel M. Hammack answers (from memory) this query in your October number. I have the poem in B. D. Emerson's "Third Class Reader," copyrighted 1834, published by the Claremont Manufacturing Co., of Claremont, N. H., in 1847. It is entitled "The Young Soldiers," author's name not given. There is a very neat vignette of boy soldiers grouped behind a strutting leader, each dressed at will except the nearly uniform paper caps and all armed as described in the poem.—B. N. HYDE, Pottsville, Pa.

[Omitting the fourth stanza as published the addition of the following lines will make substantially the version given by the correspondent.

Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore;
All brightly shone his new tin sword.
A paper cap he wore;
He led us up the steep hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume that decked his
head
Stream'd bravely out behind.
We shouldered arms, we carried arms.
We charged the bayonet;
And wo unto the mullein stalk
That in our course we met.
At two o'clock the roll we called,
And to the close of day,
With our brave and plumed captain,
We fought the mimic fray—
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.



Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

Author of *The American Commonwealth*

(See Department, People in the Foreground)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Christmas Book. Wave

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

Copyright, 1904, by DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.

FROM "CAPE COD FOLKS"

HAVE you ever thought of the great flood of Christmas books as a gigantic wave—the light novels flying as foam, the dainty essays and rhythmic verse the transparent beauty beneath the crest, and down below the serious outpourings of thoughtful men and women, the very body of the wave itself? Only such a wave would be largely foam nowadays—that is the literal fallacy of the figure.

Yet, though novels, many of them the well-executed work of capable writers, predominate this year as before, there has never been a season when the publishers have lavished such a wealth of beautiful decorations and illustrations on the so-called "miscellaneous books" (including about everything except fiction and juveniles), and given to them every evidence of great value, the genuineness of which can only be determined by the test of time. Most noticeably has the standard of gift books been raised from the rather crude and often evangelical works of ten years ago which served this purpose. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the

present elaborateness can be increased without the addition of such bindings and adornments as will place the works in the class of subscription books. The accomplishments of many of the publishers this year are little short of incredible. A few years ago such books as many of the two and three dollar books of to-day would have been held strictly to limited editions at prices which would have driven away all but the book collectors.

"Italian Villas and their Gardens," by Edith Wharton (The Century Co., New York), whose work in fiction has made her name best known, can safely be ranked at the head of these books. Though a volume which sells at \$6.00 net, it falls easily within the earlier statements of the accomplishments of the various publishers in the manufacturing of books of extraordinary beauty at prices which would have been regarded as ruinous to the makers a few years ago. There are fifty illustrations in the text, some of which are by Maxfield Parrish, reproduced in color with a skill in the retention of values which is almost marvelous. It



Copyright, 1904, by The Baker & Taylor Co.

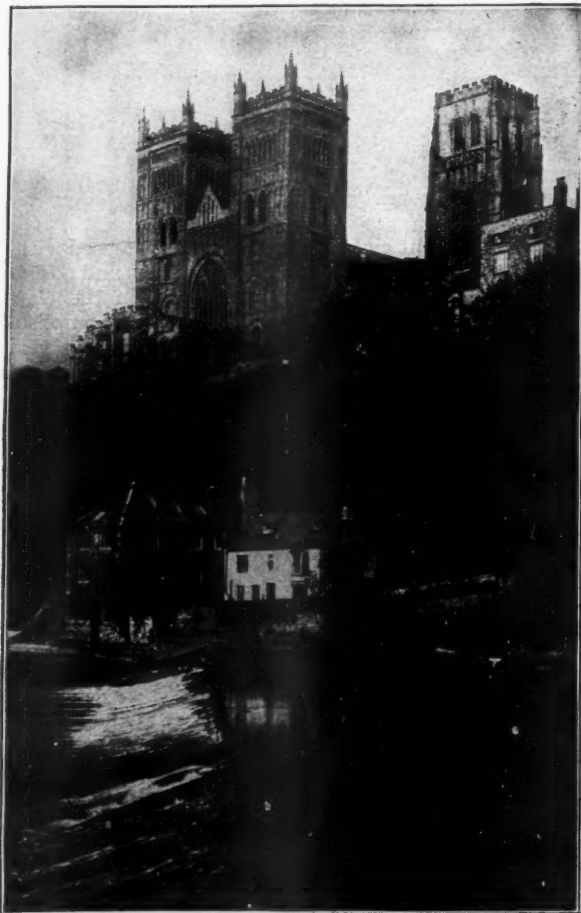
DR. CUYLER, AT LAKE MOHONK

is, perhaps, these illustrations, together with the many photographs, which will draw attention especially to the work. There is a beauty in them which fairly drives one into the text for more knowledge of the subject. Mrs. Wharton's long residence in Italy, her close studies of the villas and gardens, and the power of vivid descrip-

presents certain phases of art in that wonderful country, and "The Road in Tuscany," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett (The Macmillan Company, New York), gives us yet further glimpses of the country which he knows and loves and of which he has already given us a view in "Earth Work Out of Tuscany." These books on Tuscany are the result of repeated joyous visits to and studies of this Italian state, of which Mr. Hewlett writes *con amore*. And quite as ardent is his illustrator. Could there be imagined a happier conjunction of author and artist for the subject of Italy than Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Joseph Pennell? There will be more than two hundred illustrations, some in colors, for this book, made during one of the delightful tours awheel with which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have often acquainted us.

There are many other books of art and travel which space forbids treating as fully as their merit would otherwise warrant. One which deserves especial mention is "Pictures by George Frederic Watts" (Fox, Duffield & Co., New York), a careful and well-arranged portfolio of Mr. Watts' best known paintings, with appropriate selections of text showing the origin and the symbolism of the pictures. There are also two volumes devoted to Burne-Jones. One of these, and the more pretentious, is "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones" (The Macmillan Co., New York), and the other a briefer study in Newne's Art Library (imported by F. Warne & Co.) under the simple title "Burne-Jones."

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, has added to its Popular Art Series a volume "The Appreciation of Sculpture," by Russell Sturgis, whose "How to Judge Architecture" sold widely last year. The volume is reserved from this article for more extended review next month, but the Christmas edition on special paper, with art binding, deserves prominent classification here. And allied to this are two handbooks from L. C. Page & Co., Boston, devoted to the



Copyright, 1904, by L. C. Page & Co.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL. FROM "CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND"

tion for which she has so great reputation, play together here admirably. They visualize the almost ethereal beauty of some of Mr. Parrish's vistas and backgrounds.

Italy, indeed, sounds the note for the chief gift books of the season. Mrs. Wharton's "Italian Villas and Their Gardens"

famous cathedrals of England and Southern France. The former of these, "The Cathedrals of Southern France," by Francis Mil-toun, has over eighty illustrations, and many designs and decorations, the majority of them evidently from pencil and crayon originals, and though very decorative, they lack something of the detail which such handbooks should possess. "The Cathedrals of England," by Mary J. Taber, is fully as attractive, and the illustrations, most of them from photographic reproductions, are



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bro's
FROM "A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS"

better adapted to the purpose. Here is given more than the foundation knowledge of a cathedral's history and distinguishing marks of its plan, more even than seems to belong in a book of architecture; yet the gossip concerning the famous bishops is entertaining and well worth the reading.

The half-tone reproduction of a photograph of Durham Cathedral, printed on the opposite page, will give the reader a notion of the delightful character of the illustration of the book.



Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.
FRONTISPIECE "TO THE MOUNTAINS"

The Christmas Gift Books

IT is an easy stage from the works of art to those which the publishers have put forth for Christmas purposes, yet a stage where the reasons for the division will



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bro's
FROM "THE CASTLE COMEDY"



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons

FROM "CHRISTMAS EVE ON LONESOME"

not always be clear. Here, however, are classified those volumes—a great many of them with the word Christmas in the title—which are designed especially for holiday gifts. One of them, slight in text, but most attractive in appearance, is "A Journey in Search of Christmas," by Owen Wister (Harper & Brothers, New York). There are some striking and characteristic illustrations in color by Frederic Remington, and designs throughout the margins, and on all fly-leaves, which keep alive the spirit of the foothills and plains, which are Mr. Wister's literary strongholds.

The story is of a typical, big-hearted cowboy who sought the joys of Christmas in a large city. He found them, but not as he had planned. A little city bootblack—a waif of the streets—was his fate. Eventually, the boy went back with him to the mountains. It is a story full of the broad humanity which Mr. Wister has so often portrayed in his Western heroes.

"Our Christmas Tides," by Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn (The Baker & Taylor

Co., New York), is another volume aimed solely at the Christmas trade. It is a continuation of Dr. Cuyler's "Recollections," dwelling especially upon notable Christmases in his life. It is bound with a striking cover, printed with marginal decorations in red, and illustrated with four carbon-gravures. And again, there is Jacob A. Riis' short story, "Is there a Santa Claus?" a tiny volume from The Macmillan Company. All of these are brief in text, hardly books at all, but most admirably adapted to the gift purposes for which they were designed.

The measure of a book's price, however, is no longer a matter of text. If it were, such volumes as "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," a new Riley-Christy book, "Over the Hill to the Poor-House," by Will Carleton, and "Love Finds the Way," by Paul Leicester Ford, could hardly boast more than pamphlet form. As it is, these three form an important and striking factor in the fall book trade.

The first of these (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.,



Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

FROM "OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S"

Indianapolis) follows in the line of that wonderfully popular venture "An Old Sweet-heart of Mine," which for two years has served many a lover with its beauty of manufacture and opportune title. It hardly seems likely that even so popular a poem as "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" can appeal as widely in this form. The illustrations, in the first place, through representing some of Mr. Christy's best work, are open to many criticisms, and lack that charm of feminine beauty which has made people overlook other defects. The majority of them are of barefooted boys and the elderly "Aunt," and somehow they seem incongruous. When you know that Christy is the artist you can't escape the resemblance in the country boy's faces to the type of broad-shouldered, impossible man with which he has been so long associated. Yet the volume is done with great attractiveness, and preserves a poem of marvelously true feeling in a pleasant and permanent form.

"Over the Hill to the Poor-House," deserves, too, the permanence which Harper & Brothers have given to it. There are some excellent full-page illustrations in color, fitting designs and a generally attractive make-up. The author, in his preface, recalls the early vogue and criticism of this poem, and has something to say, too, regarding its authenticity.

"Love Finds the Way" is the third of the short stories by Paul Leicester Ford, which Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued in sumptuous form. The illustrations by Harrison Fisher are hardly as attractive as his previous work in this series, but the *tout ensemble* of the book is most striking when the mind becomes adjusted to Miss Armstrong's daring designs and color schemes.

Longer stories there are which the publishers have issued in festive style, though almost all of the fiction of the fall, where the promise of sale was sufficient, have been illustrated in color, and many of them treated to bindings which would have seemed impossible a few years ago.

"The Castle Comedy," by Thompson Buchanan (Harper & Brothers, New York), is very attractively made. It is an engaging story of the time of Napoleon, with an impudently daring hero and a heroine

charming and vivacious, whose fortunes are related here in a strain of brilliant comedy. There are illustrations in color and little designs of far-away castles and distant vales, all by Elizabeth Shippen Green, which are a treat in themselves.

"The Love of Azalea," by Onoto Watanna



Copyright, 1904, by The Century Co.

FROM "ELLEN AND MR. MAN"

(Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is published in a form very similar to "The Heart of Hyacinth," which had a big run last year. The lavender box, the colored illustrations, and the odd designs in pale tints beneath the text lend much charm to the book, though the portraits of the hero cannot be called attractive.

Before turning from the Christmas fiction to those holiday books of other types it is well to note one of the most interesting and important of the new editions—that of "Cape Cod Folks," by Sarah P. McLean Greene. For many years this has been one of the best known and most widely read works of American fiction. Its history is known throughout the reading world; yet the previous edition of the book was of the sort calculated to discourage any but the resolute reader. Now it appears with some rarely charming photographs from Cape Cod, and many attractive decorations, too. Few photographs used as illustrations have been better adapted to the purpose than these. Additional interest attaches to the work from the simultaneous publication, by another house, of "Deacon Lysander," a new novel by the author of "Cape Cod Folks."

Dodd, Mead & Co. have followed their now annual custom of issuing in attractive gift-book



Copyright, 1904, by L. C. Page & Co.

FRONTISPICE FROM "THE PRISONER OF MADEMOISELLE"



Copyright, 1904, by The Baker & Taylor Co.

SAMPLE PANEL DESIGNS FROM "OLD LOVE
STORIES RETOLD," BY RICHARD
LE GALLIENNE

form Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's essays. This year the subject "Nature and Culture" offered a splendid opportunity for illustrations and decorations—an opportunity which the publishers grasped and developed most fully. The illustrations are what is known as carbongravures, a gelatin process producing results similar to the photogravure, but rather softer in tone. In this volume they are especially well done. Of the text—it is by Mr. Mabie. Writing of life and culture, and the influence of nature upon them, there is in the spirit and grace of the essays all of that sweet reasonableness and charm which have made Mr. Mabie one of the leading writers of the day.



Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

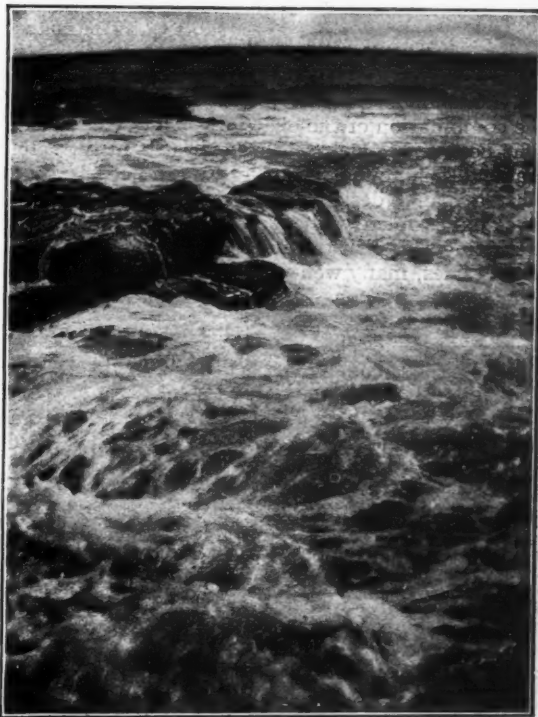
PHILLIS. FROM "LOVE FINDS THE WAY"



Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

FRONTISPIECE TO "BLAZED TRAIL STORIES"

Of nature, too, but of a different sort, does Mr. Stewart Edward White treat in "The Mountains" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York). Mr. White has painted the wild, free life in the open in a light and with a charm which have brought much attention to himself. "The Blazed Trail," a novel, was his first great hit, now supplemented by "Blazed Trail Stories." Then came "The Forest," and later "The Silent Places." There is the same inspiring love of the big out-of-doors in every page, and much sound advice to travelers, too; for Mr. White seems



Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"THE ROCK-STREWN SHORE OF THE SEA." FROM
"NATURE AND CULTURE"

not only to be gifted with the power of instilling a great longing for the impressive in nature, but he adds the instructions and warnings of an experienced rover to his work. The frontispiece of the volume alone makes it worth owning. Just to look at this is a rest after a hard day's work.

In different vein are the romantic essays of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, "Old Love Stories Retold" (The Baker & Taylor Co., New York). Mr. Le Gallienne recounts the famous love stories of the world, such as those of Dante and Beatrice, Abélard and Héloïse, Aucassin, and Nicolette, Shelley and



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bro's

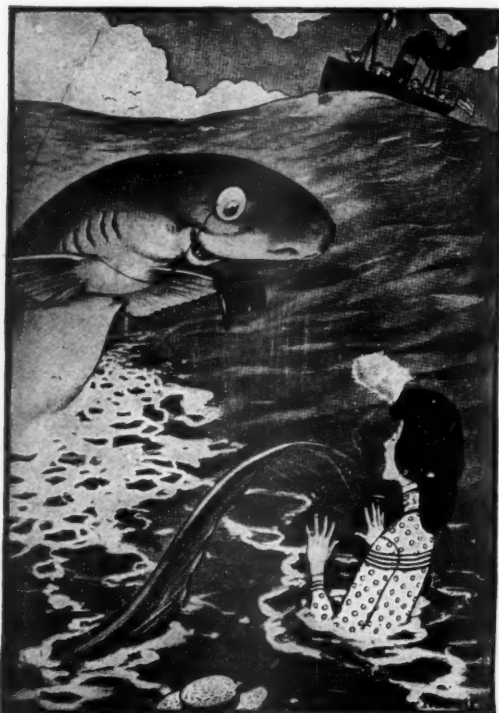
FROM "THE LUXURY OF CHILDREN"

Mary Godwin, and others. The text is in Mr. Le Gallienne's most attractive style—the combination of the chatty essay and the romance. The book as a whole is daintily made. It is bound in dark-gray art paper, with a panel design and a leather back. The text is filled with decorative panels illustrating the spirit of the essays, and there are, besides, many well-selected illustrations from old prints, engravings and paintings.

From its very unusualness, "The Luxury of Children" belongs nearer to the head of the list. This volume of essays about children, by E. S. Martin (Harper & Brothers, New York), is certainly a book to own. There are a wonderfully delicate humor and tender sympathy in Mr. Martin's portrayal of child life. It is a tribute to the home, too, which will appeal to fathers and mothers far more than the rather two-edged title suggests.

Of all the books that might be taken up, a few only can be touched upon now. "Li'l Gal," a fresh volume of poems by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), will appeal to many not only for the quality of the verse, but the harmony and reality of the Southern pictures. Then there is "The Tar Baby," by Joel Chandler Harris (D. Appleton & Co., New York), which is in essence the retelling in verse of the Brer Rabbit stories. Of the stories the majority of people know much already. The illustrations by Kemble and Frost deserve most especial note. They are exceptionally amusing, fitting the quaintness of the text to a wonderful degree. The page decorations, too, individually very entertaining, add, besides, much to the effect of the page.

The latest book by Myrtle Reed must also be included here. When the first of her works came from G. P. Putnam's Son's press they were rated as the most charming of gift books. "The Master's Violin," though as unlike the "many-colored" volumes of this season as a book could well be, holds its place in the running. The binding of the book is very dainty, the text in red and black, on the highest grade of paper, is one of the best specimens of typographical and press



Copyright 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"THE CHIVALROUS SHARK." FROM "THE NAUTICAL LAYS OF A LANDSMAN"



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bro's

FROM "THE LUXURY OF CHILDREN"

work outside the field of subscription books, and far superior to many within this field. The story is typical of Miss Reed's best vein.

There is an unusual branch of publishing now, where picture-books are no longer juveniles, and where texts are absent without being missed. Charles Dana Gibson's "Everyday

People" is one of the most important of these. It represents the cartoons which he has been drawing in the past twelve months, few of them containing the type of girls for which he became famous, but most of them showing a wonderful development in the variety of his powers. His insight into



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons
SECRETS OF THE SEA. FROM "CARTOONS IN COLORS."
BY CHRISTY

human nature, the simplification of his detail and the wonderful expressions obtained,

make this book notable. Then there is "The Christy Calendar," always popular; the "Fisher Calendar," full of the finished charm of this artist's work; "The Gibson Calendar" (from "Life"); two folios of children's heads by Walter Russell; and another folio of seven children by Jessie Wilcox Smith.

"Heads in Pastel," by Charles Dana Gibson, possesses extraordinary interest and unique distinction. It is the first set of pictures in colors ever made by Mr. Gibson. The pastels are handled in the broad, free manner characteristic of Mr. Gibson's work, with the added charm of exquisite coloring. And last, and least,

in size, but not in interest, the Cynic's Calendar of perverted proverbs. This is entirely new in text this year, and though hardly up to the previous standard, is yet an

amusing and useful little gift

to a friend. This new book is by the same authors as the first.



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons
FROM "PICTURES BY HARRISON FISHER"

The So-Called Miscellaneous Books

IF the symbolism of the wave is to be carried to its fullest, the books which follow may be said to form the great flood of water which rolls beneath the crest—the very body of the wave itself. Curiously enough, this year many of the most attractive of these books group about the Civil War. "Reminiscences of Peace and War" is one and, perhaps, the most important. It is written by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, and published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Mrs. Pryor held a singularly for-



Copyright, 1904, by Scribners
FROM "HEADS IN PASTEL." BY GIBSON



Copyright, 1904, by Scribners
FROM "THE SEASONS."
BY H. C. CHRISTY



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons
FROM "EVERYDAY PEOPLE." BY C. D. GIBSON



Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"BEVERLY." FROM "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK"

fortunate position for such reminiscences as are recorded here, and in her "Mother of Washington" she had already shown that she has an unusually attractive style. She was the only Southern woman who, from the first to the last, was practically within the

Confederate camp. She had hosts of remarkable experiences, which she sets down here in a style that is full of grace and charm. So much for the interest of the book. Its importance is even greater, for it records in an engaging manner much of the color of those times before the war, and of the spirit of the war



Copyright, 1904, by Ernest T. Seton
FROM "MONARCH, BIG BEAR"
(CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS)

itself, which cannot be too much written about.

Allied to this is another book of recollections, "A Belle of the Fifties," being the "Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama," edited by Ada Sterling (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). Mrs. Sterling was a leader of



Copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

JOLLY OLD BENDER. FROM "OLD GORGON GRAHAM"

Alabama society before the war, and in this volume she recalls in a rarely vivid manner many interesting anecdotes and phases of the life she knew.

Perhaps of more popular interest, however, will be "Recollections of General Robert E. Lee," by his son, Captain Robert E. Lee (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). North and South, the name of Lee has come to be regarded with a respect and admiration such as few men of our nation command. The story of his life is told mostly in letters to members of his family. They portray the

broad humanity of his soul, the kindness of his heart and his abhorrence of the war. They reveal, too, those qualities which made his soldiers love and serve him so well. To find that he never wanted anything but the opportunity to go away with his family to a quiet farm and there to earn his livelihood with his own hands; that he dreaded the war before it came; hesitated about his duty, but found and performed it in obedience to his conscience, will not be new to all, but to many it will come as a revelation. North and South alike there will be pride in the possession of him as an American.

From this life we turn to that of another fighter, whose career has been clouded a little of late, and who needs just this manly, yet modest, recounting of service to restore the focus of the public. "Forty-five Years under the Flag," by Admiral Winfield Scott Schley (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is not, however, an attempt at vindication, pure and simple. There are years of gallant service recalled here, of the faithful performance of duty, which one needs only to



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR AS A BRIDE.
FROM "REMINISCENCES OF
PEACE AND WAR"



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. FROM "REMINISCENCES OF
PEACE AND WAR"

dwell on for a moment in order to forget the prejudices that may have formed in the heat of the Sampson-Schley controversy. To be sure, the battle of Santiago is taken up in full, but it is a sailor's statement—almost a report—with every evidence of faithfulness to truth, just as there is absolute care in all details. But the story is longer and broader than this. "Forty-five Years under the Flag"—the very title is an epitome of the book's value.

Two more autobiographies should be mentioned. They are "An Irishman's Story," by Justin McCarthy, and a new one-volume edition of "Memories of a Hundred Years," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale (both, The Macmillan Co., New York).

Mr. McCarthy's delightfully simple and picturesque style appears at its best in this volume, in which he tells of his life, his work, his wanderings,

his parliamentary duties, his holidays and his friendships with great men. He has much to say of his life in America, but a great deal more of his work for the Irish movement, and that in connection with parliamentary committees and political affairs. The author's engaging personality vitalizes the whole. The book is noticed at greater length elsewhere in this number.

Dr. Hale has prepared three new chapters for his book, which, with the reduction to one volume, gives the whole a new lease of life.

From personal analyses we turn to a broader, national study, as it were, in "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn (The Macmillan Co., New York). Mr. Hearn passed the final proofs of this book by cable the day before he died. He had spent the better part of his life in Japan, written volumes about it, and then, as his last work, made a final effort to interpret the subtleties of this life. No foreigner, and perhaps no native, has studied the country as thoroughly and thought of it as deeply as Mr. Hearn. His book stands as almost the last word on the modern Japanese life.

It is hard to conform the next series of "biographies" (or really "autobiographies," from the form of the narrative) with the reminiscences which precede. They are found in "Denizens of the Deep" (F. H. Revell & Co., New York), by Frank T. Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Here the dwellers of the sea are made to tell their life stories. As thrilling as any animal stories which have been written, they are at the same time good natural history.

Mr. Bullen is a master of sea-lore. He knows the animals of the deep intimately, and in making them tell their tales he employs but a device to carry the most interesting information of the unknown life beneath the waves. The book is most strikingly illustrated.

From this house also issues "Dr. Luke of



Copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

FRONTISPIECÉ. FROM "A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES"

the Labrador," by Norman Duncan, whose occasional papers in the magazines have demonstrated a sympathy and familiarity with that region which make this story an important contribution to local history as well as a fine character study.



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.
FRONTISPIECE. FROM "JAPAN"



Copyright, 1904, by D. Appleton & Co.
REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY. FROM "FORTY-FIVE YEARS
UNDER THE FLAG"

Juveniles

THERE are so many varieties of books which cluster under the heading "Juveniles," ranging from the Bavarian importations in quaint colors to the elaborate products of the best American presses, that selection can only be from the latter. Indeed, many of these are so beautiful that they will be sought as much by the elders as the youths. One, for instance, "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field, with illustrations by Maxfield Parrish (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), must be rated as one of the most striking books of the Christmas season in all classes. The cover design of a huge, thick-lipped giant bending to a

small boy is remarkable, even for Parrish. Throughout the book the decorations and the illustrations are beautifully reproduced, making one of the most effective books of the year.



Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.
FROM "OUR FRIEND THE DOG"

The same publishers have issued "Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac," by Ernest Thompson Seton, a return to Mr. Seton's earlier style. This is one of the much discussed "nature stories," dealing with thinking, talking animals, a trend of writing which many naturalists deplore. Whatever one may think of the text from this point of view, he cannot resist the charm of Mr. Seton's style and the wonderfully intimate pictures of animal life. The book is beautifully decorated and illustrated by

the author. Here, again, is a so-called "juvenile" which more grown-ups will enjoy (and buy) than children.

It was much the same with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it will be equally true of "In the Closed Room," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is still read by many a mother and father with a double purpose. "In the Closed Room" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York) is Mrs. Burnett's first child story in ten years. It is a child's story for children, but like all good child stories, the sympathy of the style is such as to make all of us only grown-up children when we read. It is a slight story, but made up in a truly beautiful manner, with designs in tint and illustrations in color.

Again there is a return to the almost "mellow past" in "The Brownies in the Philippines," the first Palmer Cox book in a long time (The Century Co., New York). There will probably never be a generation that will not enjoy these quaint little men with the dude, the policeman and the hundred other original little creations.

All who have seen Mr. MacDonough's popular play will find "Babes in Toyland" a book worth owning. Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Company have made this book most attractive. There are eight full-page illustrations in color, and many charming drawings in black and white.

The juveniles already mentioned are chiefly designed as gift books. There are many others, by standard writers, which must not be overlooked by the seeker for child gifts. The last of G. A. Henty's famous books

appears with the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons, "By Conduct and Courage," a story of Nelson's days. It is hard to realize how much the death of Mr. Henty means to thousands of boys throughout the world. Then there are "Rhymes and Jingles," by



Copyright, 1904, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

"HE WRITHED ROUND AND ENWRAPPED ME." FROM
"DENIZENS OF THE DEEP"

Mary Mapes Dodge (The Century Co., New York); "Handicraft and Recreation for Girls," by Lina and Adelia E. Beard (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); "The Fort in the Forest" (W. A. Wilde, Boston); one

of Everett T. Tomlinson's ever-popular stories; "On Your Mark" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), by Ralph Barbour, who holds the grand prize for boy's athletic tales; and finally "Sportsman Joe," by Edwyn Sandys (The Macmillan Co., New York), whose "Trapper Jim" was one of

the best selling of the boys' books last fall. Such a list as this is very in-

for boys and girls which are issued every year to meet the demands of the holidays?

The New Fiction

WHERE shall we start in the novels? If you are a plain plebeian who sometimes has to tackle a badly cluttered cellar or garret, you know something of the difficulties of any attempt at classifying fiction. Shall we begin with the "best seller," or shall we spurn such a commercial point of view and take that which seems to us the highest development of the art of novel writing? There is such a clutter!

William Dean Howells has, with the aid of his publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, made "The Son of Royal Langbrith" distinctive by placing the price of a novel of ordinary length and without illustrations at \$2.00, when every tradition says that a one-volume novel must be \$1.50, or less. The theory is said to be that, inasmuch as Mr. Howells' skill, his fixed public and his eminence are such as to place him above the run of novelists, so the price of his book must not classify him with those of lesser fame. Evidently, cost of production has nothing to do with this



Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.
FROM "IN THE CLOSED ROOM"

complete, and must needs be unless all other readers are to be crowded out for boys and girls. It is said that young folk, generation after generation, are more loyal to favorite authors than their elders. Certainly, "Little Men" and "Little Women," and a score of such books, never die. Yet if the statement is true, what becomes of all the hundreds of stories



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons
FROM "POEMS OF CHILDHOOD"

price. Yet the experiment is a fair one, and interesting. Asked to describe the book briefly, an eminent critic answered, "It is Howellesque." Could we demand anything more?

By a slightly different token, Mr. Henry James' latest novel, "The Golden Bowl," is placed upon a pedestal, financially speaking. It is divided into two volumes (rather an unusual thing nowadays), which sell together at \$2.40. Again we have a thoroughly typical book, an "international story" with Americans against an English background



Copyright, 1904, by D. Appleton & Co.

FROM "THE TAR BABY"

In the cases of both of these authors the audiences to which they appeal are far smaller than their fame would lead one to believe. There are many people who have no time to read either Howells or James, yet who hold them secretly as tests



Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"ETHEL." FROM "A BOX OF MATCHES"

of a man's standards in present-day literature. It is not a difficult deduction to make, therefore, that both Mr. James and Mr. Howells suffer financially from too exalted reputations.

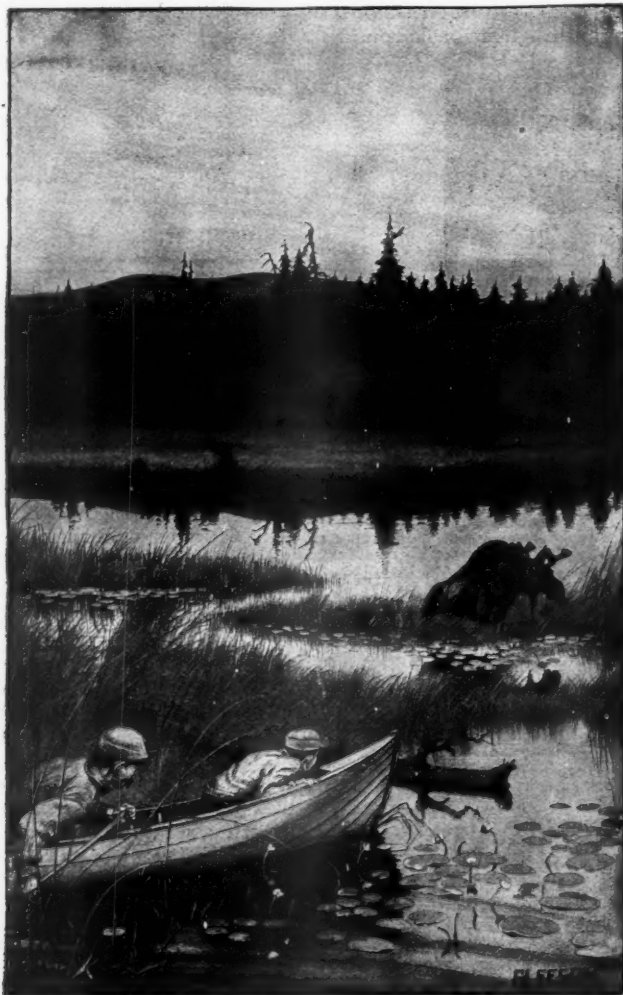
What a stride it is to two other novels which are racing now, neck and neck, for that goal of modern publishing—the "best selling book." The first of these, and the most notable, is "The Masquerader" (Harper & Brothers, New York), by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Appearing serially, it attracted some attention, but not so much but that the publishers greatly underestimated its future. Almost in a day, without apparent cause, the very interest of the story brought a demand from all parts of the country. The novel cannot be called more than a good story. Judged purely by this standard, it is splendid in the sustained interest of the plot, the exciting scenes and the cleverness of the mystery. It is a tale of two men, looking exactly alike, who change

places—an old theme, but one that is always fresh. The rival book is "Beverly of Graustark" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), by George Barr McCutcheon. The author of "The Masquerader" had no great reputation; Mr. McCutcheon has the greatest

of novel-selling names. His original "Graustark" has never stopped selling. "Castle Cranecrow" was a "hit," and now it develops that because someone said "McCutcheon's name, not his skill, sells the books," he wrote "Brewster's Millions,"

will be "The Sea Wolf" by Jack London (The Macmillan Co., New York); for the country has not yet tired of "The Call of the Wild," and the present book, as a serial in "Century," has gripped more people than any serial of recent years. It has all of the splendor of Mr. London's strength, the charm that lies in his brutality, making it seem hardly like brutality at all, and is withal a capital story with a wholesome love interest.

Last year two stories of wonderful children—"Rebecca," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr.—were racing for supremacy. This year, though hardly running well enough for this honor, there are books by the same authors which rate among the most important of the popular novels. "The Affair at the Inn," by Mrs. Wiggin and others (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is a collaborated tale, as dainty and bright as the charming illustrations with which it is adorned, which is really a high compliment to the text. It is not a problem novel, nor yet a story of thrilling adventure, nor characterized by remarkable strength, but an amusing and most pleasant recounting of "the affair" and its result, all in charming setting. Mr. Fox's book is made up of some of his remarkable short stories. Its title, taken from one of the tales, is "Christmas Eve on Lonesome" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)—a name which gives it an especially good chance as one of the holiday books, with which it might well be classed; for the



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

FROM "SPORTSMAN JOE"

which, with an unknown name, sold splendidly for a year, and now that his name is added is selling better than ever. All of which seems to prove that he can write stories that will sell, and that they sell better when his name is added.

Perhaps the greatest of the year's books

illustrations in color are most attractive, and the general make-up of the book such as to aid its sale greatly. There is, too, in the stories, much of Mr. Fox's best work—that sympathy and strength which have made us love his mountain characters living a century behind us, yet in our own time.

Neither of these two volumes has been published solely because it is by the author of a successful book of last year. Both have the qualities to permit them to stand alone. Neither is entirely an echo. There are two echoes, however, which it seems almost unfortunate to have published. The first of these is "The Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker. If you have never read the strong Canadian stories of Mr. Parker's previous period, you may like "The Ladder of Swords." If you have read them the chances are you will deplore the publication of this work, and you may surmise that it is "earlier work," like "Donovan Pasha," which was issued a few years ago. Certainly it belongs either to an earlier date or a period of decline. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller, is another. I am not prepared to say that "Vergilius" represents a decline. I shall have to forget "Eben Holden" and the delight of the earlier chapters therein before I can form a fair estimate. Certainly, I should have enjoyed "Vergilius" more if I had not read the previous book or if I had not known that Mr. Bacheller wrote it. It is a tale of the Christ, and perhaps it will prove a great book.

It may seem a curious classification, yet it is a convenient one for the purpose of this article, to divide the novels that remain in so far as possible into two lots—the novels by authors who are better known than their latest book, and the novels which are attracting attention and selling widely, though the authors are comparatively unknown—or known, perhaps, only vaguely, in connection with some earlier book. The division cannot be sharp.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries" certainly belongs in the former class. Here are the latest of the short stories by Kipling—the only volume in several years. Probably more of Mr. Kipling's fame rests upon his short stories than



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

THE DESERT ISLAND. SCENE FROM "THE SEA WOLF"

upon either his poetry or longer work. The present volume, containing the much-discussed "They," will add to this reputation, and after all the fun that some poke at Mr. Kipling in his later rôles, where is

there anybody in our present literature, at least among writers of English, who can

Caine's book is "The Prodigal Son" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), and Miss Corelli's "God's Good Man" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), and for both the publishers claim a "return to that early style which made the authors famous."

The most typically American book of many a year was "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. It seems to have penetrated every nook and corner of the country, and the most out-of-the-way parts of the world. This year, when a continuation of this correspondence was published under the title of "Old Gorgon Graham" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), there were editions in seven countries and four different languages. In itself, the volume, though hardly selling as actively as the first book, has much greater charm in the human weaknesses and kinder side which the old man shows, while there is not the slightest falling off in the quality of the business epi-



Copyright, 1904, by the Curtis Publishing Co.
FROM "THE AFFAIR AT THE INN" (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

match him? A very truthful and stimulating estimate of these later phases of Kipling's work, by Tudor Jenks, is printed on another page of this number.

Mr. Crawford's "Whosoever shall Offend," of which more is said elsewhere in the magazine, must also be classed here. Though there is hardly a visible ruffling of public interest when Mr. Crawford's books are issued, yet there is invariably a wide demand, and among readers and critics a uniform commendation of Mr. Crawford's even skill as a story-teller. For a constant, numerically great and reasonably cultured audience Mr. Crawford has no present-day rivals.

In the book trade and in the world of letters it is almost as usual as it is unfair to classify Hall Caine and Marie Corelli together. They are certainly widely known for a class of work that appeals to similar tastes, but this work is never in anywise similar. They both have made important additions to their fiction this fall, and the demand for both books is very large. Mr.



Copyright, 1904, by A. C. McClurg & Co.
FRONTISPIECE. FROM "MY LADY OF THE NORTH"

grams, which are sustained to a truly marvelous degree in both volumes.

"The Belle of Bowling Green," by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is another book of this first class. The title tells the nature of the tale, for this author has told too many delightful stories of old New

Harness" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York), and Jerome K. Jerome, whose "Tommy and Co." (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York) are among the important additions to fall fiction. Mr. Hope's book is strikingly new for him; for the purpose—the serious side of the matrimonial question,



Copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

FROM "FRECKLES"

York not to be well known to fiction writers. Her present volume is full of incident and charm.

Two English writers of wide repute are represented, besides those already mentioned, in Anthony Hope, whose "Double

of which he treats—is more clearly defined than in his earlier works. Yet there is all the charm of vivacious conversation for which Mr. Hope has had a master's reputation since the publication of "The Dolly Dialogues." "Tommy and Co." is a typical

Jerome story, full of fun, and yet with a great deal more point than such a book as his famous "Three Men in a Boat."

Henry Seton Merriman's last work seems to take hold of the public in a way that few of his later volumes have done. "The Last Hope" is the title (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)—almost a prophetic one in view of the author's untimely death. The story is, perhaps, the strongest of the many capital tales Mr. Merriman had turned out. Its style is full of the same strength, the same cleverness of epigram and the same keen insight into the characters of men and women.

Two other books which seem to fall together in this first class, are "Deacon Lysander," by Sarah P. McLean Greene (The Baker & Taylor Co., New York), and "Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition," by



Copyright, 1904, by Little, Brown & Co.

FRONTISPIECE FROM "SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP"

DOCTOR LUKE of THE LABRADOR

by NORMAN DUNCAN



FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
Publishers

Copyright, 1904, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

TITLE-PAGE OF "DOCTOR LUKE OF THE LABRADOR"

Marietta Holley (G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York). Not that these books are in any great measure alike, but both Mrs. Greene and Miss Holley have created imperishable characters in American fiction. Deacon Lysander and his wife Candace are truly splendid drawings. Their humorous journey to Washington in search of gaiety and happiness, and the way in which they are led to it—not the social happiness they sought, but a broader human happiness—make a story of wonderful sympathy. Miss Holley's book is a continuation of "Samantha Everywhere-else." Yet Josiah and Samantha manage to find an astonishing number of new things to do which are very amusing.

There are yet many books in this class of famous authors, none of which can be adequately treated. One is "The House of Fulfillment," by George Madden Martin, whose "Emmy Lou" ranks as one of the most distinctive books of many years. This story is so different from what every reader must expect, in that it deals with mature life, that it will take time to adjust one's mind to it. Yet it has admirable qualities. Then there is "A Chicago Princess," by Robert Barr (Frederick A. Stokes &

Co., New York), the publication of whose books is always an event in the book world. There are new novels, too, from the pens of Emerson Hough, Meredith Nicholson, Brand Whitlock and Harold MacGrath, all from The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Since the issue of "The Mississippi Bubble" Mr.

finite Variety" and "The Thirteenth District" made a great name for him which will grow with this present volume, "The Happy Average."

Of those novels of the second section, where the quality of the author's work is the kernel of the book's value, none could



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"THEY LEFT THE LUGGAGE ON THE JETTY."
FROM "THE LAST HOPE"

Hough has written no fiction. His present volume is a strong story of the Mississippi Delta, dealing this time with the race problem—a subject which makes many a novel widely popular. Mr. Whitlock's "Her In-

be more fittingly placed first than "The Flower of Youth" (Harper & Brothers, New York), by Roy Rolfe Gilson, the author of "When Love is Young" and "In the Morning Glow." Mr. Gilson has aban-

Jerome story, full of fun, and yet with a great deal more point than such a book as his famous "Three Men in a Boat."

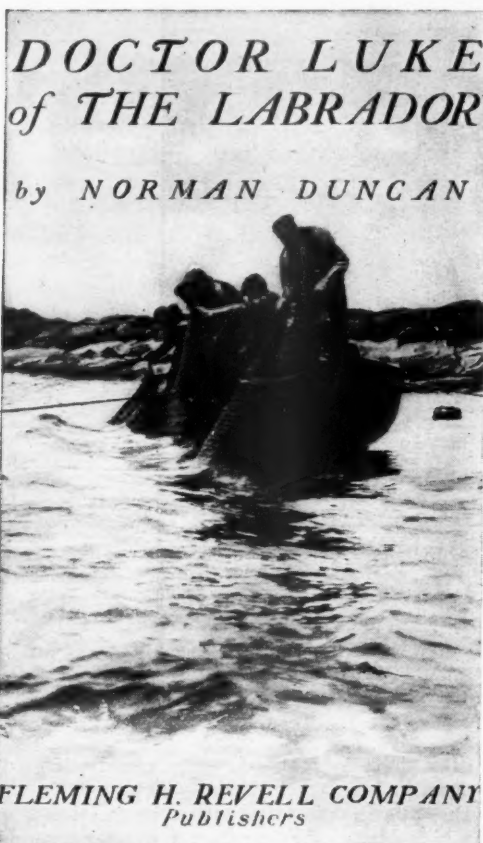
Henry Seton Merriman's last work seems to take hold of the public in a way that few of his later volumes have done. "The Last Hope" is the title (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York)—almost a prophetic one in view of the author's untimely death. The story is, perhaps, the strongest of the many capital tales Mr. Merriman had turned out. Its style is full of the same strength, the same cleverness of epigram and the same keen insight into the characters of men and women.

Two other books which seem to fall together in this first class, are "Deacon Lysander," by Sarah P. McLean Greene (The Baker & Taylor Co., New York), and "Samantha at the St. Louis Exposition," by



Copyright, 1904, by Little, Brown & Co.

FRONTISPIECE FROM "SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP"



FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
Publishers

Copyright, 1904, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

TITLE-PAGE OF "DOCTOR LUKE OF THE LABRADOR"

Marietta Holley (G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York). Not that these books are in any great measure alike, but both Mrs. Greene and Miss Holley have created imperishable characters in American fiction. Deacon Lysander and his wife Candace are truly splendid drawings. Their humorous journey to Washington in search of gaiety and happiness, and the way in which they are led to it—not the social happiness they sought, but a broader human happiness—make a story of wonderful sympathy. Miss Holley's book is a continuation of "Samantha Everywhere-else." Yet Josiah and Samantha manage to find an astonishing number of new things to do which are very amusing.

There are yet many books in this class of famous authors, none of which can be adequately treated. One is "The House of Fulfillment," by George Madden Martin, whose "Emmy Lou" ranks as one of the most distinctive books of many years. This story is so different from what every reader must expect, in that it deals with mature life, that it will take time to adjust one's mind to it. Yet it has admirable qualities. Then there is "A Chicago Princess," by Robert Barr (Frederick A. Stokes &

Co., New York), the publication of whose books is always an event in the book world. There are new novels, too, from the pens of Emerson Hough, Meredith Nicholson, Brand Whitlock and Harold MacGrath, all from The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Since the issue of "The Mississippi Bubble" Mr.

finite Variety" and "The Thirteenth District" made a great name for him which will grow with this present volume, "The Happy Average."

Of those novels of the second section, where the quality of the author's work is the kernel of the book's value, none could



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"THEY LEFT THE LUGGAGE ON THE JETTY."
FROM "THE LAST HOPE"

Hough has written no fiction. His present volume is a strong story of the Mississippi Delta, dealing this time with the race problem—a subject which makes many a novel widely popular. Mr. Whitlock's "Her In-

be more fittingly placed first than "The Flower of Youth" (Harper & Brothers, New York), by Roy Rolfe Gilson, the author of "When Love is Young" and "In the Morning Glow." Mr. Gilson has aban-

doned his children here as a main theme, yet the charm of that sweet life of everyday, the delicacy of his humor and the play of a thousand feelings mark this as a master's book. To find it among the run of popular novels is as if one, searching among the clutter of a second-hand store, came suddenly upon a rare bit of Japanese ivory, carved with

all the field of new books, there is none of rarer humor. The vast racial mixture of the East Side brings very strange types together in the schools where Myra Kelly taught. She has a wonderful sense of humor, and reveals here a style that is admirably adapted to the grotesquely humorous children about whom she writes.



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Bro's

FROM "THE MASQUERADER"

infinite skill and delicacy. Mr. Gilson holds a unique place in the book world.

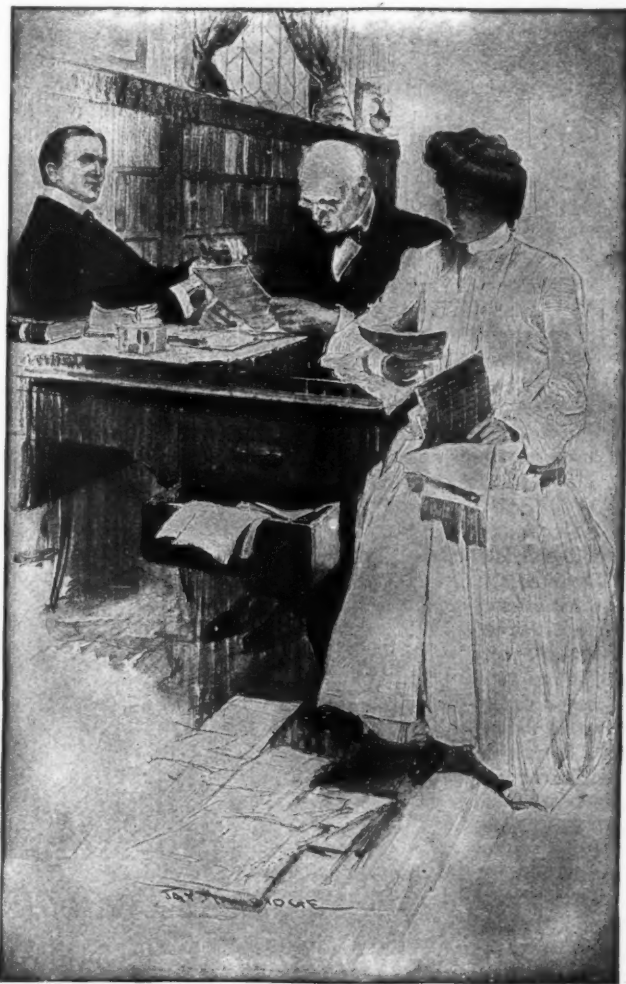
There is a novel of a different life—"Little Citizens," by Myra Kelly (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York)—tales of school-children on New York's East Side—than which, in

The memory-recalling qualities of "Farmington," by Charles Darrow (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), will make a place for it among the new books. Mr. Darrow tells the tale of his boyhood in Pennsylvania. He is a man, evidently, with the habit of

thought, and one, too, who has the skill to put down these thoughts; to tell the simple memories of young days in a way that ought to make them live; for as one reads, not only is Mr. Darrow's childhood brought before him, but the reader's own, clearly

"Freckles" was a nameless lad, who came into a lumber camp, and from thence into an interesting and useful niche in the world. It is an outdoor story, filled with adventure and pleasant atmosphere.

In point of manufacture, there is scarcely



Copyright, 1904, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

FROM "THE PRESIDENT"

and vividly—though the circumstances may have been very different.

Again in "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter, author of "The Song of the Cardinal" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), we have a volume which will hold people as the stories of waifs almost always do.

a novel to compete this year with "My Lady of the North," by Randall Parrish (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). Mr. Parrish rose in a day, almost, to a position of note in the world of letters by "When Wilderness was King." He follows it with this story, which is so strong and well told as to prove that



Copyright, 1904, by Doubleday,
Page & Co.

FROM "FRECKLES"

he is not of merely passing fame. It is a vigorous Civil War story of a class of which there are never too many for the public.

Only two of the most notable of another type of American tales can be mentioned: "The President," by Alfred Henry Lewis, a novel of American political life, written on very daring lines, and "A Captain in the Ranks," by George Cary Eggleston, both from A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Gouverneur Morris' "Ellen and Mr. Man" is a deli-

cious love story which cannot be passed, and "The River's Children," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, a tale of the people who live along the Mississippi, and who love and fear the great river as a mysterious and insatiable power, is especially worth while. There is much of unusual charm in these very different books from The Century Co., New York.

The author of that unusually strong novel, "The Four Feathers," A. E. W. Mason, has a new book, "The Truants" (Harper & Brothers, New York), which deals with the fortunes of a young English couple when the husband went out to make a name which his wife would respect, and the wife fell under the influence of an adventurer. The tale has not all of the strength with which the first book abounded, but it is a story far

above the average, and one to hold the reader to the end.

Anne Warner's "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop" is perhaps the best of the strictly humorous books of the fall. So much has already been quoted from this in the press as to make much comment superfluous; yet the volume is one to read and reread for itself. In spirit it smacks somewhat of the great "Mrs. Wiggs."

Readers of Scribner's Magazine know "The Undercurrent," and novel readers have come to know Robert Grant. This, his latest volume, will average better than his previous work. It is more powerful, stronger in its human nature, human passion and strife, and is a story of real merit.

Judging the future of a novel by its present is always dangerous; yet it seems safe to predict fortune for "The Common Lot," by Robert Herrick (The Macmillan Co., New York). It is a story of modern American life—of a typical young American, an architect, who is led gradually into the meshes of political corruption by his desire for wealth, until a great catastrophe in a schoolhouse which he built brings him to



Copyright, 1904 by The Century Co.

FROM "THE MADIGANS"

himself again. The part which his wife plays in his regeneration and the picture of that phase of American life (political crookedness) which we are told is rampant now make the book timely as well as interesting. The story itself is good, and the characters therein splendidly drawn.

The novelty and charm of the illustrations to "Kitty of the Roses" (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), by Ralph Henry Barbour, will attract the attention of many bookstore browsers. The story itself they will find to be an idyllic love story, in which a young architect and the mistress of a rose garden are the



Copyright, 1904, by Longmans, Green & Co.

FROM "THE BROWN FAIRY BOOK"



Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

FROM "LITTLE CITIZENS"

two figures, who act their little drama in an atmosphere of summer sunshine and the fragrance of flowers.

Two other books must also be mentioned. The first is "Red Cap Tales," by the ever-popular S. R.

Crockett (The Macmillan Co., New York). Mr. Crockett "humbly acknowledges" that he stole them from the treasure chest of the "Wizard of the North," which is equivalent to the statement that they are simply a condensed retelling of many of Scott's stories for the benefit of young readers.

The volume, to quote the publisher, consists of a number of tales, told in succession, from four of Scott's novels—"Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy" and "The Antiquary," with a break here and there, while the children discuss the story just told from their own point of view. The book is strongly reminiscent of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and is exceedingly delightful in its tone and spirit and the manner of its writing. No better introduction to Scott's novels could be imagined or contrived. Half a dozen or more tales are given from each book. The volume is unlike most modern juveniles in that it extends to more than four hundred pages, and thus furnishes good reading for many weeks.



Copyright, 1904, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

DECORATION FROM "FARMINGTON"

Mr. Crockett in his preface says: "The why! Four children would not read Scott, so I told them these stories—and others—to lure them to the printed book, much as

with. They found themselves stuck upon the very threshold. Now, since the first telling of these Red Cap Tales, the Scott shelf in the library has been taken by storm and



Copyright, 1904, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"THE TWINKLING EYES OF THE EMPEROR FIXED THEMSELVES ON MISS HEMSTER."
FROM "A CHICAGO PRINCESS"

carrots are dangled before the nose of the reluctant donkey. They are four average intelligent children enough, but they hold severely modern views upon story-books. 'Waverley,' in especial, they could not away

escalade. It is permanently gapped along the line. Also there are nightly skirmishes, even to the laying on of hands, as to who shall sleep with 'Waverley' under his pillow."



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

FROM "RED CAP TALES"

The other volume is "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), by Charles G. D. Roberts, who seems equally proficient in depicting the adventures of



Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons

FROM "THE UNDERCURRENT"



Copyright, 1904, by The Macmillan Co.

FROM "COMEDIES AND LEGENDS FOR MARIONETTES"

cavaliers and the lives of woodland creatures. There are many who like Mr. Roberts better as a nature writer; but all who love a novel of adventure will find much to please them here.

To end our survey of the holiday book tables at this point, as we must perforce do, gives the reviewer a feeling of having been almost too cursory and even negligent—the list of books

Copyright, 1904, by J. B. Lippincott Co.
FROM "KITTY OF THE ROSES"

mentioned in these pages, long as it is, seems so inadequate when twice the number remains of beautiful books in every department quite as well worth notice. The wave—to resume the figure with which the reader's imagination was invoked at the beginning of this article—is overwhelming indeed. The flying foam, the curving crest, the transparent beauty beneath



COVER DESIGN OF "ZELDA DAMERON." (BOBBS, MERRILL CO.)



COVER DESIGN OF "THE MASTER'S VIOLIN." (G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS)



COVER DESIGN OF "OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S." (BOBBS, MERRILL CO.)

the crest, and the body of the Christmas book wave have been caught here in fleeting glimpses only, but these will suggest the

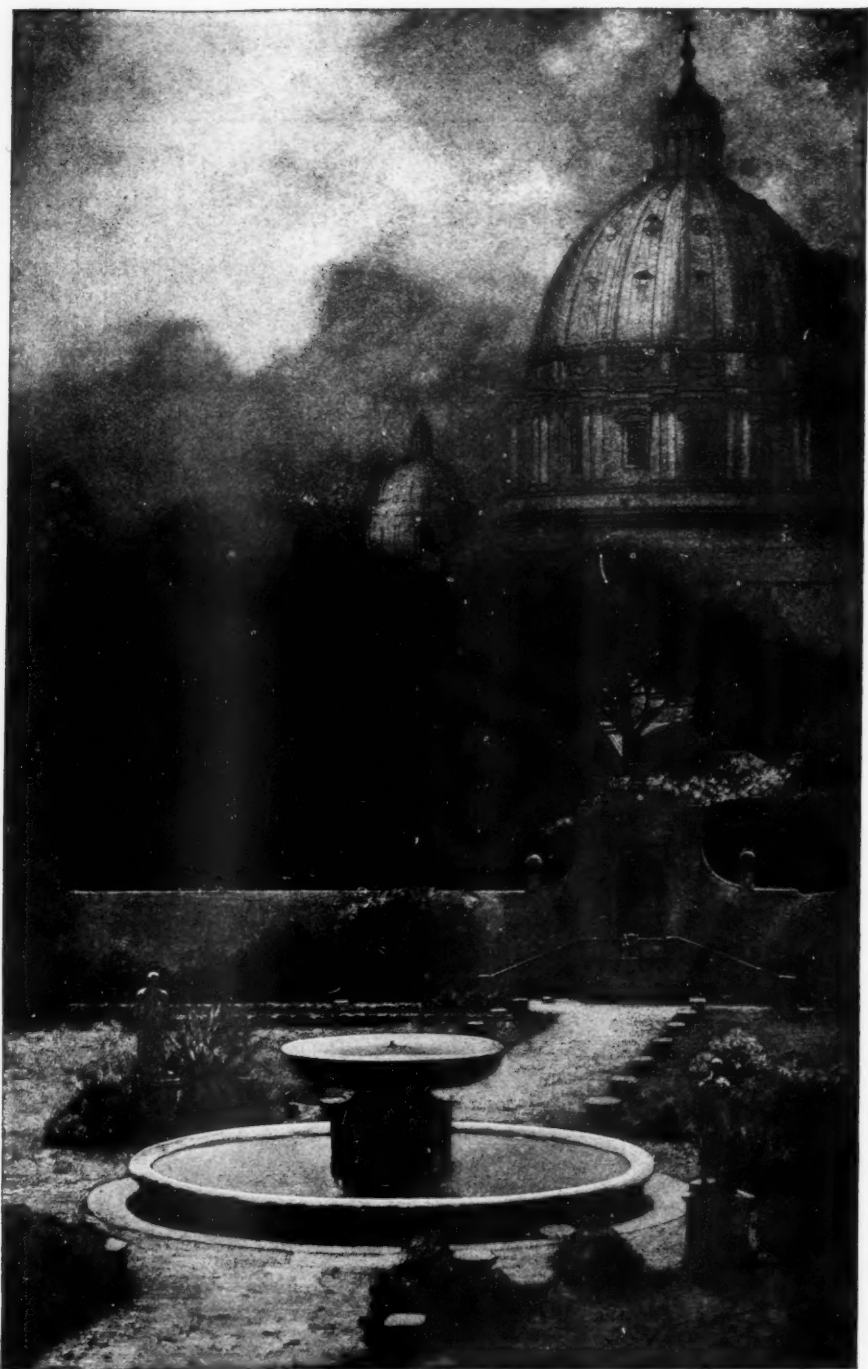
greater wave with its bracing air of Christmas cheer and good-will.

Martin M. Foss.



Copyright, 1904, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

"GOOD LAND! I COULDN'T SORT 'EM OUT AND DESCRIBE THEM THAT PASSED BY IN AN HOUR EVEN." FROM "SAMANTHA AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION"



Copyright, 1904, by The Century Co.

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S FROM THE VATICAN GARDENS. FROM "ITALIAN VILLAS
AND THEIR GARDENS"